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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

THE RISING OF THE WATERS OF THE NILE

Designed by J. Brown

EDITION DE LUXE

WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

EDITED BY CHARLES MORRIS
AND OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

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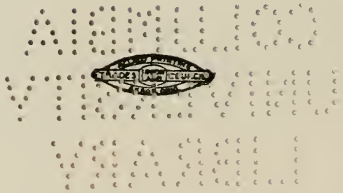

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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS.

THE WORLD'S GREAT CAPITALS OF TO-DAY.

OLIVER H. G. LEIGH.

St. Petersburg, Constantinople.

Why *Saint* Petersburg? The Peter who literally made the city was certainly no saint. Its great Cathedral is dedicated to St. Isaac. The metropolitan church is the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan. Peter was a wonderful man and a great king in his way. He was, as to dashing originality and indomitable energy a prototype of the typical Chicago man, and in one or two respects his city is not without resemblance to the metropolis of the West. After a victory or two over his Swedish neighbors Peter determined to plant a capital city that should command the respectful attention of Europe. He wished to bring his country into touch with western civilization. Without hesitation he commanded the building of a city where hardly any reflective founder would have dreamt of placing it. The site is a vast marshy region extending for hundreds of miles north and east of the point where the Neva flows into the Gulf of Finland. Here Peter laid the foundations of a cathedral to Saints Peter and Paul (Chicago possesses one of the same name) and of a fort, which bears his own name. His city sprang up with the rapidity of a Chicago sky-scraper. Like Chicago, St. Petersburg

averages only fifteen feet above the water level. Like Chicago, its population increased magically and now approaches a million and a half. The larger part of its export trade is in grain.

The approach from the sea reminds the traveller of his first sight of Holland. The city slowly rises out of the water, and stops when its basement windows are level with the waves. Peter ignored all the unfavorable conditions and protests. The word was given and great armies of Babel-tongued Tartars, Cossacks, Finns, and Siberian exiles were swiftly driven to the spot and ordered to dig the foundations of a city. Like the Israelites in Egypt they were compelled to make bricks without straw, dig the swamp with or without spades, build huts whether they had sufficient materials or not. Thousands of these wretches perished in the first year, but thirty thousand houses were set up. Then artisans and workmen were driven by brute force to settle in the embryo capital. Merchants and nobles who owned "five hundred souls," otherwise serfs, were made to build their homes in the new Peter-town, and stay there even through the winters. No more stone houses were allowed to be built in Russia, because all the masons were coralled in the rising city. No vessels were allowed to enter the wharves unless each brought a cargo of stone as a free-will offering. Thus grew the capital whose foundations are the bones of martyrs to the cruelest despotism since the days of the Pharaohs.

Like Amsterdam, much of St. Petersburg stands on piles. The Neva, ice-bound from November until April, sometimes overflows, and destructive inundations have been caused by ocean and gulf storms. The capital is too far north to suit the conditions of metropolitan life, and it is out of touch with much of the country. Its one advantage is in the port. By the canal system the products of the

northern half of the empire are transported to where ships can distribute them over the world. Portions of the city are built on little islands, the mainland section on the south contains most of the public buildings. It is divided into districts, of which the principal is the Admiralty quarter. The fortress of which Peter laid the foundation in 1703 has long been a prison. It is called the Fortress of Petropaulovski after the saints to whom, at the same time and place, he dedicated the church which adjoins it, in which are buried the czars with one exception. In the dungeons of this prison beneath the level of the Neva Peter allowed his own son Alexis to be tortured. Voltaire makes as good a case for the Emperor as was possible in his History of Russia, supplemented with anecdotes of Peter and original documents relating to the conduct of Alexis.

Equally strong and peculiar in character was Catherine the Second, friend of Voltaire and the French philosophers. Near the Winter Palace she built the Hermitage, as a cosy retreat from official life. Here, like Frederick the Great, she entertained men of genius, philosophers, artists, statesmen in perfectly informal style. The rules of court etiquette were suspended and every guest was made to act as was fitting in Liberty Hall. The Hermitage is now a splendid picture-gallery, in which are many interesting things, not the least being the rules of these informal receptions, in the handwriting of Catherine. The famous Winter Palace was built in the reign of this extraordinary woman. It is one of the largest buildings in the world, the residence of the czars, and it has also sheltered hordes of conspirators and rascally nobles. Within its walls were hatched the Nihilist plots which effected the tragic death of Alexander II. Again and again have high household officials been convicted of embezzlements, a pretty return for the shelter given them by their imperial masters. Un-

happy lies the head that wears the Russian crown these latter years.

On New Year's Day, old style, the Czar gives a reception to his subjects. The state apartments are gorgeously appointed. Russia has a vast wealth of precious stones and rare marbles. The Throne Room ranks as the finest in Europe. The various halls are of great magnificence, the White Room, St. George's Hall, the Field-Marshal's Gallery, the Alexander Hall, the Hall of Battles and the Golden Chamber. The Jewel Room contains the crown jewels, which are described as surpassingly beautiful. The imperial crown is formed like a dome, topped by a large cross of diamonds resting on a resplendent ruby. This immense gem rests upon the crest of several arches of diamonds, rising from a circlet of twenty-eight large diamonds which fits the wearer's brow. The Empress's crown is made of a hundred exceptionally fine diamonds, the prettiest ornament ever seen. Everyone has heard of the great Orloff diamond, with its romantic history. For, possibly centuries, it served as the eye of one of the famous idols in India. A French soldier stole it in the night. After being owned by various persons it was bought by Count Orloff for over half a million of dollars, who presented it to Catherine II. It weighs one hundred and ninety-four carats and is now set in the imperial sceptre. The palace saloons afford a marvellously grand spectacle on the occasions of the balls given in winter. They are transformed into fairy-land, some of them into scenes of tropical nature, by way of contrast to the wintry scene outside. There are palaces of less interest, and the Imperial Library of nearly half a million volumes. Schools of science and art flourish, and the theatres are subsidized by the state.

The great Cathedral of St. Isaac may be regarded as an

example of what Russia can do in the way of oriental magnificence, especially in the display of her wonderful wealth in beautiful stones. The splendid proportions of the church would give it distinction, but its floors and pillars, even the outside steps and porticoes, are of red granite, varied with malachite, porphyry, lapis lazuli, marble and polished alabaster. The columns that support the four porticoes are solid monoliths sixty feet tall, seven in diameter and highly polished. It took no longer than forty years to build, but the foundation cost one million dollars and the structure fourteen millions. The pillars of the altar-screen are of the precious marbles named, those of lapis lazuli cost thirty thousand dollars each. The tall spire of the Petropaulovski Church is richly gilded. The Alexander column, in memory of Alexander I, is the greatest monolith of our time, a block of polished red granite, fourteen feet in diameter and eighty-four feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. To give a sure foundation for its weight of four hundred tons six layers of piles were driven into the ground, atop of each other. Alexander II has a memorial chapel, erected on the spot where the Nihilist bomb shattered his stalwart limbs. Not all the pageantry of the imperial funeral nor the genuine grief of the thousands who lined the route, suffice to wipe out the lamentable conditions which make every czar dread assassination.

The monument to Catherine II is a noble art-work, equal to many of the sculptures in the Hermitage. It should be noted that the treasures in that remarkable place are not simply its fine masterpieces of Murillo and other Spanish painters, but the frescoed and tapestried walls, and the unequalled array of carvings in the rich-colored marbles of Russia. Nicholas has a fine equestrian statue, the horse with both its front legs in the air, but not so impressive as the extraordinary statue of Peter the Great, of which it is

somewhat of a copy. Peter is suddenly reining in his fiery horse on a huge rock with a prow like that of a ship, suggesting swift death to horse and rider if those feet high in air come down over the broken stone. The block of granite weighs fifteen hundred tons and is said to be the identical stone from which Peter watched his new navy defeat the Swedes. The brilliant sculpture is by Falconet and is worthy of its subject. Peter has another kind of monument, the little house he lived in as master builder of his capital. It was largely built by himself, a three-roomed log cabin. His devoted people have encased it in sacred walls and adorned its interior with marbles, fixtures, and gems, turning his bedroom into a chapel and himself into a saint. The insignificant navy that did such lasting work for the nation developed into an institution that needed the stupendous Admiralty building to transact its business. Its front is half a mile long, and from its church-like central tower rises a graceful spire of solid gilt.

The Summer Palace, Tsarskoye Selo, is a few miles distant in a charming park, like a rich oasis in the surrounding desert country. Catherine II lavished immense sums on this place, which is still kept in almost too artificial order. The palace is of barbaric splendor, the walls of one of its halls is inlaid with lapis lazuli, the floor is ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl flowers. Another is the Amber Room, the walls, tables, and chairs being of amber.

The Peterhof Palace was brought into being by the fiat of Peter, in his impetuous resolve to create a Versailles as Louis XIV had done for France. It was completed in one year. Its situation, however, is much more picturesque than the famous palace of King Louis XIV, for it stands upon an eminence commanding a superb view of the Finnish coast, at a distance of about sixteen miles from the capital on the shore of the Gulf of Finland.

Finer even than the lovely gardens are the water-works and fountains. Directly in front of the palace is the far-famed Samson fountain, consisting of a colossal bronze figure of Samson tearing open the jaws of a monster lion, from which rushes a huge jet of water, over 100 feet high. Innumerable Tritons, wild beasts, and vases surround the central figure, each spurting forth water horizontally or vertically, while the entire volume flows down a succession of immense marble slabs to the sea, nearly half a mile distant. Scarcely less remarkable is the Golden Cascade, so called from the fact that the immense flight of steps down which the water flows to the sea is richly gilded. When all these fountains, cascades, and waterfalls are illuminated at night by electricity, as they are during the sojourn of the Emperor and Empress at Peterhof, the scene can only be compared to fairy-land.

The object most interesting to Americans is the enormous oak tree on the Empress Island, and which owes its origin to an acorn taken from the oak which overshadows the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon. A brass plate on the tree recalls the fact that the acorn was presented to Emperor Nicholas I in 1838 by Charles Sumner's brother George on the occasion of his visit to St. Petersburg. The Empress Island is in the centre of one of the artificial lakes of the park at Peterhof.

Constantinople, as every schoolboy knows, was built by the Emperor Constantine on the site of ancient Byzantium about the year 330. The approach to it through the Bosphorus which separates Asia from Europe, and along the Golden Horn, which parts the old from the new city, has inspired many a poetical word-picture. Modern Constantinople is in two sections, Galata, the business district, and Pera, the European quarter. Galata lies along the north

shore of the Horn, Pera rises above and spreads widely in the distance. The famous Galata bridge unites the Moslem city, Stamboul, with its Christian neighbor on the opposite side. A strange combination of oriental and modern buildings, domes and minarets rising above commonplace flat-roofed houses, is the general view of Constantinople. It is to this day a half-way house between the civilization of the West and the fatalistic go-as-you-please misrule of the Moslem. Old Stamboul has the picturesqueness of dirt, tangled thoroughfares, frowzy costumes and villainous physiognomies. About a million of people, of every nationality and faith, constitute the population. Constantinople is rich in old ruins, though earthquakes, fires and wars have destroyed many of its antiquities. The Hippodrome was one of the world's wonders in Constantine's day, of which only two relics in stone survive. One is an Egyptian obelisk, four thousand years old, as are its sister monoliths in Paris, London, and New York, but this one has stood in its present place ever since it was erected there, fifteen hundred years ago. The old wall reared by Constantine is a pathetic ruin, which received its final demolition when the Turks captured the city in 1453. And there is an old and crumbling column, held together by iron bands, on which Constantine placed this inscription, "O Christ, ruler and master of the world, to Thee have I consecrated this city and the power of Rome. Guard and deliver it from every harm."

The great white tower of Galata is a very conspicuous object. It was built for defence fourteen centuries ago, having a wall thickness of twelve feet, with a stairway to the top. There the watchman used to scan the horizon for armed foes. Now they watch for a more familiar and persistent enemy, the frequent fires which devastate large areas in Stamboul. These cleansing fires and the hordes of

CONSTANTINOPLE

DRAWN BY W. L. LEITCH

mongrel dogs which do all the scavenger work are the salvation of the old city and its inhabitants, who might otherwise perish from some mediæval plague.

Another proof of Constantine's imperial power is seen in the mighty underground aqueducts and reservoirs he caused to be built to provide against water famines. Some are empty, others still provide the people with water as when first constructed fifteen hundred years ago. One reservoir is called the "Cave of a Thousand and One Pillars," and contains sixteen rows of fourteen pillars, which used to reach up to the roof sixty-four feet high. "The Underground Palace" is still in use. It can be seen by torchlight, with its three hundred and thirty-six pillars standing in the water in twenty-eight rows supporting the arched roof.

The Turks have some noble arches of their own, such as the battlemented Gate of Seraskierat, the variegated Marble Gate, flanked with graceful minarets, the Gate of Dolma Baghtcheh, and the Gate of the Sultan's Palace. The Dolma Baghtcheh is a modern structure, the most spacious and beautiful of the Sultan's residences. Its exterior is pure white marble and the interior is decorated in truly barbaric splendor, though Europe has contributed many works of art. The Sultan will not make his home in these ideal chambers, because it was from this palace that Sultan Abdul Aziz was forcibly carried to his alleged "suicide" death, and the elder brother of the reigning Sultan, heir to the throne, here went insane.

The Mosque of St. Sophia is widely famed as the chief shrine of the Mohammedan faith. Originally it was a Christian church, built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, dedicated, not as may be supposed, to a saint bearing the old-fashioned name of Sophia, but to Santa Sophia, the holy or divine Wisdom. Ten thousand workmen were engaged in its construction, at an estimated total

cost of five million dollars. In 1453 Mohammed II converted this finest specimen of Byzantine architecture into a mosque. The temples of the ancient gods at Heliopolis and Ephesus, Delos, Baalbec and Athens were plundered of their exquisite columns of jasper, porphyry, and alabaster. For a thousand years this richest of all Christian temples was served by a permanent clerical and lay staff of, it is said, nearly a thousand in number. The Gospels were kept in cases of pure gold, jewels adorned the altar, and the furniture of the sanctuary was inlaid with ivory and amber. For a thousand years this was the coronation place of Christian emperors. Its transformation was swift and tragic. When the Turks poured into the doomed metropolis the emperor and his followers took shelter in St. Sophia. A vast throng of the people followed, packing the spacious church to the verge of suffocation, and then rushed in the Turkish horde, butchering the men, sparing the women and children for the slave-market. It was at the climax of that scene that Mohammed II. rode in at the great door, shouting, as he placed his hand on the pillar near him, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

It is generally known that polygamy is in its decline. Well-to-do Turks divide their homes into the selamlik and the harem. The former is exclusively for the use of men, and the latter is the women's domain. Into it no male visitor can penetrate. The head of the house is the only man allowed to cross its threshold, and he is excluded if the ladies of his family have visitors. As a rule few Turks maintain more than one wife, two at most. Of the women whose fancy portraits pass for those of Turkish beauties, many are French, English and American, besides representatives of other nations. The Turk has long been maligned unfairly. He has been condemned for the sins of the corrupt governing class. The Turkish peasants and their laboring

brothers in the city, are hard-working and well-behaved. Their religion forbids intoxication, they are practically vegetarians, they are immensely strong, make ideal soldiers, being capable of withstanding privation and they do not know what fear is. If prone to cruelty in war, they are not alone in that class, and allowance must be made for their inherited belief that the good Moslem who dies fighting the infidel goes straight to his heavenly reward.

THE TOMB OF A PHARAOH.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI.

[Belzoni, famous as one of the first of Egyptian explorers, was born at Padua, Italy, about 1778. He visited England in 1803, married there, and earned a living by performing as an athlete, being of great muscular strength. He afterwards travelled in Southern Europe, and reached Egypt in 1815. Here he removed the colossal head known as the Young Memnon, which now forms one of the grandest of Egyptian objects in the British Museum. He was the first to open the temple of Ipsambool, and in 1817 discovered a magnificent Egyptian tomb, of whose figures and hieroglyphics he took impressions. He penetrated into the second pyramid of Gizeh and discovered the town of Berenice. He set out in 1823 for Timbuctoo, but died before he had gone far, in December of that year. The difficulties attending the opening of a tomb in the necropolis of Thebes are thus graphically described by him.]

GOURNOU is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan Mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of

which has its separate entrance; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior communication from one to another. I can truly say it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of these subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them; there are no excavations or mines that can be compared to these truly astonishing places; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses.

A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go: besides, he is taken up with the strange works he sees cut in various places and painted on each side of the walls; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses anything so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther. Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the throat and mouth to such a degree that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up.

In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you gen-

erally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies, in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall; the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air; the different objects that were around me seeming to converse with each other; and the Arabs with the torches or candles in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described.

In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, until at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering such a place, after a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight; but they found no better support, so that I sank among the broken mummies with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting until it subsided again. I could not move from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took crushed a mummy in some part or other.

Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that the body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not

pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downward, my own weight helped me on. However, I could not help being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies, piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, and in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy.

[In this locality, at a later date, he had the good fortune to discover a tomb of magnificent proportions and adornments, which had never before been opened.]

On the 16th [of October, 1817] I recommenced my excavations in the valley of Beban el Malook, and pointed out the fortunate spot which has paid me for all the trouble I took in my researches. . . . Not fifteen yards from the last tomb I described, I caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the very spot I have caused to be dug. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had observed in my pursuit. The Fellahs who were accustomed to dig were all of opinion that there was nothing in that spot, as the situation of this tomb differed from that of any other. I continued the work, however, and the next day, the 17th, in the evening, we perceived the part of the rock that was cut and formed the entrance.

[This entrance proved to be eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, and led to a tomb that was choked up with large stones. Entrance, however, was quickly made to a large corridor.]

I perceived immediately by the painting on the ceiling, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, which were to be seen where the earth did not reach, that this was the entrance into a large and magnificent tomb. At the end of this corridor I came to a staircase twenty-three feet long and of the same breadth as the corridor [eight feet eight inches]. The door at the bottom is twelve feet high. From the foot of the staircase I entered another corridor, thirty-seven feet three inches long, and of the same width and height as the other, each side sculptured with hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, and painted. The ceiling also is finely painted, and in pretty good preservation.

[Progress was here hindered by a deep pit, perhaps intended to receive the water from rains. The passage beyond had been closed, plastered, and painted over, but a small aperture appeared, which had been broken through the wall.

The way past the well had been by ropes, which hung down into it on both sides. Belzoni bridged it by beams and passed over.]

When we had passed through the little aperture we found ourselves in a beautiful hall, twenty-seven feet six inches by twenty-five feet ten inches, in which were four pillars three feet square. At the end of this room, which I call the Entrance-Hall, and opposite the aperture, is a large door, from which three steps lead down into a chamber with two pillars. This is twenty-eight feet two inches by twenty-five feet six inches. The pillars are three feet ten inches square. I gave it the name of the Drawing-Room; for it is covered with figures which, though only outlined, are so fine and perfect that you would think they had been drawn only the day before.

Returning into the Entrance-Hall, we saw on the left of the aperture a large staircase, which descended into a corridor. It is thirteen feet four inches long, seven and a half wide, and has eighteen steps. At the bottom we entered a beautiful corridor, thirty-six feet six inches by six feet eleven inches. We perceived that the paintings became more perfect as we advanced farther into the interior. They retained their gloss, or a kind of varnish over the colors, which had a beautiful effect. The figures are painted on a white ground.

At the end of this corridor we descended ten steps, which I call the small stairs, into another, seventeen feet two inches by ten feet five inches. From this we entered a small chamber, twenty feet four inches by thirteen feet eight inches, to which I gave the name of the Room of Beauties; for it is adorned with the most beautiful figures in basso-relievo, like all the rest, and painted. When standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses.

Proceeding farther, we entered a large hall, twenty-seven feet nine inches by twenty-six feet ten inches. In this hall are two rows of square pillars, three on each side of the entrance, forming a line with the corridors. At each side of this hall is a small chamber: that on the right is ten feet five inches by eight feet eight inches; that on the left ten feet five inches by eight feet nine inches and a half. This hall I termed the Hall of Pillars; the little room on the right Isis's Room, as in it a large cow is painted, of which I shall give a description hereafter; that on the left, the Room of Mysteries, from the mysterious figures it exhibits.

At the end of this hall we entered a large saloon, with an arched roof or ceiling, which is separated from the Hall

of Pillars only by a step; so that the two may be reckoned one. The saloon is thirty-one feet ten inches by twenty-seven feet. On the right of the saloon is a small chamber without anything in it, roughly cut, as if unfinished, and without painting; on the left we entered a chamber with two square pillars, twenty-five feet eight inches by twenty-two feet ten inches. This I called the Sideboard Room, as it has a projection of three feet in form of a sideboard all round, which was perhaps intended to contain the articles necessary for the funeral ceremony. The pillars are three feet four inches square, and the whole beautifully painted as the rest.

At the same end of the room, and facing the Hall of Pillars, we entered by a large door into another chamber with four pillars, one of which is fallen down. This chamber is forty-three feet four inches by seventeen feet six inches; the pillars three feet seven inches square. It is covered with white plaster where the rock did not cut smoothly, but there is no painting on it. I named it the Bull's or Apis's Room, as we found the carcass of a bull in it, embalmed with asphaltum; and also, scattered in various places, an immense quantity of small wooden figures of mummies six or eight inches long, and covered with asphaltum to preserve them. There were some other figures of fine earth baked, colored blue, and strongly varnished. On each side of the two little rooms were some wooden statues standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if to contain a roll of papyrus, which I have no doubt they did. We found likewise fragments of other statues of wood and of composition.

But the description of what we found in the centre of the saloon, and which I have reserved till this place, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is

a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches; and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, united with several emblems, etc.

I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there: it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. [This splendid work of ancient art was brought by Belzoni to England.] The sarcophagus was over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, which communicated with a subterranean passage, leading downward three hundred feet in length.

[This was choked up at its extremity, and was probably an entrance to the tomb from another direction. It had been walled up under the sarcophagus after interment, and some of the other openings had been walled up, but the closed passages had evidently been forced open in ancient times. The amount of rock excavation in forming all these large chambers and long passages is something stupendous, and the tomb must have held a tenant of the highest degree. The amount of carving and painting was also very great. The methods pursued are shown in one chamber, which was only prepared for the sculptor.]

The wall was previously made as smooth as possible, and where there were flaws in the rock the vacuum was filled up with cement, which, when hard, was cut along with the rest of the rock. Where a figure or anything else was required to be formed, the sculptor appears to have made his first sketches of what was intended to be cut out. When the sketches were finished in red lines by the first artist,

another more skilful corrected the errors, if any, and his lines were made in black, to be distinguished from those which were imperfect. When the figures were thus prepared, the sculptor proceeded to cut out the stone all round the figure, which remained in basso-relievo, some to the height of half an inch, and some much less, according to the size of the figure. For instance, if a figure were as large as life, its elevation was generally half an inch; if the figure were not more than six inches in length, its projection would not exceed the thickness of a dollar, or perhaps less.

The angles of the figures were all smoothly rounded, which makes them appear less prominent than they really are. The parts of the stone that were to be taken off all round the figure did not extend much farther, as the wall is thickly covered with figures and hieroglyphics, and I believe there is not a space on these walls more than a foot square without some figure or hieroglyphic. The garments, and various parts of the limbs, were marked by a narrow line, not deeper than the thickness of a half-crown, but so exact that it produced the intended effect.

When the figures were completed and made smooth by the sculptor, they received a coat of whitewash all over. This white is so beautiful and clear, that our best and whitest paper appeared yellowish when compared with it. The painter came next and finished the figure. It would seem as if they were unacquainted with any color to imitate the naked parts, since red is adopted as a standing color for all that meant flesh. There are some exceptions, indeed; for in certain instances, when they intended to represent a fair lady, by way of distinguishing her complexion from that of the men, they put on a yellow color to represent her flesh; yet it cannot be supposed that they did not know how to reduce their red paints to a flesh color,

for on some occasions, where the red flesh is supposed to be seen through a thin veil, the tints are nearly of the natural color, if we suppose the Egyptians to have been of the same hue as their successors, the present Copts, some of whom are nearly as fair as the Europeans.

Their garments were generally white, and their ornaments formed the most difficult part, when the artists had to employ red in the distribution of the four colors, in which they were very successful. When the figures were finished, they appear to have laid on a coat of varnish; though it may be questioned whether the varnish were thus applied, or incorporated with the color. The fact is that nowhere else except in this tomb is the varnish to be observed, as no place in Egypt can boast of such preservation, nor can the true customs of the Egyptians be seen anywhere else with greater accuracy.

[Belzoni spent a whole year in making drawings and wax impressions of all the figures, paintings, hieroglyphics, etc., in this tomb. We give part of his description, as an example of the character of the ornamentation of Egyptian tombs.]

Immediately within the entrance into the first passage, on the left hand, are two figures as large as life, one of which appears to be the hero entering into the tomb. He is received by a deity with a hawk's head, on which are the globe and serpent. Both figures are surrounded by hieroglyphics; and, farther on, near the ground, is a crocodile very neatly sculptured. The walls on both sides of this passage are covered with hieroglyphics, which are separated by lines from the top to the bottom, at the distance of five or six inches from one another. Within these lines the hieroglyphics form their sentences; and it is plainly to be seen that the Egyptians read from the top to the bottom, and then recommenced at the top. The ceil-

ing of this first passage is painted with the figure of the eagles. . . .

In the front of this [the first] hall, facing the entrance, is one of the finest compositions that was ever made by the Egyptians, for nothing like it can be seen in any part of Egypt. It consists of four figures as large as life. The god Osiris sitting on his throne, receiving the homages of a hero, who is introduced by a hawk-headed deity. Behind the throne is a female figure as if in attendance on the great god. The whole group is surrounded by hieroglyphics, and enclosed in a frame richly adorned with symbolical figures. The winged globe is above, with the wings spread over all, and a line of serpents crowns the whole. The figures and paintings are in such perfect preservation that they give the most correct idea of their ornaments and decorations. . . .

On going out of this [the second] chamber into the first hall is a staircase, which leads into a lower passage, the entrance into which is decorated with two figures on each side, a male and a female, as large as life. The female appears to represent Isis, having, as usual, the horns and globe on her head. She seems ready to receive the hero, who is about to enter the regions of immortality. The garments of this figure are so well preserved that nothing which has yet been brought before the public can give a more correct idea of Egyptian customs. The figure of the hero is covered with a veil, or transparent linen, folded over his shoulder.

THEBES AND ITS MIGHTY RUINS.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

[Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross," one of the best written and most admired works of travel in Oriental lands, is the source of our present selection, which is devoted to the remarkable tombs and wonderful ruins which remain to attest the magnificence of ancient Thebes, once the proud capital of the Pharaohs. Here are found the glorious remains of Karnak, the most stupendous temple upon the face of the earth, while a multitude of other works exist to attest the genius for architectural labor of the Egyptians of old. Our story begins with the tombs and ends with the temples of ancient Thebes.]

THE next morning, at daybreak, we started for the Tombs of the Kings. I was mounted on a fine horse belonging to the sheikh of the village; and the cool air of the morning, the rich prospect before us, and cloudless sky, all conspired to impart life and pleasure to our relaxed and languid frames. I had been for nearly a month confined to my pallet by illness; and now, mounted on a gallant barb, sweeping across the desert, with the mountain breezes breathing round me, I felt a glow of spirits and an exhilaration of mind and body to which I had been long a stranger.

For a couple of hours we continued along the plain, which was partially covered with wavy corn, but flecked widely, here and there, with desert tracts. Then we entered the gloomy mountain gorges, through which the Theban monarchs passed to their tombs. Our path lay through a narrow defile, between precipitous cliffs of rubble and calcareous strata, and some large boulders of coarse conglomerate lay strewn along this desolate valley, in which no living thing of earth or air ever met our view.

The plains below may have been, perhaps, once swarming with life and covered with palaces; but the gloomy defiles we were now traversing must have ever been, as they are now, lonely, lifeless, desolate, a fit avenue to the tombs for which we were bound.

After five or six miles' travel, our guide stopped at the base of one of the precipices, and, laying his long spear against the rock, proceeded to light his torches. There was no entrance apparent at the distance of a few yards, nor was this great tomb betrayed to the world by any visible aperture, until discovered by Belzoni. This extraordinary man seems to have been one of the few who have hit off in life the lot for which Nature destined them. His sepulchral instincts might have been matter of envy to the ghouls, with such unerring certainty did he guess at the places containing the embalmed corpses most worthy of his "body-snatching" energies.

We descended by a steep path into this tomb through a door-way covered with hieroglyphics, and entered a corridor that ran some hundred yards into the mountain. It was about twenty feet square, and painted throughout most elaborately in the manner of Raphael's Loggia at the Vatican, with little inferiority of skill or coloring. The door-ways were richly ornamented with figures of a larger size, and over each was the winged globe, or a huge scarabæus. In allusion, probably, to the wanderings of the freed spirit, almost all the larger emblems on these walls wore wings, however incompatible with their usual vocations; boats, globes, fishes, and suns, all were winged. On one of the corridors there is an allegory of the progress of the sun through the hours, painted with great detail: the God of Day sits in a boat (in compliment to the Nile he lays aside his chariot here), and steers through the hours of day and night, each of the latter being distinguished by

a star. The Nile in this, as in all other circumstances of Egyptian life, figures as the most important element; even the blessed souls, for its sake, assume the form of fishes, and swim about with angelic fins in this river of life.

One gorgeous passage makes way into another more gorgeous still, until you arrive at a steep descent. At the base of this, perhaps four hundred feet from daylight, a door-way opens into a vaulted hall of noble proportions, whose gloom considerably increases its apparent size. Here the body of Oserei, father of Rameses the Second, was laid about three thousand two hundred years ago in the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which Belzoni drew from hence as a reward of his enterprise. Its poor occupant, who had taken such pains to hide himself, was "undone" for the amusement of a London conversazione.

In Bruce's tomb we found paintings and excavations of a similar design; and in one of the numerous chambers, opening off the main passage, the two celebrated figures that have given this the name of the "Harper's Tomb." In these there is a great deal of life, though the bodies are a mere bag; but the countenance is full of expression, and the bending arm seems to sweep the strings as gracefully in this lonely tomb of three thousand years ago as in the gilded saloons of our present day.

There are numerous other tombs all full of interest; the whole circumstances of ancient Egyptian life, with all its vicissitudes, may be read in pictures out of these extraordinary tombs, from the birth, through the joys and sorrows of life, to the death, the lamentation over the corpse, the embalmer's operations, and, finally, the judgment and the immortality of the soul. In one instance, the Judge is measuring all man's good actions in a balance, against a feather from an angel's wing; in another, a great serpent is being bound, head and foot, and cast into a pit; and

there are many other proofs, equally convincing, of the knowledge that this mysterious people possessed of a future life and judgment. . . .

About two o'clock we set out once more on our adventures across the mountains: the sun was scorching hot, and his rays, reflected from the calcareous cliffs, poured down as a focus upon our heads, while the hills excluded every breath of air. Nothing but the turban can stand this sort of sun-artillery with impunity; and to the defence which this afforded our guides added cloaks, carpets, and whatever they could wrap round them.

As we descended a steep path that would have puzzled a European goat, my horse put his foot on the breast of a mummy king, not recognizing its humanity, and this once cherished corpse was trodden into fragments by the rest of the party. What a story that ghastly royal visage told of ambition, and fallen power, and its vanity! A Pharaoh affording footing to an Arab horse, and trampled on by a stranger from the far north! "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?" "Is thy pride brought down to the grave, and the sound of thy viols? Is the earth spread under thee, and doth the earth-worm cover thee?" *

As we emerged from the mountains, we came in sight of a vast plain, intersected by the Nile, and extending as far as the Arabian hills, a distance of about twenty miles. This plain was strewed with ruins of extinct cities and temples, appropriately intermingled with extensive cemeteries, wherein now slept quietly their once busy populations. . . .

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* Isaiah xiv.

As we look down from these mountains, we discern, on our far right, the palace of Medinet Abou; before us the Memnonium; on our left, the temples of Gournou. Advanced some distance in front of these stand, like videttes, the colossal statues of Shamy and Damy, or the vocal Memnon and his brother idol. Then a wide green plain, beyond which flows the Nile; and, farther still, on the Arabian side, Luxor raises its gigantic columns from the river's edge, and the propylæa of Carnak tower afar off. This view scarcely embraces THEBES.

Descending from the mountains, we traversed the plain, which is everywhere excavated in search of antiquities, found here in such quantities that the Pasha has imposed a tax of three thousand five hundred piastres a year on this subterranean harvest. Herds of wild dogs harbor in these excavations, and as the stranger passes by a thousand gaunt, wolfish-looking heads start out from their burrows, till the plain looks mottled with them, and a hungry howl runs along the ground for miles.

We ride straight to Medinet Abou, which alone would make the fame of any other locality; but Carnak eclipses all other wonders here, and seems to rule alone. This palace, however, is very grand in architecture, and gorgeous with painting. It is very perfect, too, and a considerable number of chambers are uninjured, even in the second story. Its labyrinth of immense courts magnificently decorated, the innumerable pillars that everywhere rear their richly-carved capitals, with or without cornices; the superb colonnades that surround the courts, all convey an idea of grandeur before which every human creation, except Carnak, dwarfs into insignificance. Many of these columns lie strewn about in such profusion that Aladdin's genii might have despaired of imitating them, yet they measure six-and-thirty feet in circumference, and gleam,

like a cathedral's painted window, with every color in the rainbow, as bright and vivid as if the sun shone through them.

It was late when we returned to our tents, after fourteen hours' exposure to the powerful sun of the Thebaid. The Prince's boat was just putting off, with a parting salute, as we dismounted; by the time the last echo of our return guns had died away among the mountains, I was asleep. When the lamps and supper came from the boat, I found the tent was literally swarming with hideous insects; winged centipedes, horned dragon-flies, monstrous ants, livid-looking beetles, moths, and locusts, were crawling, as if *the* butterfly were giving her celebrated ball upon my cloak. They had probably been attracted by the smell of the mummies and their cerements, that lay strewn about the tent. When at last I fell asleep, I was suddenly awakened by the cold, slimy pat of a bull-frog falling on my cheek. Such are some of the consequences of sleeping among Pharaohs.

The next morning we started before sunrise to watch the effects of the first smile of Aurora upon her son Memnon; he has long ceased to greet her coming with a song, but still, for tradition's sake, we wished to see the meeting. The brief twilight left us little time for a gallop of three miles, so we flung ourselves into the Turkish saddles, without waiting to change them for our own; and passing by the pillared masses of the temple of Ammon, just visible through the morning mist, we stood under Memnon's colossal pedestal before the last stars had melted in the dawn. Alas! for the vanity of human plans and early rising, this was the only morning since we entered Egypt on which the sun refused to shine. Memnon himself would have been puzzled, in his best days, to tell the moment when he rose.

There are two statues here, of similar size and proportion, about twenty yards apart; they stand isolated at present, though once forming the commencement of an avenue of statues leading to a palace, now level with the sands. The most celebrated of these two statues stands to the north; he is hewn out of a single mass of granite, and measures, though seated, about fifty feet in height, exclusive of his pedestal, which measures six feet more. His companion's figure and proportions are a fac-simile of his own, but I think the rock of which the latter is formed is of sandstone. The granite of which Memnon is composed has a musical ring when struck, and it is said the priests used to produce the sounds which astonished travellers in ancient times. Humboldt, however, in his South American travels, speaks of certain rocks on the river Orinoco, called by the natives "loxas musicas," which *he* heard yielding low thrilling tones of music, and accounted for it by the wind passing through the chinks and agitating the spangles of mica into audible vibration.

Whatever Memnon may formerly have done in the vocal line, much voice can hardly be expected from him now, as his chest is gone, and replaced by loose stones. He fell down in the year 70 B.C., and was afterwards rebuilt. His pedestal is covered with Greek and other inscriptions, bearing testimony to his musical performances; one of these records the visit of Adrian and his queen, Sabina. This Memnon is a corruption of Miamun, the beloved of Jove, and, in hieroglyphic history, is called Amunoph the Third. He reigned one hundred years before Sesostris [Rameses II.], or 1430 B.C. His colleague was probably the Danaus, who led a colony into Greece, and founded the kingdom of Argos. [He was in all probability a mythical personage.]

From these statues to the Memnonium, as the palace and temple of Sesostris are called, is about half a mile. The

magnificent hall of this temple is entered between two calm and contented-looking giants of rock, each twenty feet high. Within this hall was the library. The ceiling is covered with astronomical figures, which reveal the date of the building, 1322 B.C. On one of the walls Sesostris is represented as seated under the shadow of the Tree of Life, while gods inscribe his name upon its leaves. It is impossible to convey any idea of the extent and variety of all these ruins, or of the profusion of sculpture and painting which everywhere adorns them. A statue of Sesostris lies without the temple, in the position which he has occupied unmoved since Cambyses overthrew him; the upper part of his body is broken into two or three vast fragments, and the lower is almost indistinguishable in its brokenness. The breadth of this enormous figure across the breast is twenty-three feet; the whole was cut from a single block of granite, and polished as smooth as marble.

These are the principal objects of interest on the Libyan side of the river; there are many others, which, however they may attract the traveller, would scarcely interest the reader. The valley of the Tombs of the Queens, the grottoes of Koornat Murraee, and the temple (afterwards the church) of Dayr el Bahree, tell enough of their own stories in their names for our purpose.

On returning to our boat, a curious rencontre took place on board a dahabieh that was conveying a lion from Abyssinia to the Pasha's menagerie at Cairo. Mr. M.'s servant had purchased a wild fox from one of the natives, and, being anxious to see if the lion would devour him, he threw him into the cage. Reynard was game, however, put up his bristles, showed his teeth, and threatened hostilities; the lion howled with affright, and made such efforts to escape that he very nearly upset the boat, to the great ire of the Rais, whose life might have paid forfeit for his

prisoner's loss. He began to curse all the foxes and Christians under the sun, together with their beards and those of their fathers, and the gallant assailant was rescued and restored to liberty.

Of Luxor I shall only observe that it forms a fitting approach to Carnak. It presents a splendid confusion of courts, columns, statues, ruins, and a lonely obelisk, whose companion was removed to Paris, and now flourishes on the "Place de la Concorde." We found here the luxury of Arab horses, and rode along a wide plain covered with coarse grass, and varied by some gloomy little lakes and acacia shrubs, when, at the end of an hour, our guide reined in his horse, and pointed with his spear towards the south.

There lay Carnak! darkening a whole horizon with its portals and pyramids and palaces. We passed under a noble archway, and entered a long avenue of sphinxes: all their heads were broken off, but their pedestals remain unmoved since the time of Joseph. It must have been a noble sight in the palmy days of Thebes,—that avenue of two hundred enormous statues, terminated by that temple. Yet this was only one of many: at least eight others, with similar porticoes and archways, led from this stupendous edifice. We rode through half a mile of sphinxes, and then arrived at the Temple, the splendor of which no words can describe.

A glorious portal opened into a vast court, crowded with a perfect forest of the most magnificent columns, thirty-six feet each in circumference, covered with hieroglyphics, and surmounted by capitals, all of different patterns, and richly painted. No two persons agree on the number of these apparently countless columns: some make it amount to one hundred and thirty-four, others one hundred and sixty: the central measure sixty-six feet in height, exclusive of the pedestals and abacus. Endless it would be to enter into details of this marvellous pile; suffice it to say

that the temple is about one mile and three-quarters in circumference, the walls eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick.

With astonishment, and almost with awe, I rode on through labyrinths of courts, cloisters, and chambers, and only dismounted where a mass of masonry had lately fallen in, owing to its pillars having been removed to build the Pasha's powder manufactory. Among the infinite variety of objects of art that crowd the temple, the obelisks are not the least interesting. Those who have only seen them at Rome or Paris can form no conception of their effect where all around is in keeping with them. The eye follows upward the finely-tapering shaft, till suddenly it seems, not to terminate, but to melt away, and lose itself in the dazzling sunshine of its native skies.

For hours I wandered eagerly and anxiously on, through apparently interminable variety, every moment encountering something new, unheard of, and unthought of, till then. The very walls of outer enclosures were deeply sculptured with whole histories of great wars and triumphs, by figures that seemed to live again. In some places these walls were poured down like an avalanche, not fallen: no mortar had been ever needed to connect the cliff-like masses of which they were composed: at this hour the most ignorant mason might direct the replacing of every stone where it once towered, in propylon or gate-way, so accurately was each fitted to the place which it was to occupy.

We rested for a long time on a fallen column, under a beautiful archway that commands a wide view of the Temple, and then slowly and lingeringly withdrew. The world contains nothing like it.

We returned to Luxor by a different, yet similar, avenue of statues to that by which we had approached: as we proceeded we could discover other pillars and portals far

away upon the horizon, each marking where an entrance to this amazing Temple once existed.

From the desert or the river; from within or from without; by day or by moonlight; however you contemplate Carnak, appears the very aspect in which it shows to most advantage. And when this was all perfect; when its avenues opened in vista upon the noble temples and palaces of Sesostris, upon Gournou, Medinet Abou, and Luxor; when its courts were paced by gorgeous priestly pageants, and busy life swarmed on a river flowing between banks of palaces like those of Venice magnified a hundred-fold,—when all this was in its prime, no wonder that its fame spread even over the barbarian world and found immortality in Homer's song.

For many a day after I had seen it, and even to this hour, glimpses of Thebes mingle with my reveries and blend themselves with dreams, as if that vision had daguerreotyped itself upon the brain and would remain there forever.

PHILÆ AND ITS TEMPLE.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

[Among books of Egyptian travels, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," by Amelia B. Edwards, holds a noteworthy place, and is well worthy a selection. The authoress, born in England in 1831, is best known by her many popular novels, but has also written historical works and books for children, and has gained much repute as a student of Egyptian antiquities. From the many interesting chapters of the work named we choose the one on Philæ, as giving an animated description of an Egyptian temple.]

HAVING been for so many days within easy reach of Philæ, it is not to be supposed that we were content till

now with only an occasional glimpse of its towers in the distance. On the contrary, we had found our way thither towards the close of almost every day's excursion. We had approached it by land from the desert; by water in the felucca; from Mahatta by way of the path between the cliffs and the river. When I add that we moored here for a night and the best part of two days on our way up the river, and again for a week when we came down, it will be seen that we had time to learn the lovely island by heart.

The approach by water is quite the most beautiful. Seen from the level of a small boat, the island, with its palms, its colonnades, its pylons, seems to rise out of the river like a mirage. Piled rocks frame it on either side, and purple mountains close up the distance. As the boat glides nearer between glistening boulders, those sculptured towers rise higher and ever higher against the sky. They show no sign of ruin or of age. All looks solid, stately, perfect. One forgets for the moment that anything is changed. If a sound of antique chanting were to be borne along the quiet air,—if a procession of white-robed priests bearing aloft the veiled ark of the god were to come sweeping round between the palms and the pylons,—we should not think it strange.

Most travellers land at the end nearest the cataract; so coming upon the principal temple from behind and seeing it in reverse order. We, however, bid our Arabs row round to the southern end, where was once a stately landing-place with steps down to the river. We skirt the steep banks and pass close under the beautiful little roofless temple known as Pharaoh's Bed,—that temple which has been so often painted, so often photographed, that every stone of it, and the platform on which it stands, and the tufted palms that cluster round about it, have been since

childhood as familiar to our mind's eye as the sphinx or the pyramids. It is larger, but not one jot less beautiful than we had expected. And it is exactly like the photographs. Still, one is conscious of perceiving a shade of difference too subtle for analysis; like the difference between a familiar face and the reflection of it in a looking-glass. Anyhow, one feels that the real Pharaoh's Bed will henceforth displace the photographs in that obscure mental pigeon-hole where till now one has been wont to store the well-known image; and that even the photographs have undergone some kind of change.

And now the corner is rounded; and the river widens away southward between mountains and palm-groves; and the prow touches the débris of a ruined quay. The bank is steep here. We climb, and a wonderful scene opens before our eyes. We are standing at the lower end of a court-yard leading up to the propylons of the great temple. The court-yard is irregular in shape and enclosed on either side by covered colonnades. The colonnades are of unequal lengths and set at different angles. One is simply a covered walk; the other opens upon a row of small chambers, like a monastic cloister opening upon a row of cells. The roofing-stones of these colonnades are in part displaced, while here and there a pillar or a capital is missing; but the twin towers of the propylon, standing out in sharp, unbroken lines against the sky and covered with colossal sculptures, are as perfect, or very nearly as perfect, as in the days of the Ptolemies who built them.

The broad area between the colonnades is honeycombed with crude brick foundations,—vestiges of a Coptic village of early Christian time. Among these we thread our way to the foot of the principal propylon, the entire width of which is one hundred and twenty feet. The towers measure sixty feet from base to parapet. These dimensions are

insignificant for Egypt; yet the propylon, which would look small at Luxor or Karnak, does not look small at Philæ. The key-note here is not magnitude, but beauty. The island is small,—that is to say, it covers an area about equal to the summit of the Acropolis at Athens; and the scale of the buildings has been determined by the size of the island. As at Athens, the ground is occupied by one principal temple of moderate size and several subordinate chapels. Perfect grace, exquisite proportion, most varied and capricious grouping, here take the place of massiveness; so lending to Egyptian forms an irregularity of treatment that is almost Gothic and a lightness that is almost Greek.

And now we catch glimpses of an inner court, of a second propylon, of a pillared portico beyond; while, looking up to the colossal bas-reliefs above our heads, we see the usual mystic forms of kings and deities, crowned, enthroned, worshipping and worshipped. These sculptures, which at first sight look no less perfect than the towers, prove to be as laboriously mutilated as those of Denderah. The hawk-head of Horus and the cow-head of Hathor have here and there escaped destruction; but the human-faced deities are literally "sans eyes, sans nose, sans ears, sans everything."

We enter the inner court,—an irregular quadrangle enclosed on the east by an open colonnade, on the west by a chapel fronted with Hathor-headed columns, and on the north and south sides by the second and first propylons. In this quadrangle a cloistral silence reigns. The blue sky burns above,—the shadows sleep below,—a tender twilight lies about our feet. Inside the chapel there sleeps perpetual gloom. It was built by Ptolemy Euergetes II., and is one of that order to which Champollion gave the name of Mammisi. It is a most curious place, dedicated to Hathor and commemorative of the nurture of Horus. On

the blackened walls within, dimly visible by the faint light which struggles through screen and door-way, we see Isis, the wife and sister of Osiris, giving birth to Horus. On the screen panels outside we trace the story of his infancy, education, and growth. As a babe at the breast he is nursed in the lap of Hathor, the divine foster-mother. As a young child he stands at his mother's knee and listens to the playing of a female harpist (we saw a bare-footed boy the other day in Cairo thrumming upon a harp of just the same shape and with precisely as many strings); as a youth he sows grain in honor of Isis and offers a jewelled collar to Hathor. This Isis, with her long aquiline nose, thin lips, and haughty aspect, looks like one of the complimentary portraits so often introduced among the temple-sculptures of Egypt. It may represent one of the two Cleopatras wedded to Ptolemy Physcon.

Two greyhounds with collars round their necks are sculptured on the outer wall of another small chapel adjoining. These also look like portraits. Perhaps they were the favorite dogs of some high-priest of Philæ.

Close against the greyhounds and upon the same wall space, is engraven that famous copy of the inscription of the Rosetta stone first observed here by Lepsius in A.D. 1843. It neither stands so high nor looks so illegible as Ampère is at such pains to make out. One would have said that it was in a state of more than ordinarily good preservation.

[This inscription, however, lacks the Greek text which, upon the Rosetta stone, proved so inestimably useful. A space is left for it, but it is not cut, perhaps through Egyptian dislike of the language of their rulers.]

There are other sculptures in this quadrangle which one would like to linger over; as, for instance, the capitals of the eastern colonnade, no two of which are alike, and the

grotesque bas-reliefs of the frieze of the Mammisi. Of these, a quasi-heraldic group, representing the sacred hawk sitting in the centre of a fan-shaped persea-tree between two supporters, is one of the most curious; the supporters being on the one side a maniacal lion, and on the other a Typhonian hippopotamus, each grasping a pair of shears.

Passing now through the door-way of the second propylon, we find ourselves facing the portico,—the famous painted portico of which we had seen so many sketches that we fancied we knew it already. That second-hand knowledge goes for nothing, however, in presence of the reality; and we are as much taken by surprise as if we were the first travellers to set foot within these enchanted precincts.

For here is a place in which time seems to have stood as still as in that immortal palace where everything went to sleep for a hundred years. The bas-reliefs on the walls, the intricate paintings on the ceilings, the colors upon the capitals, are incredibly fresh and perfect. These exquisite capitals have long been the wonder and delight of travellers in Egypt. They are all studied from natural forms,—from the lotus in bud and blossom, the papyrus, and the palm. Conventionalized with consummate skill, they are at the same time so justly proportioned to the height and girth of the columns as to give an air of wonderful lightness to the whole structure. But above all it is with the color—color conceived in the tender and pathetic minor of Watteau and Lancret and Greuze—that one is most fascinated. Of those delicate half-tones, the fac-simile in the "Grammar of Ornament" conveys not the remotest idea. Every tint is softened, intermixed, degraded. The pinks are coralline; the greens are tempered with verditer; the blues are of a greenish turquoise, like the western half of an autumnal evening sky. . . .

Architecturally this court is unlike any we have yet seen, being quite small, and open to the sky in the centre, like the atrium of a Roman house. The light thus admitted glows overhead, lies in a square patch on the ground below, and is reflected upon the pictured recesses of the ceiling. At the upper end, where the pillars stand two deep, there was originally an inter-columnar screen. The rough sides of the columns show where the connecting blocks have been torn away. The pavement, too, has been pulled up by treasure-seekers, and the ground is strewn with broken slabs and fragments of shattered cornices.

These are the only signs of ruin,—signs traced not by the finger of time, but by the hand of the spoiler. So fresh, so fair is all the rest, that we are fain to cheat ourselves for the moment into the belief that what we see is work not marred, but arrested. Those columns, depend on it, are yet unfinished. That pavement is about to be relaid. It would not surprise us to find the masons here to-morrow morning, or the sculptor, with mallet and chisel, carrying on that band of lotus buds and bees. Far more difficult is it to believe that they all struck work together some two-and-twenty centuries ago. . . .

The religious history of Philæ is so curious that it is a pity it should not find a historian. It shared with Abydos and some other places the reputation of being the burying-place of Osiris. It was called "the Holy Island." Its very soil was sacred. None might land upon its shores, or even approach them too nearly, without permission. To obtain that permission and perform the pilgrimage to the tomb of the god was to the pious Egyptian what the Mecca pilgrimage is to the pious Mussulman of to-day. The most solemn oath to which he could give utterance was, "By him who sleeps in Philæ."

[Philæ seems to have succeeded Abydos in reputation for sanctity in the Ptolemaic period. During that period it was a highly important centre of pilgrimage, and its remote situation enabled its priests to resist the decree of the Christian emperors that put an end to Egyptian paganism in general. The ancient worship may have been continued here till the end of the sixth century. At length, however, the worship of Osiris was replaced by that of Christ, and a populous Christian community overflowed the island. At a later date Christianity there gave way to Mohammedanism. In 1799 the island was taken by a detachment of the French army under Desaix, and since that date appears to have been deserted.]

And now—for we have lingered over-long in the portico—it is time we glanced at the interior of the temple. So we go in at the central door, beyond which open some nine or ten halls and side chambers leading, as usual, to the sanctuary. Here all is dark, earthy, oppressive. In rooms unlighted by the faintest gleam from without, we find smoke-blackened walls covered with elaborate bas-reliefs. Mysterious passages, pitch-dark, thread the thickness of the walls and communicate by means of trap-like openings with vaults below. In the sanctuary lies an overthrown altar; while in the corner behind it stands the very niche in which Strabo must have seen that poor, sacred hawk of Ethiopia which he describes as "sick and nearly dead."

But in this temple dedicated not only to Isis, but to the memory of Osiris and the worship of Horus their son, there is one chamber which we may be quite sure was shown neither to Strabo nor Diodorus, nor to any stranger of alien faith, be his repute or station what it might; a chamber holy above all others; holier even than the sanctuary,—the chamber sacred to Osiris. We, however, unrestricted, unforbidden, are free to go where we list; and our books tell us that this mysterious chamber is somewhere overhead. So, emerging once again into the day-

light, we go up a well-worn staircase leading out upon the roof.

This roof is an intricate, up-and-down place, and the room is not easy to find. It lies at the bottom of a little flight of steps,—a small stone cell some twelve feet square, lighted only from the door-way. The walls are covered with sculptures representing the shrines, the mummification, and the resurrection of Osiris. These shrines, containing each some part of his body, are variously finished. His head, for instance, rests on a Nilometer; his arm, surmounted by a head, is sculptured on a stela, in shape resembling a high-shouldered bottle, surmounted by one of the head-dresses peculiar to the god; his legs and feet lie in a pylon-shaped mausoleum. Upon another shrine stands the mitre-shaped crown which he wears as judge of the lower world. Isis and Nephthys keep guard over each shrine. In a lower frieze we see the mummy of the god laid upon a bier, with the four so-called canopic jars ranged underneath. A little farther on he lies in state, surrounded by lotus buds on tall stems, figurative of growth, or returning life. Finally he is depicted lying on a couch; his limbs reunited; his head, left hand, and left foot upraised, as in the act of returning to consciousness. Nephthys, in the guise of a winged genius, fans him with the breath of life. Isis, with outstretched arms, stands at his feet, and seems to be calling him back to her embraces. The scene represents, in fact, that supreme moment when Isis pours forth her passionate invocations, and Osiris is resuscitated by virtue of the songs of the divine sisters.

Ill-modelled and ill-cut as they are, there is a clownish naturalness about these little sculptures that lifts them above the conventional dead level of ordinary Ptolemaic work. The figures tell their tale intelligibly. Osiris seems

THE EZBEKIYEH, CAIRO, EGYPT

really struggling to rise, and the action of Isis expresses clearly enough the intention of the artist. Although a few heads have been mutilated and the surface of the stone is somewhat degraded, the subjects are by no means in a bad state of preservation. . . .

And now, returning to the roof, it is pleasant to breathe the fresher air that comes with sunset,—to see the island, in shape like an ancient Egyptian shield, lying mapped out beneath one's feet. From here we look back upon the way we have come, and forward to the way we are going. Northward lies the cataract,—a net-work of islets with flashes of river between. Southward, the broad current comes on in one smooth, glassy sheet, unbroken by a single rapid. How eagerly we turn our eyes that way, for yonder lie Abóu Simbel and all the mysterious lands beyond the cataracts!

But we cannot see far, for the river curves away grandly to the right, and vanishes behind a range of granite hills. A similar chain hems in the opposite bank; while high above the palm-groves fringing the edge of the shore stand two ruined convents on two rocky prominences, like a couple of castles on the Rhine. On the east bank opposite a few mud houses and a group of superb carob-trees mark the site of a village, the greater part of which lies hidden among palms. Behind this village opens a vast sand valley, like an arm of the sea from which the waters have retreated. The old channel along which we rode the other day went ploughing that way straight across from Philæ. Last of all, forming the western side of this four-fold view, we have the island of Biggeh,—rugged, mountainous, and divided from Philæ by so narrow a channel that every sound from the native village on the other side is as audible as though it came from the court-yard at our feet. That village is built in and about the ruins of a tiny

Ptolemaic temple, of which only a screen and door-way and part of a small propylon remain. We can see a woman pounding coffee on the threshold of one of the huts, and some children scrambling about the rocks in pursuit of a wandering turkey. Catching sight of us up here on the roof of the temple, they come whooping and scampering down to the water-side, and with shrill cries importune us for backsheesh. Unless the stream is wider than it looks, one might almost pitch a piaster into their outstretched hands.

Mr. Hay, it is said, discovered a secret passage of solid masonry tunnelled under the river from island to island. The entrance on this side was from a shaft in the Temple of Isis. We are not told how far Mr. Hay was able to penetrate in the direction of Biggeh, but the passage would lead up, most probably, to the little temple opposite.

Perhaps the most entirely curious and unaccustomed features in all this scene are the mountains. They are like none that any of us have seen in our diverse wanderings. Other mountains are homogeneous and thrust themselves up from below in masses suggestive of primitive disruption and upheaval. These seem to lie upon the surface foundationless; rock loosely piled on rock, boulder on boulder; like stupendous cairns, the work of demigods and giants. Here and there, on shelf or summit, a huge rounded mass, many tons in weight, hangs poised capriciously. Most of these blocks, I am persuaded, would "log" if put to the test.

But for a specimen stone commend me to yonder amazing monolith down by the water's edge opposite, near the carob-trees and the ferry. Though but a single block of orange-red granite, it looks like three; and the Arabs, seeing in it some fancied resemblance to an arm-chair, call it Pharaoh's throne. Rounded and polished by primeval

floods and emblazoned with royal cartouches of extraordinary size, it seems to have attracted the attention of pilgrims in all ages. Kings, conquerors, priests, travellers, have covered it with records of victories, of religious festivals, of prayers and offerings, and acts of adoration. Some of these are older by a thousand years and more than the temples on the island opposite.

Such, roughly summed up, are the fourfold surroundings of Philæ,—the cataract, the river, the desert, the environing mountains. The Holy Island—beautiful, lifeless, a thing of the far past, with all its wealth of sculpture, painting, history, poetry, tradition—sleeps, or seems to sleep, in the midst.

It is one of the world's famous landscapes, and it deserves its fame. Every sketcher sketches it; every traveller describes it. Yet it is just one of those places of which the objective and subjective features are so equally balanced that it bears putting neither into words nor colors. The sketcher must perforce leave out the atmosphere of association which informs his subject; and the writer's description is at best no better than a catalogue raisonnée.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ADEN.

JOHN M. KEATING.

[Dr. Keating, from whose work entitled "With General Grant in the East" the following selection is taken, was one of Grant's companions in his memorable trip around the world, serving as physician of the party. He has put his impressions of the Eastern hemisphere in very readable form, and we give here his brief experience of Egypt and the Red Sea. Our account opens immediately after the landing of the party at Alexandria.]

Two large open carriages, with prancing black horses. were in attendance, surrounded of course by the dense mass of a motley crowd that we afterwards learnt was to form the greater part of our escort wherever we went in the East. Each carriage was preceded by an Arab runner, dressed in a white flowing garment, the ends of which were carelessly thrown over his shoulder, leaving in view a pair of the thinnest of black legs, that soon became almost invisible as he kept ahead of the fleet Arab horses, carrying in his hand a wand. Our glimpse of Alexandria was like a flash; the panorama was composed of mosques, bazaars, palms, donkeys, and camels, to say nothing of beggars that fairly swarmed, as we dashed up one street and down another, until finally we reached the railroad depot. The sudden transition from the most extreme cold of winter to so thorough a tropical clime was bewildering, to say nothing more; the strange appearance of everything and everybody we saw gave even the beggars a fascination.

Hassim and the luggage had not yet put in an appearance; the confusion became extreme, hundreds of strange, gesticulating creatures, with a great waste of unintelligible Arabic, surrounded us; messengers were sent off in all directions; the blind beggar seemed to regain his eyesight for the nonce at the prospect of forthcoming "Backsheesh," the lame became wild with excitement. At last rumors reached us that Hassim had been found, and in a few moments an ox-cart moved majestically around the corner, Hassim at the head, with his long sabre clanging at his side. Half the population of Alexandria aided the oxen in bringing up the lost luggage, and in a few moments all was safely deposited in the waiting train, and we were *en route* for Suez. At mid-day we lunched at Ben-a-lássie, then changed cars, as our train went on to Cairo, and off we were again, now skirting the fresh-water canal, that

takes the Nile water to Suez, now crossing a branch of the river that aids in forming the great delta.

In some places a large mound or collection of mounds would attract attention, and from the few little openings at the side would emerge human beings, mostly urchins, proving it to be a village. Then again scattered mud houses would appear, roofless and uninviting, the long neck of a camel or his hump towering above the walls, showing *his* portion of the habitation. Along the pathway a string of camels heavily laden, led by a tall, well-formed Egyptian, and followed by his family with all his worldly goods, or again the noble lord would lead the family camel or donkey, upon which sat his spouse, her beautiful dark eyes peering beneath her veiled face, gazing with curiosity upon the passing train. What splendid-looking fellows the Egyptians are, so well formed, so erect! The road fairly swarmed with little black-eyed children, whose great beauty soon attracted our attention.

It was the most superb day I can remember, in the shade just cool enough to wear a thin overcoat over our summer clothing, and yet even in the sun at mid-day not oppressively warm. It was said to represent the coldest day of an Egyptian mid-winter, and certainly to the natives it must have felt extremely cold. It was a strange sight to see large fields irrigated by the stream running many feet below their level, men standing knee-deep in the water throwing it by basketfuls into the canal above them, keeping this up day after day, and thereby paying off the heavy taxes of this much-oppressed people. Fortunately for them, clothing is not required, and food is almost a luxury, for all their earnings are quietly pocketed by the multitude of officials before they reach the government exchequer.

About four P.M. we entered the desert, and continued in

its perfect sea of sand as far as the eye could reach until we neared Ismailia, and then our road lay along the Suez Canal. Our journey was accomplished by half-past seven that evening. Covered with dust and completely bewildered by all the strange sights we had seen, we found ourselves knee-deep in a dusty road, surrounded by a perfect bedlam of clamorous Arabs, who seemed to threaten annihilation to the whole party in their attempts to carry our luggage. I shall not soon forget the comic aspect of the scene as each trunk made its appearance from the van and was seized upon by at least a half-dozen eager wretches, who fought for its possession till finally even the staid and dignified Hassim, always on hand, was forced to unstrap his mighty weapon and mount guard over the treasures, using the argument of his scabbard, which proved successful.

The hotel was some distance off; guides with lanterns made their appearance, and the party moved on in Indian file along the barren road paved with the sand and dust of centuries, vainly wishing that the far-famed civilization of Egypt had only lasted a few thousand years longer. The hotel, built almost on the edge of the water, was a large, dismal structure, a perfect labyrinth of dark and narrow passage-ways, with its great stone walls and stone pavements enclosing a court-yard filled with tropical trees and flowers.

Everything attached to it showed the endeavor on the part of all to keep cool,—cool and damp,—for almost the only moisture known in this part of Egypt comes from the heavy dews at night, the yearly rainfall amounting to an average of but one inch.

Where was the "Venetia;" had she yet passed the canal? Our first inquiries received the gratifying response that the noble ship which was to carry us onward had reached Port Said, and was at that moment slowly moving along

the canal; but later intelligence gave us to understand that the "Venetia" was delayed, and that we would spend the next day in becoming more intimately acquainted with the curiosities of Suez and its surroundings. Bright and early the following morning, after a night somewhat devoted to the slaying of the Egyptian mosquito, our party separated into little bands for the purpose of investigating the town. The General called upon the Pasha. With our consul-general and Colonel Grant I wandered over the entire place, entered the bazaars, examined their contents, and finally, when the streets became too crowded with the curious, had recourse to donkeys as a means of progression. How can human beings dwell in such quarters? The main streets or avenues were narrow enough to be called passage-ways, made so probably as a protection from the sun, but from what would seem to be but crevices between the mud walls we could see a procession of women with water-jugs emerge, or urchins as numerous as the flies that tortured us would swarm in hundreds from unknown regions. Glancing upward, our eyes would meet a pair as black as coals, shining through the lattice of a narrow window, but the startling beauty of her who owned them was a secret not to be solved by the gaze of the impudent foreigners. Where do so many blind beggars come from? Look at the children tortured by the myriads of flies, see the amount of ophthalmia among them and their filth, and the question is answered. An oculist would make a fortune here, my informant said, for this disease is not alone limited to the poor and sickly.

We entered a mosque at mid-day, following the crowd that sought its holy retreat as the bell tolled from the tower, and the saintly hermit, blind also, called to prayers. Prostrating themselves within its holy precincts, they supplicated "Allah" with a fervor that was truly edifying,

while we gazed in silence at the outer door, not thinking our devotion was sufficient to make us energetic enough to take off our shoes and enter. As we passed along a tax-gatherer was going his rounds, the assessor noting down the name of each inhabitant of the street, and preparing to do his full duty in making all the necessary returns of the taxes that were thus "farmed out."

Suez is the type of an Egyptian town, and the ways and doings of its people are those of all the people of Egypt, so, not having an opportunity of visiting Cairo, some of us were obliged to be contented with the picture of what we saw, and apply its lesson to the consideration of Egyptian life.

It affords a sad example of a hard-working, thrifty people, whose life of toil gives the means for the extravagance and luxury of those that govern them. It is said that the climate tends to indolence, yet I think I rarely saw harder work than I have seen in Egypt; certainly in ancient times workmen were not allowed to idle here. Many questions arose in the course of conversation with several of the leading foreign residents, some of whom had come to Egypt for their health, others for business purposes; among others, the subject of the climate and its effects on invalids, which was to me most interesting. Every one agreed that only too many were yearly sent to baffle with the strong winds, the great and sudden changes, the bad smells, and uninviting and undigestible diet, with the upsetting influences of a sea-voyage, when under the most favorable circumstances of a luxurious home they could be scarcely expected to keep body and soul together. . . .

Those that are diseased, particularly with pulmonary troubles, keep them by all means at home, where we have climates equal to Egypt, and of much easier access. The

nights are damp and chilling, the days warm, in the sunshine hot; rheumatism is a frequent complaint in consequence. Moreover, the style of Eastern architecture is intended for a hot climate. The houses are of brick or stone, the floors the same; draughts circulate on all sides; the ceilings are high. Invalids come here in winter, when all these contrivances work for them the wrong way. The shades are intensified by the brightness of the sun, and in one step from intense heat you find yourself in a chilling atmosphere.

General Stone, who has lived in Egypt now many years with his family, tells me that housekeeping is not more troublesome than at home. One can have as good cooking, and marketing is attended with variety; but this is not found in the hotels, and one must keep house in Cairo or Alexandria to find it. If my little journal will then keep our sick at home, it will serve a good purpose.

Over the desert the tall masts of a vessel appeared, and we were told that, as the English ensign was flying at the P. and O. agency, it was the "Venetia," of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, that was about passing out of the canal into the Gulf of Suez. The party were all collected together, the steam-launch was awaiting us and our luggage, and the Pasha of Suez stood upon the landing, after returning the General's visit of the morning, ready to bid farewell and speed the parting guest. The vessel was anchored in mid-stream, and before long we were climbing up the steep stairway to her deck.

What a beautiful thing a ship is, after all! But when her decks are as white as the driven snow, the brass-work shining like the sun, great awnings extending almost her entire length and breadth, and, besides, when she is a monster of over four thousand tons, your admiration adds to your confidence in her as a future home. Captain Perrins

came forward to welcome the General, being introduced by Mr. Roberts, the company's agent resident here; then we were all taken to view our quarters. The greater part of the upper deck seemed taken up with large reclining straw chairs, their manufacture a specialty of Singapore, as we afterwards learnt, and just in front of the main skylight was an upright piano.

Far forward beyond the engine-room, on either side of an open hatchway, were a number of large state-rooms at the command of the bachelors of the ship's company. Away from the noise—and the ladies—they could prowl or gossip or read as fancy prompted, wearing an attire that required this seclusion. Here some of the party were quartered, and as I look back upon that pleasant cruise I recall many happy moments when surrounded by the inhabitants of "bachelors' den." A table was spread on the covering of the lower hatch for the early morning meal. After bath, with the bright morning light coming down through the skylight, and a most delicious draught established by the wind-sails in each cabin window, we would all meet and hear of strange tales of foreign lands.

Before all were ready for starting on the evening of our departure from Suez the sun had set. Of all beautiful sights I ever saw this sunset was the most surpassingly lovely, with its wonderful variety of tints. The sun as it sank threw its brilliant light upon the sharp, jagged peaks on the Arabian side, which arose from the desert and looked like spires of sandstone and granite, and, finally, from a bright yellow tint, with a background of the lightest green, they turned to a fiery red, the reflection of which extended far out from the shore into the sea that washed the coast. On the Egyptian side the sandy mountains that formed its protecting wall were in the shadow, and by nightfall they were distinguished by a long line of the darkest

and deepest crimson, that we saw for many miles ahead of us.

Why is the *Red Sea* so called? many have asked. Here is the solution to the problem, and not, as a fellow-traveller remarked, most poetically, because that color is complementary to its deep emerald-green. A little clump of green, a few young date-palms, and an attempt at vegetation was pointed out as "Moses' Well;" and while gazing at it with a reverence that its association engendered we became painfully aware that our noble ship was aground. It was instantly suggested that we had accidentally encountered one of Pharaoh's chariots, but before the statement could be substantiated the noise of the engine told us we were once again in deeper water. The night, remarkable for its beautiful moon and the temperature, was delightful. Our party, still strangers to most of the passengers, gathered together in a little circle of their own, and, taking possession of the grating near the wheel at the stern of the ship, talked of home and its great distance off, and the General gave us many interesting incidents of his journeyings and of his early life.

On Saturday, February 1, we awoke to find ourselves sailing down the Red Sea, now fairly out of the Gulf of Suez, with the Mount Sinai range on our left and nothing but sand, and sand only, on either side until the desert reached the foot of the mountains. Day after day the weather became warmer. On February 3 the thermometer marked eighty degrees in the companion-way at eight A.M., and yet, strange it seemed to us, papers at Suez told us that New York harbor was blocked with ice.

The ship's decks put on quite an Oriental appearance. Our fellow-passengers, about fifty in all, were for the most part English officers returning to their posts after leave, and whole-souled, charming companions they turned out to

be. The ladies, few in number, but a host of pleasant company, charmed us with their individual accomplishments, and all appearing in the whitest of summer clothes made the scene seem like a summer garden-party as they danced or walked in the moonlight, sheltered only from the dews by the awning on the brightly-lighted deck.

Colonel Brownlow nightly thrilled us with wonderful tales of tiger-hunting, and Dr. Bennet interested us with an exposition of the wonders of submarine zoology. Night after night the North Star would approach nearer the horizon, and the early morning hours would bring out the beauties of the Southern Cross. One morning an amateur drawing-class, under the tutorship of a judge from Bombay, descended upon the General and kept him prisoner for a lengthy time, until many phases of his face appeared in the log of each member of the association. Each day brought the same clear sky, with a warmer sun, the same unvaried occupation of lounging, reading, or sleeping; each night the same moonlight and a clear heaven studded with myriads of stars.

On the 4th we passed a group of islands off the Arabian coast called the Twelve Apostles, barren hills of sand and granite. About four P.M. on the 5th we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and entered the Gulf of Aden. Perim, the island on our right, occupied by the English and garrisoned with a small body of men, sent monthly from Aden, well guards the narrow entrance. Its investiture was attended with a little romance, it is said, which tells of how the French officer who was sent to take possession of it opened his heart to his British hosts at a banquet at Aden, and, while he unbosomed himself in an outburst of confidence, a small boat sought the coveted spot and planted the English ensign that he found awaiting him there the following morning.

Opposite Perim the mountains are high, sharp peaks of variegated color, red, purple, and lead-colored, and bear no evidence of life, either animal or vegetable. It is truly a weird and dismal spot, and no wonder the French soon abandoned their fortress when their British neighbors held the island of Perim opposite. I was awakened at two A.M. on February 6 by the greatest noise and confusion. We had reached Aden. The casting of the anchor, the shovelling into the hold of the coal that came out to us in lighters, rendered further sleep impossible, and we all sought the upper deck in sheer desperation. It was the most beautiful moonlight. Opposite to us were a group of pointed mountains, seemingly of great height, with great black shadows between each peak, rendered blacker by the silvered light around them. A few straggling bungalows with their whitewashed walls were dotted on the ridge that ran parallel to the bay.

At dawn boats pushed out, manned by natives, towards our ship, and before long a quantity of little "dugouts" appeared from all quarters, paddled by Samoli boys. Strange beings these, tall, lithe of limb, clad only in a long winding-sheet that was made into a single waist-cloth, their features straight as a Grecian, their teeth pearly white; a thick mass of curly hair, done up in corkscrews, bleached to a bright red or yellow, capped the strange figures and waved in the breeze as they stood erect in their little boats clamoring for coins in the very discordant tones of "Have a dive? take a dive? take a dive? have a dive?" until the whole company would join in chorus. They are truly amphibious, for upon throwing into the water the coveted coin all would dive after it, its fortunate captor appearing within a few seconds with his property in his teeth, much to the amusement of the deck company and the chagrin of the unsuccessful divers. Parsee merchants soon crowded

our decks: they came to bid farewell to a companion who was about embarking for Bombay. Miserable, forlorn specimens of Jewish merchants came up the gang-plank with ostrich eggs and feathers, their great peculiarity consisting of the hair parted behind and pushed forward over the ears, flowing down the sides of the face in long ringlets. Our Samoli friends, seeking nearer acquaintance, climbed up the sides of the ship, and soon, like monkeys, clambered over the rigging and swarmed on deck, and the scene became a perfect pandemonium. One little fellow, plump and happy, with his thick head-covering of tow, reminded us of Raphael's cherub, his beautiful face completely overcoming the soft-hearted ladies who had been bold enough to come on deck. At nine o'clock that evening we hove anchor, steamed around the rocky point, which certainly looked dreary enough, notwithstanding the occasional patches of green that marked some little stream that sought the sea from between each rocky pointed mountain, and, facing almost directly east, sought exit from the Gulf of Arabia into the Indian Ocean towards Bombay.

UP THE BLUE NILE.

FREDERIC CAILLIAUD.

[Frederic Cailliaud, the first modern traveller to make a complete exploration of the ruins of Ethiopia, was a native of Nantes, France, born in 1787. He went to Egypt in 1815, explored the Libyan oases, and, in the service of Mehemet Ali, voyaged up the Blue Nile. He rediscovered in Mount Zabarah the famous emerald mines of ancient times, and obtained from them ten pounds weight of emeralds. He returned to Paris in 1822, published several works descriptive of his travels, and died in 1869. In 1821 he had journeyed up the Nile, examining the antiquities by the way, and in February reaching the army

of Ismail Pasha, which was marching on a campaign of conquest up the stream. Cailliaud accompanied it, examining the ruins as he went. On May 27 the confluence of the Blue and White Niles was reached. As we have elsewhere described an expedition up the White, or main branch of the Nile, the story of Cailliaud's journey up the Blue Nile will fitly complete the story of Nile exploration. Passing through the kingdom of Sennaar, the traveller reached the village of Kourdkeyleh, where the flora and fauna began to display tropical luxuriance.]

AT the dawn of day I endeavored to enter the forest of Kourdkeyleh to surprise some wild animals. I saw there many monkeys, the fresh tracks of the elephants, guinea-fowls, and birds of brilliant plumage, which uttered harsh cries. Since the Pharaohs, perhaps, no bark had spread its sails on the river which I navigated, and it was not without a keen satisfaction that I saw mine advancing before all others, fighting with the winds in quarters where the gaze of a European had never before penetrated. I felt an involuntary emotion in contemplating these trees, conquerors of Time, which age had not bent; those thick woods, whose eternal foliage never spread for the traveller a protecting shade against the burning sun; those inaccessible thickets where the shepherd never led his flocks.

Savage nature alone breathed amid this constantly renewed vegetation; the acacias, the nebbuks, the dead trees themselves, were enlaced in the inextricable convolutions of the parasitic vines, thus forming a compact mass of verdure, through which a few almost impracticable paths allowed the light to enter. The shock of our oars and the sound of the water against our bark alarmed the inhabitants of the flood; the crocodiles forsook the solitary shores, and the frightened hippopotami, swimming in herds around us, seemed by their bellowings to reproach us for having invaded their domain. The river was bordered with the bamboo, the ebony, and other new and precious woods;

we saw trees, plants, insects, and shells of unknown kinds, and rejoiced in the distinctive, yet hitherto unknown, physiognomy of this virgin soil. . . .

The rains cease at the end of September. The soil, profoundly saturated, retains here and there pools of stagnant water, which, fermenting by the sudden action of the heat, exhale putrid miasma. These, joined to the not less pernicious vapors of the earth, vitiate the air, and engender a host of maladies; the fevers, above all, prevail until January. At the approach of this disastrous season, the inhabitants of the banks of the river hasten to desert the villages with their beasts, and to fly from the pestiferous atmosphere.

[The army, whose march was continued till this period, suffered severely from this state of affairs, and from unsuitable food. By September 25, out of an army of three thousand men six hundred had died and two thousand were sick. The carcasses of dead animals helped to infect the air. Ibrahim Pasha joined his brother Ismail on October 22, bringing a fresh stock of provisions. The sick were removed into the interior, and soon began to recover. The expedition was now divided, Ibrahim leading a force up the White Nile, Ismail one up the Blue Nile. Cailliaud accompanied the latter. The negro villages were mercilessly raided as they advanced. On December 22 a large negro village was reached in the mountains of Kilgou.]

Ismail ordered the advance-guard to march rapidly upon the place, surprise the inhabitants, and prevent their flight. This order was promptly executed; the rocks were scaled, and a large body of negroes surrounded, who, nevertheless, defended themselves with unexpected obstinacy. The troops had spread their lines in climbing the hill, in order to surround as large a number as possible. But soon the difficulties of the ground broke up the order of march; they could not keep their footing on the masses of slippery granite which obstructed their path. Finally, taking off their slippers, which they stuck into their belts,

they reached the first huts, where they found several women, who refused to follow them, and were killed. The men on the summit of the mountains rolled down masses of stone and logs of wood upon their enemies. They dashed hither and thither with surprising agility. The Turks compared them to birds, for their feet hardly seemed to touch the surface of the rocks. Many of them hurled their lances from behind trees or masses of granite, and pierced the first troops who ascended the hill.

Meanwhile, the Pasha, tired of the prolonged resistance, mounted the hill with seven of his Mamelukes and some Albanians, but soon had reason to repent his imprudence: the negroes suddenly sallied out of their retreat, and hurled their lances, killing one of the Mamelukes. After firing a volley into them, the Pasha returned to the camp. By this time the negroes had cast away all their lances, and sought safety in flight. One-fourth of them escaped, and the rest were taken.

In this affair the Pasha had twelve men killed and forty wounded; of the negroes one hundred and eighty were killed and five hundred and seventy-five taken prisoners. The latter had crisp hair, thick lips, and prominent cheek-bones; a few of them had flat noses. The men wore only a piece of goat-skin tied round the loins, and the women a piece of cotton which reached to the middle of the thigh. There were none among them who understood Arabic. The Pasha allowed me to take two who appeared intelligent and good-tempered, and an Arab of Fazogl, who knew a little of their language, served me as interpreter.

[The army next entered a narrow, rocky valley, bordered by many deserted villages, through which the Pasha led his forces.]

We entered a little valley enclosed between two chains of high hills and overlooked by a mountain, which we pro-

posed to scale, in the hope of surprising the negroes of the opposite side. It was necessary to break a passage through the mimosas and the nebbuks, the thorny branches of which tore our clothes into shreds. The Pasha had recommended me, for my own safety, to keep close to him, but this benevolent consideration nearly proved fatal to me. After two hours' march, we had made two-thirds of the mountain which was the aim of our expedition. We advanced up a rough and uneven path, with the brink of a precipice on the right, while the peaked summit of the mountain arose on the left. A part of the troops were in advance; the Pasha followed them, having behind him one of his slaves, who carried his narghileh; I came immediately after, so near that the head of my horse touched his, and the Mamelukes after me, for the path was so narrow that we were obliged to march in single file.

All at once a rock, three feet in diameter, fell between Ismail and myself, hurling down the precipice the slave who separated us. Without doubt the blow was intended for the Pasha, who was distinguished by his rich costume; but one step more, and I should have received it. Ismail turned immediately, and I could perceive his fright in the pallor of his countenance; I confess, however, that he could justly have made the same remark concerning me. We dismounted, in order to avoid more readily the rocks and pieces of wood which the negroes continued to hurl down upon us. We descended the mountain much faster than we went up it, and having reached a level spot, the Pasha played a piece of cannon against the summit; but the balls, passing beyond, almost reached the troops commanded by his physician, who returned in great fear, without having achieved any more valorous exploits than ourselves.

[On the 18th of January, 1822, the expedition skirted the mountains of Kasan, and soon after entered a country crossed by numerous ravines, in which ran small affluents of the Toumat.]

The passage of these ravines was fatal to the camels; the route was strewn with abandoned animals and baggage. The Pasha himself had but a single good horse remaining. We were constrained to leave behind us a camel, part of its load, and the mule of M. Letorzec, who then mounted the dromedary which carried my papers and drawings; but the poor animal, exhausted with fatigue, lay down. In vain did we employ every means to raise it, we could not succeed.

That part of the forest in which we were was full of small dead trees and dry brush-wood, which was imprudently set on fire by the soldiers at a short distance from us. Soon the flames were ready to envelop us; I resolved to lose the dromedary, but I wished to save its load, which contained all my papers. We had nothing at hand to cut the cords and straps which bound it, and in our anxiety made useless efforts to untie them. All was over: the fruit of so much trouble and peril was about to become the prey of the flames. They cried out to us to save ourselves, but I could not resign myself to sacrifice my treasures. Already the heat scorched us, we felt the approach of the fire; we must leave,—I uttered a cry of despair.

Meanwhile, our camel, feeling the flames, rose, darted forward a little distance, and fell again. We ran to it, tore away the precious load, and placed it on my horse, which I drew by the bridle, while M. Letorzec urged it in the rear. But the wind drove the flames towards us; they advanced nearer and nearer; we were almost overcome with terror, when, oh, joy! the trees became scattering, and we issued from the wood.

[They were now encamped in a place called Abkoulgui, situated in latitude 10° 38′ north.]

The village consists of a few scattered habitations, on an elevated slope, whence the view extends over several other hills more or less wooded and covered with isolated habitations. In the south one sees the distant mountain of Mofis, and in the west the long ridge of Obeh. Abkoulgui appears to be the central point of the province of Gamamyl, which is two days' journey in extent. It is watered by the Toumat and a great quantity of its tributary torrents; the soil is a clay, full of sand and pebbles, and showing everywhere traces of oxide of iron. This province is reputed to be the richest in auriferous substances, where the negroes have been most successful in collecting gold-dust.

[The Pasha was disappointed in his hopes of obtaining gold. One of the chiefs of the district told him that during the rainy season pieces of gold as large as beans were sometimes washed down; but only dust and grains were now to be had, which did not meet the Pasha's expectations. The situation also became insecure. The Gallas, who had overrun that part of Abyssinia, were only a few hours distant.]

Seventeen days had elapsed since our arrival at Gamamyl. I had undergone many fatigues, and yet my health had improved. Every day I mounted my horse to go on the hunt of auriferous sands. We multiplied our trials, weighed the earth, calculated the proportion of the quantity of gold, but never attained any result which could give us the least hope. Those mountains of gold upon which the Pasha counted so strongly vanished like smoke; the thirty thousand negroes whom he intended to capture diminished to a few hundreds. It became necessary to try our luck elsewhere, and he gave the order for our departure. From the want of camels, I was obliged to leave

behind a fine collection of minerals which I had gathered together. . . .

We set out on the 5th of February. Most of the soldiers could not restrain their surprise at seeing that we were still marching to the south. The Shygheeans had made a manikin resembling a man and dressed in the fashion of their tribe; it is an established custom with them to inter a similar manikin at the extreme limit which their hostile expeditions reach in an enemy's country. Some of them walked, in order to allow this ridiculous figure to ride on a camel, at which the Turks were greatly amused.

[This advance proved perilous. The negroes became bolder daily. Ammunition and provisions were running out. The negro tribes had leagued to repel the invaders. On the 11th the Pasha ordered a retreat, much to the joy of his men. They had followed the Blue Nile into the mountain region of Western Abyssinia, which Cailliaud was the first European to see. During their return the ardent explorer examined the sites of several ancient cities. The ruins of Naga, near Shendy, are thus described:]

I awoke at dawn, and, finding everything quiet, advanced through the trees towards the ruins, which I discovered near at hand. The first object which I saw was a temple covered with Egyptian sculptures, with its pylon, and a portico of Greco-Roman architecture, with Egyptian ornaments. Still farther were the ruins of another grand temple, with finely sculptured decorations, and preceded by an avenue of sphinxes; the substructions of several other edifices, and those of a public tank. I recognized here the ruins of an ancient city, the importance of which was attested by the nature of the remains which still existed, and by the extent of territory which they occupied. . . .

The sculptures of the interior [of the largest temple] are almost entirely destroyed. This state of degradation is owing, I suppose, to the insignificant height of the walls

and the action of the tropical rains. The figures are without the indication of a beard, so common in the sculptures of the Egyptian temples. The peculiar character of their costumes, and the *embonpoint* of their figures, give evidence of a people quite distinct from the ancient Egyptians, but who, nevertheless, appear to have had the same symbolic writing and the same religious ideas.

[Six hours' travel northeast of Naga he found the ruins of Mesowurab.]

I was struck with astonishment on approaching the immense ruins which were exhibited to my gaze. I wandered from court to court, from temple to temple, from one chamber to another, traversing the corridors and galleries which connect the different structures. In this rapid survey I counted eight temples or sanctuaries, forty-one chambers, twenty-four courts, and three galleries, all surrounded with walls, and occupying a space two thousand five hundred feet in circumference.

On returning to my guides, I discovered that we had only water enough for twenty-four hours. My intention was to remain here five or six days. I proposed to the men to go to the Nile and replenish the stock, but was obliged to pay them extravagantly before they would consent. I mounted on the most elevated wall of the central edifice, where my eye overlooked all the ruins. There, carefully studying the distribution of the different edifices around me, I became convinced that they formerly belonged to a college. Were these silent solitudes, I asked myself, ever animated by the boisterous sports of youth? Have these ruins ever resounded with the voices of the professors? Yes, these rude figures of birds and animals traced on the walls are the work of childish hands; these names, engraved in Ethiopian characters, are those of students;

and these others, in Greek, are without doubt those of strangers, whom the celebrity of the institution has attracted.

[The next ruins examined by him were those in the vicinity of Mount Berkel, considerably farther down the Nile. These he thus describes :]

Every morning, at sunrise, I repaired to the ruins, and I did not leave them until night. In the middle of the day I occupied myself in drawing the interior sculptures of the typhonium and the sanctuaries of the pyramids, where I sought a shelter against the excessive heat, which was often 105° in the shade. Mount Berkel, isolated on the desert plain, is a mass of sandstone about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. Its southern side is a naked precipice two hundred feet high, at the base of which are the temples, all facing the river. Among the sculptures are two cartouches, which, according to Champollion, contain the name of Tirhaka, the first king of the Ethiopian dynasty who invaded Egypt, in the eighth century before the Christian era. The style of the figures and ornaments is the pure style of the monuments of Egypt and Lower Nubia. That part of the temple which is excavated in the mountain is in a good state of preservation. East of the typhonium there are many remains of walls and fragments of columns, extending for some distance. Among these I discovered two lions of rose-colored granite, of Egyptian style and beautiful form. . . . Everything goes to prove that the vast ruins of Mount Berkel are those of the city of Napata, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, of which the pyramids of Noori were the necropolis.

[This was in April. In July he found himself again in Egypt, among the magnificent ruins of Thebes. Ismail Pasha had a more tragic fortune. On reaching Shendy he was invited by Mek Nemr,

king of that country, whom he had humiliated on his southward journey, to attend a festival in a large building at some distance from the camp. It had been surrounded with combustible material, which was set on fire, and the Pasha, his staff, and fifty of his troops perished miserably in the flames.]

THE SOURCE OF THE BLUE NILE.

JAMES BRUCE.

[James Bruce, one of the most noted of travellers, was born at Kinnaird, Scotland, in 1730. He was related to the royal family of Bruce. He was appointed in 1762 consul at Algiers, and in 1765 left that city, and visited the ruins of Barbary, Baalbec, and Palmyra. In 1768 he started on a journey to Abyssinia to discover the source of the Nile. He spent two years in that country, and in November, 1770, succeeded in his object, so far as the Blue Nile—then considered the main stream—is concerned. His "Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile" gave rise to much adverse criticism, several of his statements being called in question. Recent research tends to confirm his veracity. He died in 1794. We give his description of the fountains whence flows this great stream.]

I RAN down the hill towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on treading on them, occasioned two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in the form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it.

It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing in that spot which had

baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of near three thousand years. Kings have attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed only in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography.

[Bruce here gives a chapter to the various expeditions, ancient and modern, to discover the Nile sources, ending with that of Francisco Paez, a Jesuit missionary, who claims to have made this discovery in 1618,—a claim which our author strongly questions, after a critical review of the statements of Paez.]

I hope that what I have now said will be thought sufficient to convince all impartial readers that these celebrated sources have, as it were by a fatality, remained to our days as unknown as they were to antiquity, no good or genuine voucher having yet been produced capable of proving that they were before discovered, or seen by the curious eye of any traveller, from earliest ages to this day; and it is with confidence I propose to my reader that he will consider me as still standing at these fountains, and patiently hear from me the recital of the origin, course, names, and circumstances of this most famous river of the world. . . .

The Agows of Damot pay divine honors to the Nile, they worship the river, and thousands of cattle have been offered, and still are offered, to the spirit supposed to

reside at its source. They are divided into clans or tribes; and it is worthy of observation that it is said there never was a feud, or hereditary animosity, between any two of these clans; or, if the seeds of any such were sown, they did not vegetate longer than till the next general convocation of all the tribes, who meet annually at the source of the river, to which they sacrifice, calling it by the name of the *God of Peace*. One of the least considerable of these clans for power and number has still the preference among its brethren, from the circumstance that in its territory, and near the miserable village that gives it name [the village of Geesh], are situated the much-sought-for springs from which the Nile rises.

Geesh, however, though not farther distant from these than six hundred yards, is not in sight of the sources of the Nile. The country upon the same plane with the fountains terminates in a cliff about three hundred yards deep down the plain of Assoa, which flat country continues in the same subaltern degree of elevation till it meets the Nile again about seventy miles southward, after it has made the circuit of the provinces of Gojam and Damot.

This cliff seems purposely fashioned into many shelves or stages, each of which is occupied by a cluster of houses, seldom above eight or ten in number; some above, some below, some along the side of each other, but chiefly occupying the space, or two-thirds of the middle of the cliff; that is, none of them nearer to the top of the cliff, nor to the plain of Assoa below, than a distance equal to that proportion of the whole. The reason of choosing this situation is the fear of the Gallas, who have often invaded that part of Abyssinia, and have even exterminated some clans of Agows entirely.

In the middle of this cliff, in a direction straight north

towards the fountains, is a prodigious cave, whether the work of nature or of art I cannot determine; in it are many by-paths, so that it is very difficult for a stranger to extricate himself; it is a natural labyrinth, large enough to contain the inhabitants of the village and their cattle; there are likewise two or three lesser ones, which I did not see. In this large one I tried myself part of several days, endeavoring to reach as far northward as possible, but the air, when I had advanced something above one hundred yards, seemed to threaten to extinguish my candle by its dampness; and the people were besides not at all disposed to gratify my curiosity farther, after assuring me that there was nothing at the end more remarkable than I then saw, which I have reason to believe was the case.

The face of the cliff, which fronts to the south, has a most picturesque appearance from the plain of Assoa below, parts of the houses at every stage appearing through the thickets of trees and bushes with which the whole face of the cliff is thickly covered. Impenetrable fences of the very worst kind of thorn hide the mouths of the caverns above mentioned, even from sight; there is no other communication with the houses, either from above or below, but by narrow winding sheep-paths, which, through these thorns, are very difficult to be discerned, for all are allowed to be overgrown with the utmost wildness, as a part of their defence. Lofty and large trees (most of them of the thorny kind) tower high up above the edge of the cliff, and seem to be a fence against people falling down into the plain; these are all at their proper season covered with flowers of different sorts and colors, so are the bushes below on the face of the cliff; every thorn in Abyssinia indeed bears a beautiful flower; a small atonement for the evils they occasion.

From the edge of the hill of Geesh above where the village is situated, the ground slopes with a very easy descent due north, and lands you at the edge of a triangular marsh about eighty-six yards broad, in the line of the fountains, and two hundred and eighty-six yards two feet from the edge of the cliff above the house of the priest of the river, where I resided. . . . In the middle of this marsh arises a hillock of a circular form, about three feet from the surface of the marsh itself, though apparently founded much deeper in it. The diameter of this is something short of twelve feet; it is surrounded by a shallow trench, which collects the water and voids it eastward; it is firmly built with sod or earthen turf, brought from the sides and constantly kept in repair, and this is the altar upon which all their religious ceremonies are performed.

In the middle of this altar is a hole, obviously made, or at least enlarged, by the hand of man. It is kept clear of grass or other aquatic plants, and the water in it is perfectly pure and limpid, but has no ebullition or motion of any kind discernible upon its surface. This mouth, or opening of the source, is some parts of an inch less than three feet diameter, and the water stood at that time (the 5th of November) about two inches from the lip or brim, nor did it either increase or diminish during all the time of my stay at Geesh, though we made plentiful use of it. [Its depth was about seven feet].

Ten feet distant from the first of these springs is the second fountain, about eleven inches in diameter, but this is eight feet three inches deep. And about twenty feet distant from the first is the third source; its mouth being something more than two feet large, and it is five feet eight inches deep. Both these last fountains stand in the middle of small altars, made, like the former, of firm sod, but neither of them above three feet diameter, and having a

foot of less elevation than the first. The altar in this third source seemed almost dissolved by the water, which in both stood nearly up to the brim; at the foot of each appeared a clear and brisk running rill; these uniting joined the water in the trench of the first altar, and then proceeded directly out, in a quantity that would have filled a pipe of two inches diameter.

The water from these fountains is very light and good, and perfectly tasteless; it was at this time most intensely cold, though exposed to the mid-day sun without shelter, there being no trees nor bushes nearer it than the hill of Geesh on its fourth side, and the trees that surround St. Michael Geesh on the north, which, according to the custom of Abyssinia, is, like other churches, planted in the midst of a grove.

[Bruce took the latitude and longitude of Geesh with great care, being anxious to ascertain the precise location of these important fountains of the Nile. He found the latitude to be 10° 59′ 25″, and the longitude 36° 55′ 33″ east. The worship of the source of the Nile as a deity is probably unique in the religious observances of the present day. Bruce proceeds to reflect upon the significance of his discovery.]

I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had, for many years, been the principal object of my ambition and wishes: indifference, which from the usual infirmity of human nature follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill; three rivers, as I now thought, not inferior to the Nile in beauty, preferable to it in the cultivation of those countries through which they flow; superior, vastly superior, to it in the vir-

tues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauty of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast.

I had seen the rise of the Rhine and Rhone, and the more magnificent sources of the Saone; I began, in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy. Grief or despondency was rolling upon me like a torrent; relaxed, not refreshed, by unquiet and imperfect sleep, I started from my bed in the utmost agony; I went to the door of my tent; everything was still; the Nile, at whose head I stood, was not capable either to promote or to interrupt my slumbers; but the coolness and serenity of the night braced my nerves, and chased away those phantoms that, while in bed, had oppressed and tormented me.

[This mental disturbance was largely due to his situation, and the fear that he would not be permitted to leave Abyssinia, as had been the case with former travellers. The next day he tested the height of the location by an improvised barometer, and found it to be more than two miles above the level of the sea.]

The Nile, keeping nearly in the middle of the marsh, runs east for thirty yards, with a very little increase of stream, but perfectly visible till met by the grassy brink of the land declining from Sacala. This turns it round gradually to the northeast, and then due north; and in the two miles it flows in that direction the river receives many small contributions from springs that rise in the banks on each side of it. . . .

Being arrived under the hill whereon stands the church of St. Michael Sacala, about two miles from its source, it there becomes a stream that would turn a common mill, shallow, clear, and running over a rocky bottom about three yards wide. . . . Nothing can be more beautiful than

this spot; the small, rising hills about us were all thickly covered with verdure, especially with clover, the largest and finest I ever saw; the tops of the heights crowned with trees of a prodigious size; the stream, at the banks of which we were sitting, was limpid and pure as the finest crystal; the ford, covered thick with a bushy kind of tree that seemed to affect to grow to no height, but, thick with foliage and young branches, rather to court the surface of the water, while it bore, in prodigious quantities, a beautiful yellow flower, not unlike a single wild rose of that color, but without thorns; and, indeed, upon examination we found that it was not a species of the rose, but of hypericum.

Here, at the ford, after having stepped over it fifty times, I observed it no larger than a common mill-stream. The Nile, from this ford, turns to the westward, and, after running over loose stones occasionally in that direction about four miles farther, the angle of inclination increasing greatly, broken water and a fall commences of about six feet, and thus it gets rid of the mountainous place of its nativity, and issues into the plain of Goutto, where is its first cataract; for, as I said before, I don't account the broken water, or little falls, cataracts, which are not at all visible in the height of the rains.

Arrived in the plain of Goutto, the river seems to have lost all its violence, and scarcely is seen to flow; but, at the same time, it there makes so many sharp, unnatural windings, that it differs from any other river I ever saw, making about twenty sharp, angular peninsulas in the course of five miles, through a bare, marshy plain of clay, quite destitute of trees, and exceedingly inconvenient and unpleasant to travel.

After passing this plain it turns due north, receives the tribute of many small streams, the Gometti, the Goagueri,

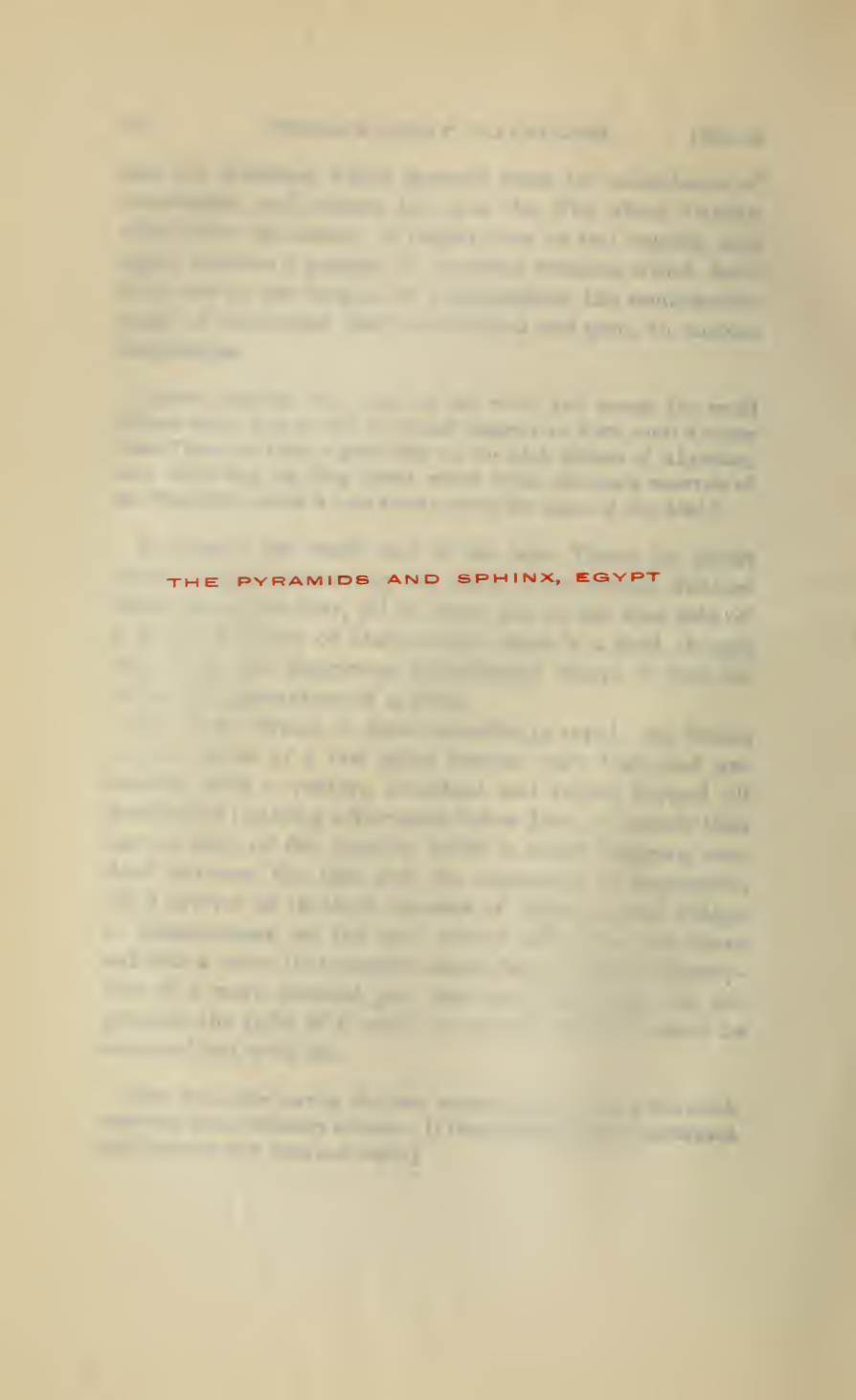
and the Kebezza, which descend from the mountains of Asormasha, and, united, fall into the Nile about twenty miles below its source; it begins here to run rapidly, and again receives a number of beautiful rivulets, which have their rise in the heights of Litchambaru, the semicircular range of mountains that pass behind and seem to enclose Asormasha.

[Bruce describes the course of the river, and names the small streams which join it, and its second cataract at Kerr, until it enters Lake Tzana, or Tana, a great lake on the high plateau of Abyssinia, sixty miles long by forty broad, which forms the main reservoir of the Blue Nile, which is here known under the name of the Abai.]

It crosses the south end of the lake Tzana for about seven leagues, preserving the color of its stream distinct from that of the lake, till it issues out at the west side of it in the territory of Dara, where there is a ford, though very deep and dangerous, immediately where it first resumes the appearance of a river.

The deep stream is here exceedingly rapid; the banks in the course of a few miles become very high, and are covered with a verdure abundant and varied beyond all description; passing afterwards below Dara, it bounds that narrow strip of flat country which is called Foggora, confined between the lake and the mountains of Begemder, till it arrives at its third cataract of Alata, a small village of Mahometans, on the east side of the river, and there exhibits a scene that requires more fancy, and the description of a more poetical pen, than mine, although the impression the sight of it made on me will certainly never be removed but with life.

[The Nile, after leaving the lake, makes a great sweep to the south, receiving many tributary streams. It then gradually turns northward, and becomes very deep and rapid.]



THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX, EGYPT

The Gallas, however, when they invade Abyssinia, cross it at all times without difficulty, either by swimming, or on goat-skins blown up like bladders: other means of passing are on small rafts, placed upon two skins filled with wind; or, twisting their hands round the horses' tails, they are drawn over by them; this last is the way that the women, who follow the armies of Abyssinia, cross unfordable rivers, a case that always occurs in late campaigns. Crocodiles abound exceedingly in this part of the Nile; but the people who live on the banks of the river have, or pretend to have, charms which defend them from the most voracious of these animals. . . .

We come now to investigate the reason of the inundation of the Nile, which being once explained, I cannot help thinking that all further inquiries concerning this subject are superfluous.

It is an observation that holds good through all the works of Providence, that although God, in the beginning, gave an instance of His almighty power, by creating the world with one single *fiat*, yet, in the laws He has laid down for the maintaining order and regularity in the details of His creation, He has invariably produced all these effects by the least degree of power possible, and by those means that seem most obvious to human conception. But it seemed, however, not according to the tenor of His ways and wisdom, to create a country like Egypt, without springs, or even dews, and subject it to a nearly vertical sun, that He might save it by so extraordinary an innovation as was the annual inundation, and make it the most fertile spot of the universe. . . .

Whatever were the conjectures of the dreamers of antiquity, modern travellers and philosophers, describing without system or prejudice what their eyes saw, have found that the inundation of Egypt has been effected by

natural means, perfectly consonant with the ordinary rules of Providence, and the laws given for the government of the rest of the universe. They have found that the plentiful fall of the tropical rains, produced every year at the same time by the action of a violent sun, has been uniformly, without miracle, the cause of Egypt being regularly overflowed. . . .

In April, all the rivers in Amhara, Begemder, and Lasta, first discolored, and then beginning to swell [from the heavy rains at that season], join the Nile. . . . In the beginning of May hundreds of streams pour themselves from Gojam, Damot, Maitsha, and Dembea into the lake Tzana, which had become low by intense evaporation, but now begins to fill insensibly, and contributes a large quantity of water to the Nile, before it falls down the cataract of Alata. In the beginning of June, the sun having now passed all Abyssinia, the rivers there are all full, and then is the time of the greatest rains in Abyssinia.

[If to the flood of the Blue Nile be added the swollen flood of the White Nile, and that of the Atbara, or Black Nile,—to which Egypt owes the bulk of its fertilizing material,—the problem of the inundations needs no further solution.]

UP THE WHITE NILE.

FERDINAND WERNE.

[In November, 1840, an expedition set out on the White Nile, the main stream of the river, under command of Suliman Kashif, a Circassian, sent by Mehemet Ali in search of the supposed gold regions of Central Africa. It started from Khartoum, and was accompanied by Dr. Ferdinand Werne, a German physician in the Egyptian service. The account written by him of this expedition is very animated and interesting, and gives an excellent picture of the conditions and in-

habitants of that great branch of the Nile. The outset of the journey is thus described:]

THE decks of the vessel, with their crowd of manifold figures, faces, and colored skins, from the Arabian Raïs who plies the oar, to the ram which he thinks of eating as the Paschal Lamb; the towering lateen-sails, with the yard-arms, on which the long streamers, adorned with the crescent and star, wave before the swollen sails; the large crimson flags at the stern of the vessel, as they flutter lightly and merrily over the ever-extending waters; the singing, mutual hails and finding again, the ships cruising to and from the limit fixed for to-day; everything was, at least for the moment, a picture of cheerful, spiritual life. With a bold consciousness, strengthened by the thought of many a danger happily overcome, I looked beyond the inevitable occurrences of a threatening future to a triumphant reunion with my brother [whom he had left behind him in Egypt].

[As they advanced the vegetation grew more dense and luxuriant, the stream broadened and was studded with wooded islands. "Among the trees standing in the water were large, white, aquatic flowers, visible even at a distance, which glistened forth magnificently from a floating world of flowers, in the moist splendor of the morning. It was the double white lotus." As they entered the country of the Shillooks, the luxuriance of the vegetation became very great.]

A number of scattered water-plants form floating islands of large and small dimensions, frequently presenting quite a surprising appearance. At noon we came so close to such an island, which had been held together by a kind of water couch-grass, and was joined on to the shore, that we tore off one entire portion of it, and set it moving like a little aquatic world of the most diversified description of plants. The base of this floating, vegetable world was

formed by the pale green velvet-plant everywhere met with, and which spreads itself like the auricula, has fibrous roots, and is intermixed with green reeds, but appears to have no flowers. The stalk-like moss, spreading under the water, with slender white suckers, like polypi on the long streaks beneath, was another principal ingredient in the formation of this island. Then comes a kind of convolvulus, with lilac-colored flowers, with its seeds, like those of the convolvulus, in capsule-like knobs, and leaves like those of buttercups. The character of the whole of this island world acquires such a blooming appearance here, that one believes one's self transported to a gigantic park situated under water. Entire tracts are covered with the blooming lotus. The trees, shrubs, and creepers, with their manifold flowers, enjoy a freedom unknown in Europe, where every plant is restricted to its fixed season. . . .

Long swampy islands, with reeds and other plants, entwined one with the other, extend from their country [that of the tribe of Dinkas] to the middle of the stream. This is the case also, though on a reduced scale, on the other side. The distance of the shores from one to another is more than an hour. The reeds form in this manner a protection, which even when the water is at the highest is not to be overcome. In the same manner the Shillooks on the western shore have a marsh of reeds, under water, for protection.

The right shore is a magnificent low country. Tamarinds, creepers of a large species, and the lotus shining in great numbers, like double white lilies. This stellated flower opens with the rising of the sun and closes when it sets. I noticed, however, afterwards, that when they are not protected in some way from the ardent heat, they likewise close when the sun approaches the zenith. Some of their stalks were six feet long and very porous; from which

latter quality these stems, as well as the flower and the larger leaves,—dark-green above, and red-brown beneath, with a flat serrated border,—have a magnificent transparent vein, but become so shrivelled, even during the damp night, that in the morning I scarcely recognized those which I had overnight laid close to my bed on the shore. The ancient Egyptians must, therefore, have been quick in offering up the lotus. The extraordinarily small white seed lies in a brownish, wool-like envelope, and fills the whole capsule. Not only are the bulbs, as large as one's fist, of the lotus eaten, but also the seed just mentioned; they mix it with sesame and other grain, among the bread-corn, which circumstance I ascertained afterwards, as we found a number of these lotus-heads strung in lines to dry. To our taste, the best way to dress the bulbs, and to free them from the marshy flavor they leave behind in the mouth, is to drain the water off several times in cooking them; they then taste nearly like boiled celery, and may be very nourishing.

[As they sailed onward the river grew narrower and the population became very dense.]

There is certainly no river in the world the shores of which are, for so great a distance, so uninterruptedly covered with habitations of human beings. We cannot conceive whence so many people derive their nourishment. There are some negroes on the left shore, lying, without any clothing on them, in the grass; therefore the ground cannot be covered to any height with water. They made gestures, and greeted us with uplifted arms; but our people thought that we could not trust such a friendly welcoming, for they might have concealed their spears in the grass, in which, perhaps, a whole troop of men were hidden. Neither those Shillooks nor the Jengähs, up the river, possess horses

or camels, but merely sheep and cows. When they take a horse or camel from the Turks, they do not kill it,—probably not eating the flesh of these animals,—but put out its eyes as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country.

[Leaving the territory of the Shillooks and the Dinkas, the expedition entered that of the Nuehrs. Here giraffes and ostriches made their occasional appearance, and the river expanded into an immense shallow lake, covered with reeds and water-plants, through which narrow channels wound, and which was haunted by swarms of gnats. Here Werne gained the good will of the black soldiers by an act of compassion.]

One of them, a *tokruri*, or pilgrim from Dar-Fur, had, in a quarrel with an Arab, drawn his knife and wounded him. He jumped overboard to drown himself, for he could not swim, and was just on the point of perishing when he drifted to our ship, where Feizulla-Captain no sooner perceived him than he sprang down from behind the helm and saved him, with the assistance of others. He was taken up and appeared nearly dead, and an intelligence being conveyed from the other vessels that he had murdered a Moslem, some of our people wanted to throw him again immediately into the water. This, however, being prevented, they thought of making an attempt to resuscitate him by standing him up on his head. I had him laid horizontally upon his side, and began to rub him with an old cloth belonging to one of my servants. For the moment no one would assist me, as he was an *abd* (slave), until I threatened the captain that he should be made to pay the Pasha for the loss of his soldiers.

After repeated rubbing, the tokruri gave some signs of life, and they raised him half up, while his head still hung down. One of the sailors, who was a fakeer, and pretended to be a sort of awakener of the dead, seized him

from behind, under the arms, lifted him up a little, and let him, when he was brought into a sitting posture, fall thrice violently on his hinder end, while he repeated passages from the Koran, and shouted in his ear, whereupon the tokruri answered with a similar prayer. Superstition goes so far here that it is asserted such a pilgrim may be completely and thoroughly drowned, and yet retain the power of floating to any shore he pleases, and stand there alive again. . . .

A dead calm throughout the night. Gnats! No use creeping under the bedclothes, where the heat threatens to stifle me, compelled as I am, by their penetrating sting, to keep my clothes on. Leave only a hole to breathe at; in they rush, on the lips, into the nostrils and ears, and, should one yawn, they squeeze themselves into the throat and tickle us to coughing, causing us to suffer real torture, for with every respiration again a fresh swarm enters. They find their way to the most sensitive parts, creeping in like ants at every aperture. My bed was covered in the morning with thousands of these little tormenting spirits—compared with which the Egyptian plague is nothing—which I had crushed to death with the weight of my body by continually rolling about. I was not only obliged to have a servant before me at supper-time, waving a large fan, made of ostrich feathers, under my nose, so that it was necessary to watch the time for seizing and conveying the food to my mouth, but I could not even smoke my pipe in peace, though keeping my hands wrapped in my woollen bournus, for the gnats not only stung through it, but even crept up under it from the ground. The blacks and colored men were equally ill treated by these hungry and impudent guests.

[The grassy expanse which was thus infested was the *Bahr El-Ghazal*, or Gazelle Lake, the recipient of an unexplored stream, the

Gazelle River. In addition to gnats, it was the home of hippopotami. On leaving the lake they entered a region of marshes, through which the Nile wound by tortuous channels.]

High reeds, but more low ones, water couch-grass and narrow grass, the pale-green aquatic plant, the lilac convolvulus, moss, water-thistles, plants like nettle and hemp, form on the right and left a soft, green mixture, upon which groups of the yellow-flowering ambak-tree rose, and which itself was partly hung with luxuriant creepers, covered with large, cup-like flowers of a deep yellow color. . . .

One can scarcely form an idea of the continual and extraordinary windings of the river. Half an hour ago we saw, on the right, the Muscovite's vessel, and on the left the other vessels ahead *on a line* with us, separated, however, by the high grass, from which their masts and sails joyfully peeped forth. I could scarcely persuade myself that we had proceeded from the one place, and shall steer to the other. There is something cheerful and tranquillizing in this life-like picture of ships seeking and finding each other again in the immeasurable grass-sea, which gives us a feeling of security. It must be a sight to the people of this region which they cannot comprehend, owing to the distance.

[For two weeks they continued this perplexing navigation, on one occasion having to sail fifteen miles in order to advance two. Werne thus describes a brilliant sunrise spectacle:]

I looked upon the rising sun with the blissful heart and kindly humor that Nature, in her majesty, calls forth with irresistible power. Dark-brown clouds covered the place where he was to disclose himself in all his glory. The all-powerful light of the world inflames this layer of clouds; ruffled, like the billows of the ocean, they become lighted up with an indescribable hue of blue Tyrian purple, from

which an internal living fire beams forth on every side. To the southeast, a vessel dips its mast and sails into this flood of gold. Filmy rays and flames of gold display themselves in the centre of that deep-blue curtain, the borders of which only are kindled with luminous edging, while the core of the sun itself, within the most confined limits, sparkles through the darkest part like a star never to be looked upon.

At last he rises, conquering all the atmospheric obstacles of the vaporous earth; the latter stand like clear flakes of gold, attending him on the right, while two strata of clouds, embedded in each other, draw a long beautiful train to the north, ever spreading and dissolving more and more. I write—I try once more to embrace the mightiest picture of ethereal life; but the ship has, in the mean time, turned, and the sails cover the sun, so as not to weaken the first impression.

[Werne draws a striking picture of the behavior of a native, who was brought on board from a Kek village, whose other inmates had fled.]

When he approached the cabin, bending his body forward in a comically awkward and ape-like position, perhaps to denote subjection, he slid round on the ground, dropped on his knees, and crept into it, shouting repeatedly with all his might, "*Waget tohn agéhn, agiht agiht-waget tohn agéhn agiht agiht*," by which words he greeted us and expressed his astonishment. He had several holes in the rims of his ears, containing, however, no other ornament than a single little stick. Strings of beads were brought out and hung about his neck; there was no end to his transports; he struck the ground so hard with his posteriors that it resounded again, and raised his hand on high, as praying.

When I bound a string of beads round his wrist he could not leave off jumping, at such an invaluable orna-

ment, and never once kept still; he sprang up, and threw himself down again, to kiss the ground; again he rose, extended and contracted himself, held his hands over all our heads, as if to bless us, and sang a very pretty song, full of the simple melody of nature. He had a somewhat projecting mouth; his nose and forehead quite regular, as well as the cut of the face itself; his hair was sheared away short, to about the length of half an inch. He might have been about thirty years of age; an angular, high-shouldered figure, such as we have frequently perceived among the Dinkas. There were two incisors wanting above and four below, which is also the case with the Dinkas; they pull them out, that they may not resemble wild beasts.

His attitude and gestures were very constrained, arising, perhaps, partly from the situation in which he found himself; his shoulders were raised, his head bent forward in unison with his bent back; his long legs, the calves of which were scarcely to be perceived, seemed as if broken at the joints of his knees; in short, his whole person hung together like an orang-outang's. Added to this, he was perfectly naked, and no hair, except upon his head, to be seen. His sole ornament consisted of leathern rings above the right hand. What a grade of humanity is here! This poor man of nature touched me with his childish joy, in which he certainly felt happier than any of us. He was instructed to go forward and tell his countrymen not to fly before us. Kneeling, sliding along, jumping, and kissing the ground, he let himself be led away by the hand like a child, and would certainly have taken it all for a dream, had not the glass beads convinced him to the contrary.

[As the voyage continued, the morasses were left behind, the river contracted, and the plague of gnats disappeared. The territory of a tribe called the Bohrs was reached, who are thus described:]

The men, though *only* seven feet high, look like trees, in their rough and naked natural forms. Their tonsure is various; large ivory rings adorn the upper part of their arms. They would like to strip these off, but they sit too tightly, because they were placed on the arm before it was thoroughly formed. Now the flesh protrudes above and below the rings. They seat themselves on the shore, sing, and beg for beads, pointing with their forefinger and thumb to the roundness of them. They have bad teeth, almost without exception; from this circumstance, perhaps, that they chew and smoke tobacco, partly to alleviate the eternal toothache. If they did not complain of toothache, yet they showed us the entire want or decay of their teeth when we gave them biscuit to masticate.

[The river still flowed full and strong from the southeast, while day followed day in their journey. "City crowds on city. An innumerable population moves on the shores; to express their number, our crew say, 'as many as flies;' and we sail always by the shore, which is quite black with people, who stand as if benumbed with astonishment." Thus they voyaged for two months, passing tribe after tribe, and entering a region of mountains. Of the Baris, one of the tribes of this region, Werne says:]

The features and form of the head are quite regular among these gigantic people, and are a striking contrast to those of our black soldiers, with their more negro-like physiognomy, although *they* are not, on the whole, ugly. I compare the true Caucasian races, who are present, with these men, and find that the latter have a broader forehead. The inhabitants of the kingdom of Bari might be designated a protoplasma of the black race; for not only do they shoot up to a height of from six and a half to seven Parisian feet, which we have seen also in the other nations, but their gigantic mass of limbs are in the noblest proportions. The form of the face is oval, the forehead arched,

the nose straight, or curved, with rather wide nostrils, the alæ, however, not projecting disagreeably; the mouth full, like that of the ancient Egyptians; the orifice of the ears large, and the temples a little depressed. The last we do not find in the Barâbros and the races akin to them in Abyssinia.

The men of Bari have, besides, well-proportioned legs and muscular arms. It is a pity that they also extract the four lower incisors; for not only is the face disfigured by this custom when they are laughing, but their pronunciation also becomes indistinct. Some wear their hair like a cock's comb from the forehead down to the nape of the neck; others have scarcely the crown of the head covered; the most, however, wear tolerably long hair, in the natural manner, which gives a significant look to many faces. Their good-natured countenances correspond also to their jokes among themselves, which are, perhaps, occasionally directed against us.

[The next day they were visited by the Bari King Làkono, whose approach was announced by his brother, a gigantic naked negro, smeared from head to foot with red ashes. The king wore a cotton garment and head-dress, being the first negro they had found clothed. He carried his throne—a little wooden stool—and his sceptre,—a club whose knob was studded with large iron nails. He saluted the captain by sucking the ends of his fingers, after which he sang a loud song of welcome. He visited them again a day or two after.]

King Làkono visited us to-day a second time, and brought with him a young wife from his harem. He took off his hand the orange-colored ring, on which Selim Capitan fixed a longing eye, and presented it to him with a little iron stool, plainly forged in a hurry. We gathered further intelligence about the country, and Làkono was complaisant enough to communicate to us some general information. With respect to the Nile sources, we learn that

it requires a month, the signification of which was interpreted by thirty days, to come to the country of Anjan towards the south, where the Tubirih (White Nile) separates into four shallow arms, and the water only reaches up to the ankles.

[As the land of gold appeared to be as far away as ever, and danger of hostility of the natives threatened, the leader of the expedition decided, on January 28, after a journey of more than two months' duration, to return, leaving the vexed question of the source of the Nile to be solved by future travellers. Their voyage had extended to 4° 49′ north latitude, a point not far removed from the Albert Nyanza, whose discovery was left for future explorers. On their return they explored the Sobât, a branch of the Nile, for eighty miles from its mouth. They reached Khartoum again on April 22, having been absent exactly five months.]

AN AFRICAN COLISEUM.

NATHAN DAVIS.

[The writer of the present selection was the first to make a thorough and systematic exploration of the ruins of Carthage, in which he was engaged for four years, publishing his results in "Carthage and her Remains." Subsequently, in 1861, he made an extensive journey through Tunis, studying the ruins of the Roman and later cities of the region. This is described in "Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthaginian Territories." In this work he gives much interesting information concerning the present inhabitants as well as the ruins. We give a selection embracing both these features, and one of particular interest, as few are aware that Africa possessed a Roman amphitheatre only surpassed by that at Rome itself.]

OUR guide, under whose protection Haj Amor, the *haleefa* of Cairwaan, placed us, was a person named Soleimaan, one of the sheikhs of the Slaas tribe. He was mounted on a magnificent young mare, of which he was justly proud,

and was attended by one of the country police. Our course lay nearly due south. The peculiar feature of the country for the first few miles was its extreme flatness; and wherever it did not bear a rich crop of barley, its surface was thickly incrustated with saltpetre. We then ascended higher ground; and before we reached the sheikh's encampment, which was only about ten miles distant from the "holy city" [Cairwaan, a city made holy to the Moslems by a portion of Mohammed's beard being buried there], we passed some ruins, but it was too dark to enable us to ascertain their nature. Our tents were pitched by lamplight, and in such a manner as to face those of the sheikh, which were ranged in a line.

Sheikh Soleimaan manifested (in words, at least) a great desire to entertain us hospitably; but we dissuaded him from incurring any unnecessary expense, as the *haleefa* of Cairwaan had replenished our stores with a supply calculated to last us two or three days. But the sheikh was resolved to act the part of host, and brought us some fresh milk, excellent butter, and fresh-bread contributions, which were very acceptable, and were accordingly thankfully received.

Sheikh Soleimaan is considered to be a wealthy man. He possesses (speaking conformably to the usages of the country) many camels, plenty of cattle, several fine horses, ten children [ten boys; girls are not counted], and four wives. The last he denominated "four cows;" but I certainly could discover no affinity between these animals and the Arab dames who share the affections of "Lord Soleimaan." I saw them. Two were young and good-looking; one was in her prime, and could boast of enough obesity to constitute her a belle, according to the taste of the country! The fourth had only just passed the meridian of life, and she even was far from being ugly.

If the sheikh, however, meant to compare his fair partners to cows on account of their great utility, then he was certainly right. These women toiled hard, and did all the work and drudgery for this enormous family. Motives of domestic economy, I believe, are often a primary consideration with Arabs when they take advantage of polygamy, authorized by the prophet of Mecca. All the cooking, for instance, is done by the women. What would a rich Arab like Soleimaan do, employing as he does some twenty farm laborers, if he had not his four wives to attend to the kitchen? He can obtain no female servants, for the meanest and the poorest Arab would not permit his daughter to enter the service of another. Another wife is therefore taken, where in other countries a man would only secure another female domestic; and an Arab wife is, in the strictest sense of the word, nothing but a female domestic.

The sheikh, four of his sons, and three other Arabs spent some time with us in our tent. These visits were not always very acceptable; but we had to submit to this kind of ordeal, since it was in conformity with the etiquette of the country. A guest is welcome in proportion to the time his host spends in his company; to have left us, therefore, to ourselves, would have shown that we were unacceptable guests. But our visitors on this particular occasion were at least decent and clean. Indeed, the Slaas are decidedly the finest men, and the most cleanly, we have met with among all the Arab tribes. According to Soleimaan, the Slaas can bring twenty thousand horsemen into the field. The tribe is as numerous as that of Farasheesh, and is divided into four sections, each of which has its distinct governor. . . .

We commenced our [next] day's journey by losing our way, having left the salt lake too much to our left, and kept too close to the hills on our right. Indeed, had not

our progress been checked by swamps and ditches, which we were unable to cross, we might have continued farther still in our wrong course. Some women engaged in washing wool directed us into the right road, which we found after making a détour of about four miles.

We were, however, partly rewarded for our extra ride, for, by having come this way, we saw the famed *Cassar Elayoon*, "the palace of the springs," a name by which the Arabs designate a cluster of ruins whose magnitude and beauty have been greatly exaggerated. They consist only of the walls of what has been a two-storied mausoleum, a portion of the remains of another edifice, and of some foundations of smaller buildings. These ruins are situated near the foot of the heights, and close to some springs whose waters create those very swamps which impeded our progress. Either these ruins, or those on Sheikh Soleimaan's estate, may be the *Terentum* which some believe was situated in this neighborhood.

The district through which we now travelled is claimed by the Sewaasa tribe, whose immense droves of camels are found grazing in different parts of this extensive plain. We also passed a number of their encampments, the occupants of which appeared highly pleased when they found that all we wanted from them was information respecting the road, with which they gladly supplied us. Whether they intentionally misled us, or whether they misdirected us through ignorance, I am unable to say; but we wandered about for some time in search of the *zamala* (the *Sufetula*, or seat of judgment) of the Sewaasa, to obtain a breakfast from the congregated sheikhs, until hunger and fatigue compelled us to abandon our intention. After six hours' ride, during which we were not only scorched by a burning sun, but pinched by an acute hunger, we halted on a sandy spot in the plain, where we pitched a tent near

some "goat-hair houses." There our men regaled themselves on a sumptuous *coscosa*, our horses upon straw, and ourselves upon bread and sour milk. But a sound siesta, in spite of the preventive efforts of swarms of flies, refreshed us sufficiently to resume our journey by five P.M. Even at that hour our thermometer indicated 90° Fahrenheit in our tent.

As we could not reach Eljem that evening, we decided upon seeking quarters at another *zamala* of the Sewaasa, which, we were informed, was only about two hours distant. With that view we sent our younger *hamba* [mounted police attendant] to announce us, and we followed at a leisure pace. Towards sunset we reached a number of tents pitched near some deep pits, dug for the purpose of collecting the rain-water, and here we were advised to let our horses drink. The old hamba galloped up, and politely asked the inmates for the loan of a bucket, which was not only refused, but the women, and one dame in particular, drove him off, pelting him with stones.

"Are you intimidated by women?" asked Said, laughing. "Why did you not let them feel your superior strength?"

"*Naol-bo-eshaitaan!* cursed be Satan's father!" the veteran rejoined; "do you think I would disgrace myself by touching a woman? Let Allah chastise them for their rudeness and want of courtesy to travellers. But their husbands shall suffer for not training them better. By the head of the Prophet! by all the beards of his associates! I shall lodge a complaint against them this very night. The husbands whose wives can pursue so disgraceful a course of conduct shall touch the ground with their beards" [be prostrated for the bastinado].

Other women, who just then happened to come for water from a different encampment, helped us, not only by lending us their buckets, but by actually drawing water for us.

Their task was, however, soon completed, for the horses would not drink.

"Truly wonderful!" exclaimed one of the girls; "these horses refuse what Moslems are thankful for. We use this water for cooking, and we drink it, and yet these horses turn from it with disgust. Truly this is wonderful!"

We wondered, too; but we did so in astonishment that any human being (unless compelled to it by extreme necessity) could drink such impure, such nauseous mud,—for such it was, and not water.

[With the above description of life among the nomad Arabs of Tunis, we shall proceed to the traveller's description of the notable architectural monument to which he was journeying.]

Having passed the cultivated portions, the country becomes hilly, and partakes occasionally of the picturesque. The succession of hills terminate in high table-land of considerable extent, in the middle of which stands the justly renowned amphitheatre of Eljem. We obtained the first glimpse of it from one of the hills, from whence it seemed as if this sublime structure had been the only object within this vast area; and the nearer we approached it, the more still were we impressed with its solitary position. But when we came closer, we found that while it was indeed solitary, yet was it not alone, for within a few paces of it are the dwellings of some four or five hundred inhabitants, who have their gardens and olive plantations close by. But the houses, the gardens, and the plantations sink into such utter insignificance beside this stupendous pile,—this majestic monument of ancient art,—that they attract as little notice as a paltry fishing-boat would beside a noble and stately line-of-battle ship.

Only two hours in the saddle was not calculated to fatigue us after the long rides to which we were accus-

tomed. We therefore hastened to inspect the *African Coliseum* with more minuteness. We were, of course, prepared to see the destructive effects of time upon this edifice, considering the lapse of centuries during which it is exposed to its decaying influence; but it was truly heart-rending to find that the wilful and intentional havoc caused by malice and ignorance wholly surpassed the ravages of ages. During certain civil turmoils, somewhat more than a century ago, this amphitheatre served as a fortification to one of the contending parties; and to prevent it being used for a similar purpose in future, a certain Mohammed Bey pulled down the western principal entrance, and also the portion of the superstructure belonging to it. Since then a gradual demolition has continued, to which, however, I flatter myself I have given an effectual check.

"What motive have you for destroying this building?" I asked of a number of *citizens* by whom we were surrounded; "surely not to construct your miserable hovels?"

"No," they replied; "but we use the stones for the graves of the dead."

"But are you so ignorant," I observed, "as not to know that the very step you take to secure the resting-places of the dead will only lead to their being disturbed, to a certainty, hereafter?"

"How so?" asked a number of voices: "who will disturb the graves of true believers?"

"The Nazarenes will," I answered. "You yourselves say that this country is shortly to fall into their hands; and do you think, when they are masters of it, they will not restore this edifice? They will, and I shall not fail to make it known where the missing stones are to be found."

"May my hand wither if I ever again touch a stone of this building!" exclaimed one; and his resolution was re-

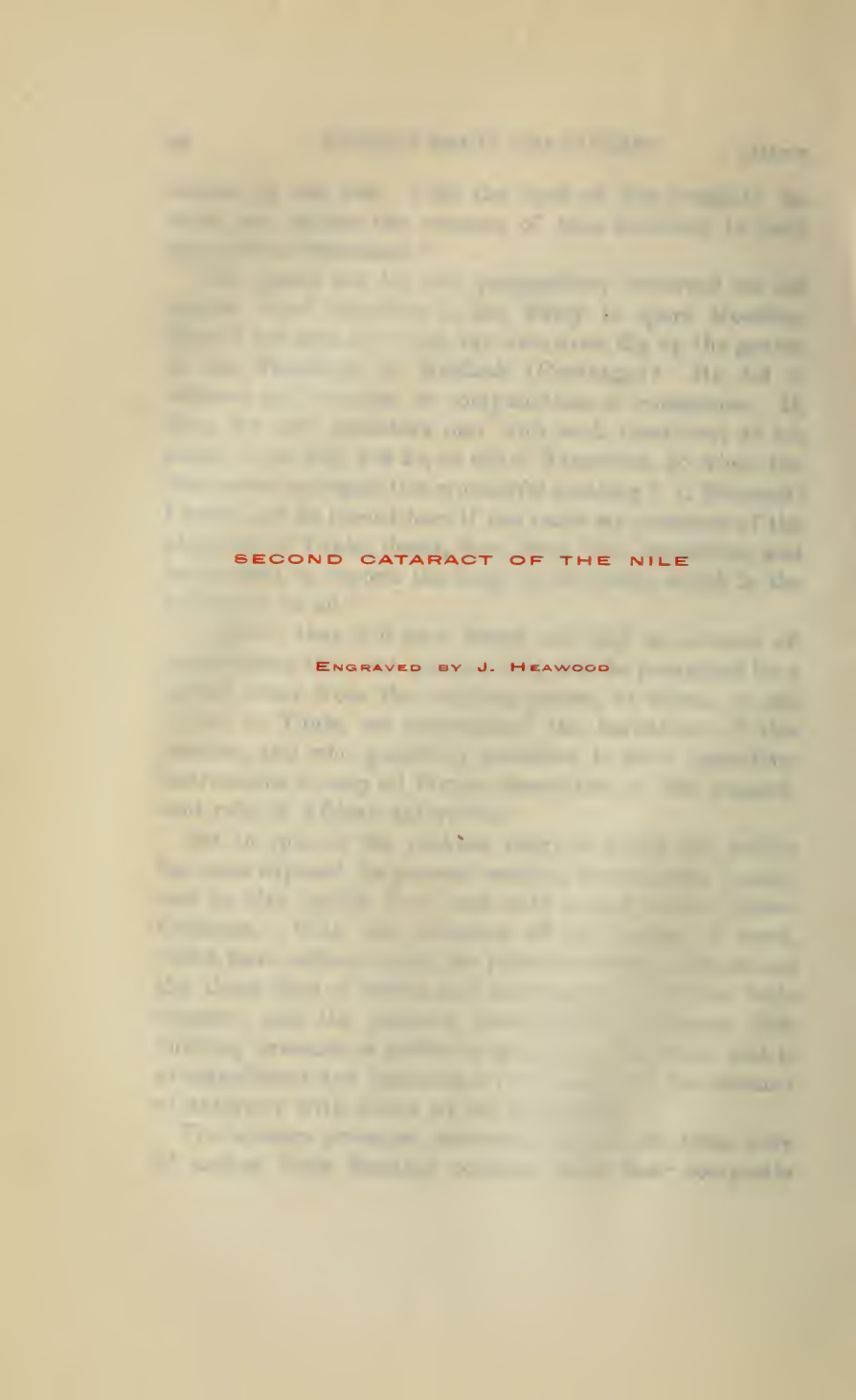
echoed by the rest. "By the head of the prophet! we must not expose the remains of true believers to such ignominious treatment."

"He spared not his own progenitors," observed our old hamba, "and therefore is not likely to spare Moslems. Have I not seen him, with my own eyes, dig up the graves of the Nazarenes at Moalkah (Carthage)? He did it without any remorse or compunctions of conscience. If, then, his own ancestors met with such treatment at his hands, what will not he, or other Nazarenes, do when the time comes to repair this wonderful building? O Moslems! I would not be buried here if you made me possessor of the kingdom of Tunis; desist, then, from this demolition, and be satisfied to deposit the body in the earth, which is the mother of us all."

I believe they will now desist, not only on account of superstitious fear, but because they will be prevented by a special order from the reigning prince, to whom, on our return to Tunis, we represented the barbarism of this practice, and who positively promised to issue immediate instructions to stop all further demolition of this magnificent relic of African antiquities.

But in spite of the ruthless usage to which this edifice has been exposed, its present remains, its exquisite beauty, and its size, entitle it to rank only second to the Roman Coliseum. With the exception of the ranges of seats, which have suffered much, the pilastrade which surmounted the three tiers of arches and columns, of which but little remains, and the portions intentionally destroyed, this building presents as perfect a specimen of its kind, and is as magnificent and imposing a ruin, as any of the remains of antiquity with which we are acquainted.

The western principal entrance excepted, the three tiers of arches, their flanking columns with their composite



SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE

ENGRAVED BY J. HEAWOOD

capitals, and the respective stylobatæ—or, in other words, the whole of the vast circular façades—are, I may say, in a complete state of preservation. In the exterior consists, of course, the chief characteristic of the beauty of this kind of edifice; and it is in this that the African Coliseum excels all the others of a similar kind.

In my notice of this remarkable structure in "Carthage and her Remains," I followed Sir Grenville Temple's measurements; and though I generally found this traveller very accurate in his details, I discovered that in some unaccountable manner he made a gross blunder here. He gives as its extreme length four hundred and twenty-nine feet, and as its extreme breadth three hundred and sixty-eight; whereas the extreme length is no less than four hundred and eighty-nine feet seven inches, and its extreme breadth is four hundred and three feet three inches.

From my measurements—and I can vouch for their correctness, for I repeated them no less than four times to convince the American consul (who also assisted me) of the fact—it will appear that there is only a difference of sixteen feet five inches in length, and of one foot nine inches in breadth, between the African amphitheatre and that of Verona, which is considered to rank next to the Coliseum of Rome. But this rank ought certainly henceforward to belong to that of Africa, particularly so when we bear in mind that while the Verona edifice has its ranges of seats, it is, with the exception of four remaining arches, totally devoid of what constitutes the attractive beauty and exquisite elegance of an amphitheatre,—its exterior—its façades.

There were originally two principal entrances to the African amphitheatre, one to the east and the other to the west. The latter is destroyed, and near it, slightly to the south, on one of the keystones of the lower range of arches, is the bust of a female, and on another, near this,

the head of a lion. It is therefore very probable that it was intended that all the arches should be decorated with some sculptured ornaments; but this intention was never executed, for on the other keystones we see nothing but their rough projecting exteriors.

I have searched in vain for the inscription which this edifice must have borne, but it may have been over the entrance now destroyed, and, very probably, now covers the remains of some *true believer*. In rambling, however, through the inner galleries, I found in numerous places a variety of Arabic sentences cut in the stones. They are such as these: *Nasser min Allhi*, "Victory is from Allah;" *Wela ghaaleb illallah*, "None conquers but Allah;" *La Ela illallah*, "There is no other deity but Allah," etc. Most of these sentences had either near them, or over them, the figure of a sword or a dagger. The authors of these inscriptions are readily recognized as those who originally planted the standard of the crescent in this part of the world.

Outside, and towards the southeast, I observed a Cufic, and also a Numidian inscription, which I intended copying, but which I was forced to neglect, having been hurried away from Eljem much sooner than I had anticipated.

Eljem is the ancient *Tysdrus*, *Thysdrus*, or *Tisdra*, and from the direction of our line of march it is the first town connected with Cæsar's African campaign. The inhabitants appear to have been opposed to the Pompeiian party, and sent early to request a garrison from Cæsar. But the town seems to have been soon after reinforced by the republicans; for when the conqueror of Pharsalia appeared before Tisdra he found it under the command of Considius, with a strong garrison and a cohort of gladiators. Want of corn deterred Cæsar from besieging the town. After the famous battle of Thapsus, C. Domitius was sent to invest Tisdra; but Considius, having previously heard of the

defeat of his party, collected his treasures, abandoned the town privately, and fled into Numidia, accompanied by a few Gætulians, by whom he was murdered. The town appears to have suffered much from a licentious and reckless soldiery, thus left without any restraint or control; for when Cæsar, at the close of the war, fined the different cities for having sided with the enemy, he made a distinction with the Tisdrians, on account of their wretched state, *propter humilitatem civitatis.*

The other remains of Tisdra are very insignificant, and merit no special notice.

The best room of the modern cluster of huts which constitute the *town* of Eljem was assigned to us, and it partook much of the character of a prison-cell, measuring about fifteen feet by six. The modern Tisdrians had to be coerced into being civil, having before that shown their teeth at my fellow-traveller of "consular dignity." The sheikh was not very anxious to enjoy our society longer than was absolutely necessary. On these accounts, and on other accounts, we had our baggage packed, our horses saddled, and at five P.M. we were *en route* for what place we really knew not, except that we intended steering for the coast.

Most reluctantly did I leave the noble amphitheatre so soon. I lingered about these majestic ruins as long as I could, and when I looked back on them, for the last time, from a distance, the brilliant red sky of a setting sun, seen through the numerous arches, gave to this magnificent structure the appearance of being illuminated. Its splendor was considerably enhanced, and the impression this noble pile—this glorious scene—left on my mind will never be obliterated.

[Eljem, or Tisdra, it may be remarked, is near the Mediterranean coast, about one hundred miles south of the site of Carthage, or of the city of Tunis.]

SCENES IN ALGIERS.

LADY HERBERT.

[The following pictures of life in the city of Algiers are from the "Search after Sunshine; or, Algeria in 1871," by Lady Herbert, a work which gives an interesting account of the conditions of that city and its people under French rule.]

EVERY one who knows anything of this place, however superficially, is aware that it is now divided into two distinct towns,—the French, with its broad streets, boulevards, and Rue-de-Rivoli-looking houses, and the Arab, with its steep, narrow passages (which are rather like a succession of dark, dirty staircases), its beautiful door-ways, from which glimpses may be obtained of exquisite Moorish courts inside, its picturesque fountains and mosques, its crowded bazaars, and all the appearances of Oriental life. In proportion as the French town encroaches upon the other, the beauty and interest of Algiers are lost; and this applies equally to Constantine, which has preserved far more than Algiers the "*cachet Arabe*." . . .

Our first visit was to the cathedral, which was formerly a mosque, and has a fine façade, of three arched door-ways, crowned by two towers; a handsome flight of twenty steps leading up to the main entrance. The interior consists of a series of sculptured arches in the Moorish style, resting on marble columns, the old Koran texts, in gold letters on a red or black ground, still remaining round the cupola over the high altar. . . .

The archbishop's palace is directly opposite the cathedral, and is a beautiful specimen of an old Moorish house. There is the open court, surrounded with graceful arcades, sup-

porting the gallery above, with its marble columns and exquisitely carved horseshoe arches, leading into all the principal rooms, of which the ceilings and walls are a marvel of plastic art; while the doors, generally of cedar wood, are carved in wonderful arabesque devices, and the lower portions of the rooms and passages are inlaid with highly glazed encaustic tiles of the most beautiful colors and patterns. The only difference in these Moorish houses is in the amount of carving and decoration in each house; but the plan of them all is the same; so that this description applies equally to the governor's house to the right of the cathedral, though, of course, the reception-rooms are larger, and the court is full of beautiful palms and exotics.

Afterwards we went up the hill to that part of Algiers called "Mustapha Supérieur," where the most beautiful villas and summer residences of the inhabitants are situated, to call upon the English consul, Colonel Lyon Playfair. He was most kind and good-natured, and volunteered to take us to see a wonderful old Moorish house near his own, called the "Hydra," which had lately been bought by the famous chess-player, M. de St. Armand. Its arrangements were perfect; with the outer court for those who wait, the inner court or quadrangle surrounded with horseshoe arches and twisted marble pillars (three at the corners and two at the sides), and the same above; a gallery running round the two upper stories, into which all the living-rooms opened, and the whole surmounted by a flat terrace, from which there is a glorious view. Every room is fitted up with carved and colored wood-work, in the Moorish style,—beds, cupboards, chairs, etc., and with Moorish or Kabyle pottery and lamps. All the floors and walls were tiled with those beautiful old Spanish tiles, the art of making which now seems extinct. In each room,

too, were those curious depressed arches which are found only in Algiers.

The lady of the house was a most curious old woman, who had been a *vivandière*, but was very good-natured, and gave us a beautiful nosegay of roses. She was very proud of her beautiful old house, and yet lived entirely in the kitchen, among her cocks and hens.

We returned by the Kasba, or old Arab fort, of which the walls and turrets alone remain. At every turn we came upon picturesque *koubbas* or mosques, shaded with palms; and groups of Arabs or Moors, mingled with negresses in their blue-striped burnouses, or Jewesses with their black head-dresses,—an infinite variety of costumes which would delight the heart of a painter. . . .

In the evening we drove to the "Jardin d'Essai," or botanical garden, which is full of scarce and valuable plants and shrubs, with a magnificent avenue of date and fan palms stretching down to the sea; while another was formed of bamboos, meeting overhead almost like those of Trinidad. One portion of the ground is planted with bread-fruit and plantains, another with oranges and citrons; but it was too early in the year for many flowers. . . .

The next day we paused in our sight-seeing to go with Madame de C—— and her beautiful daughter to see a Jewish wedding, for which she had kindly obtained us an invitation. We were received in an alcoved room, where a breakfast of sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wines was set out, the bride and her parents being seated on a divan at one end, dressed in rich Jewish costume.

After a short time, we were told to precede the young lady to the Moorish vapor-bath, which is the next part of the ceremony. Such a marvellous scene as there met our eyes I despair of reproducing on paper. About fifty young Jewish girls, from twelve to twenty years of age, whose

only clothing was a scarf of gold or silver gauze round their loins, with their beautiful dark hair all down their backs, and their lovely white necks and arms covered with necklaces and bracelets, were seen dimly standing in the water through a cloud of steam and incense, waiting for the bride, and when she appeared received her with loud shrill cries of "Li! Li! Li!" in a continually ascending scale. Among these girls were hideous negresses equally scantily clothed, and one or two of them with their black woolly hair dyed bright orange color: these were the bathing-women. They seized us by the arm and wanted to force us to undress too, which we stoutly resisted; and took refuge on the raised marble slab which surrounded the bath, and where the pretty little bride, with her mother and aunts, was standing waiting to be unrobed too.

They took off her heavy velvet clothes, and she appeared in a beautiful gold-figured gauze chemise, and some lovely short red and gold drawers; they then led her, with the same cries, into an inner room, which was stifling with wet vapor and steam, and here the poor child, who was only thirteen, remained for three mortal hours, the women pouring water on her head from picturesque-shaped gold jars, and every kind of cosmetic and sweet scent being rubbed upon her. Being unable to stand the intense heat and overpowering smell any longer, we escaped for a time into the open air; but returned after about an hour, to find another bride going through the same ceremonies.

Some of the bridesmaids were very beautiful; one especially, though a Jewess, had regularly *golden* hair and blue eyes. And the whole scene was like a ballet at the opera, or rather a set of naiads or water-nymphs in a picture; not like anything in real life. Their glorious hair floating over their shoulders, with their beautifully modelled arms rounded in graceful curves as they disported them-

selves round the bride, would have driven a sculptor or painter wild with delight. But I could not get over the indelicacy of the whole thing. It was *a scene in the nude* with a vengeance.

A heavy curtain was hung over the outer courts of the bath-room, where a quantity of Arabs were clustered. Madame de C—— told me that this was the only chance the men had of seeing their future wives, who purposely let a little corner of their veils or haïks drop as they came out, under pretence of their being brushed aside by the curtain.

At half-past three o'clock the following morning we got up and went to the bride's house for the conclusion of the ceremony. A great crowd of men and musicians were grouped in the lower court. Above, the bride was sitting in state, in the deep recess of a handsome Moresque room, veiled in white gauze, while a red and gold figured scarf hung in graceful folds behind her head. On either side of her were two venerable-looking old men with long white beards, and in front of her another, holding a candelabrum with three candles. They were rabbis, and chanted psalms alternately with songs of praise about "the dove with the beautiful eyes," etc.: in fact, a sort of canticle.

All this time the musicians in the quadrangle below were "making a noise," while over the carved gallery above, looking down on them, leant a variety of Jewish women, all beautifully dressed in brown velvet and satin, with stomachers and girdles richly brocaded in gold, and gold-embroidered lappets hanging from the black silk head-dress which is the invariable costume of their race. This went on *for hours*, till the poor bride looked quite worn out. From time to time spoonfuls of soup were put into her mouth, which she strove to resist; and then she was conducted to the court below, where the same cere-

monies were gone through, except that a species of buffoon danced before her, and was rewarded by ten-franc bits put into his mouth, which he kept in his cheek while drawling out a queer kind of song, which we supposed was witty, as the audience were in fits of laughter. Everything was done, both up-stairs and down, to make the bride laugh, even to chucking and pulling her under the chin. But she remained impassive, it being part of her business to look grave, and to prove by her demureness that she was old enough to be married.

All of a sudden, the same unearthly cry or yell of "Li! Li! Li!" was heard in the outer court, caught up instantly by every one in and out of the house. I thought of the words, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" so exactly were the old traditions preserved. A very ordinary-looking youth in a frock-coat and red fez accordingly made his appearance, and then the women covered their faces with their gauze handkerchiefs, and the men, who had never ceased eating and drinking at intervals during the whole night, formed themselves into a procession; while the bride's father (a venerable-looking old Jew, with a long white beard, white turban, and crimson sash) led her to the carriage which was to take her to the bridegroom's home, we all following, and the women's cry of "Li! Li! Li! Li!" resounding through the narrow streets.

Getting into our carriages, we accompanied her to St. Eugène, about a mile from the town, and there left her, just as the day dawned, after all her fatigues, to the (we will hope) peaceful enjoyment of her new home. . . .

A few evenings later we went to see another religious ceremony, but this time one performed by a peculiar sect among the Arabs, in memory of a holy marabout, who, being lost in the desert, with his followers, is supposed to have obtained the power from God of turning scorpions,

snakes, and cactus-leaves into wholesome food, and thereby was saved with his disciples from perishing with hunger. This festival is called the *Aioussa*, and we had been warned that we should be horrified at parts of the performance; however, we were determined to see everything, and so at nine o'clock in the evening started with a party of friends, on foot, up the narrow, dark, steep Arab streets till we reached a court near the Kasba from whence already issued sounds of tum-tums, tambourines, and other kinds of Arab music. Passing through a low door, we came into a Moorish house, of which the lower court was filled on one side with musicians, while the marabouts or priests of this peculiar sect sat in a solemn half-circle on the other.

It was dark, except that in the centre of the court a fire was burning, and round the gallery above were massed all the women of the establishment, closely shrouded in their haïks, it is true, but quite as much excited as the men. Coffee was handed round; and, after that was over, we were grouped on one side of the court, and the performance began by the musicians playing on their tambourines, and gradually increasing in speed, while two men came forward and danced, very much like the Dervishes we had seen at Cairo.

After a few moments they retired, and then came back again, getting more and more excited every moment, till they began to leap furiously into the air, to growl like angry camels, to eat great mouthfuls of snakes, scorpions, and prickly cactus-leaves, and, in fact, to behave like brute beasts, or like men possessed of evil spirits. After a time these two withdrew, and two others took their place and commenced by putting bars of metal into the furnace until they were red-hot; and then, bending them with their hands, they began to burn the soles of their feet and other

parts of their bodies, the smell of the singeing flesh adding to the horror of the scene.

I stole up from the court below to the gallery above, and there found that the women were almost wild with delight, screaming in unison with the men, dancing and swaying their bodies to and fro, clapping their hands, and making frantic demonstrations of pleasure. Between each performance the actors went up to the white-haired, long-bearded marabout in the centre of the circle and kissed his hand; and the same ceremony was repeated before each scene was begun, when the marabout solemnly blessed the performers.

Then came the most disgusting part of the whole, when the men, half naked, stood and knelt on the sharp edge of a sword held by two others, the blade being turned upward; and then poked pointed metal skewers through their cheeks and tongues, and even into their eyeballs; the dancers waxing more and more furious every moment, as well as the screaming and gesticulating of the actors and the ever-increasing noise of the tambourines and tum-tums; in fact, all this fearful din, combined with the semi-darkness, the smoke, the smells, and the dense crowd, gave one more the idea of the infernal regions than anything Dante ever wrote or imagined.

The whole scene was certainly most wild and curious, but, to my mind, horrible; and all the more when one reflects that "Aïssa" is the name of our blessed Lord, and that this frightful sacrifice is supposed to be pleasing to Him! I felt a positive remorse at having paid anything to encourage or perpetuate such an exhibition, and all the more when I was told that the greater part of the men were in hospital afterwards, and that we had only seen the mildest portion of the performance. It was a real relief when we got out of the house into the pure night air, and

walked home through the silent streets in the glorious moonlight, the quiet and calm of which were inexpressibly refreshing after the two or three hours of mad excitement we had witnessed.

I have only yet alluded slightly to that which makes one of the great charms of Algiers. I mean the picturesqueness and variety of the costumes, especially in the old town. At first it was impossible to distinguish the different nationalities of the wearers. But by degrees we learned to tell them almost at first sight.

The most picturesque are the Arabs *pur et simple*, with their tall, erect figures, straight features, magnificent carriage, and dark eyes. There is one peculiarity about them, and that is that they *always* have their heads *covered*, the white head-dress or capote of their burnouses being bound round the head with a thick cord of camel's hair wound round six or seven times. Their wives are shrouded from head to foot in white haïks and burnouses, the only sign of difference of rank being shown in the exceeding fineness of the stuff worn by the ladies, which covers them completely, only one eye being allowed to be shown. These poor women are looked upon as beasts of burden in the tents and among the lower classes; while among the upper they are simply pampered slaves, whose one idea in life is to minister to the pleasure of their lords.

The Moors, unlike the Othellos of our childish fancy, are simply Arabs who live in towns and have intermarried with other races. They have the same straight features, oval faces, and clear brown skins, only a good deal fairer than the nomad Arab. But their dress is different. They wear a turban or piece of white muslin wound round a little red *shashea* or skull-cap, a jacket of bright-colored cloth and two waistcoats richly embroidered, full trousers, bare legs, and large, loose shoes. The dress of their women

out of doors is the haïk of their Arab sisters; but in-doors they wear a gauze chemise with short sleeves, wide trousers, bare legs, and yellow *babouches* or slippers. Their beautiful black hair is simply knotted behind the head, while a little velvet *shashea*, richly embroidered, is placed coquettishly on one side. A kind of vest of the same material is sometimes added to define the shape; and all have beautiful jewels, fine pearls, emeralds, or sapphires, wretchedly set, and often pierced through the middle or strung on packthread, but still genuine precious stones. No Arab will wear a *false* stone, and for that reason they prefer that they should not match, as they always suspect the regularity of our English jewels. . . .

Another remarkable race in Algiers are the Jews. I have already described the dress of the women in my account of the marriage. The men are the same all over the world,—hook-nosed, dark-eyed, and sallow; they swarm in the bazaars and hold most of the principal stalls. Under the Mussulman rule they suffered every kind of indignity and persecution; but with the wonderful patience and tenacity which characterize their race, they lived on and became useful and even necessary to their persecutors, through their intimate knowledge of all commercial concerns, which fell almost entirely into their hands. . . .

But I am forgetting the most important of the Algerian races, the Berbers or Kabyles. In Algiers they are distinguished by their striped black and white woollen haïks and burnouses, their leather aprons, and their bare and often shaved heads. They are far more industrious than the Arabs, and are employed in every kind of trade; but I cannot say they are either as handsome or as picturesque in appearance. Their wives walk about with their faces uncovered, but we saw very few of them in Algiers itself. . . .

But we have not half done with the motley tribes which shoulder one another as we toil up the steep Arab streets or wander through the ever-amusing bazaars. There are the Biskris, like the "hamals" or porters of Constantinople, struggling under weights which to ordinary mortals would be impossible; the water-carriers, or Zibanis, with their picturesque brass water-jars poised on their shoulders; the Mzabi, with their files of donkeys, or sitting behind their stalls, gayly piled with oranges, watermelons, and fan-palm-leaves; or else by their smoking cook-shops, in which infinitesimal little bits of meat are forever frizzling on tiny skewers, set upright, all of a row, for the delectation of the passers-by; the Larouatis, or dealers in oil, the traces of whose occupation may generally be seen on their clothes; the Mzitis, with their great sacks of wheat, by the side of which their patient camels may be seen wearily resting, and occasionally growling and showing their teeth as one brushes by them: all those many and divers tribes, each with his distinctive dress and habits, though classified by the guide-books under the generic name of Berranis, form the most animated and beautiful groups at all times of the day in Algiers, but especially in the early morning, when buyers and sellers are in full activity; or later by the fountains, where each and all come to rest and refresh themselves, when the noonday sun has driven most of the Europeans to seek the shelter of their houses.

[In addition, a considerable number of negroes are employed in the Turkish baths or as servants, etc.; while negresses are invariably employed as sellers of bread, and may be seen at all hours squatted outside the town with great baskets of flat circular loaves, "screaming, gesticulating, and selling, all at the same time."]

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ATLAS RANGE.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

[The traveller from whom our present selection is made was a native of Scotland, born in 1857, who accompanied an expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1878, and on the death of the leader himself took command. In 1882 he led another expedition through the Masai country, and subsequently he travelled on the Niger, in South Africa, and in Southern Morocco. He died in 1895. His travels have been described in several interesting works, of which "Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco" is the source of our present selection. His ascent of Jebel Ogdimt, a lofty peak of the Atlas, is of particular interest, and his description of it is given below.]

AT daybreak I awoke with dew-washed face, refreshed and braced up to encounter, with renewed courage, the difficulties and troubles before me.

A cup of tea and a couple of eggs disposed of, I asked Shalum the way to Ogdimt. This was my first intimation of the goal I had in view, and every one stood speechless, though Shalum instinctively pointed out the road. The attractive expression disappeared from Abdarachman's face, and rage and fright expressed themselves in his chameleon eyes. Our soldier-guide in time found voice, and protested with voluble energy against any attempt to proceed farther. He quoted the governor's orders. In my calmest but most determined manner I told him that the governor's orders were matters of the utmost indifference to me, that he could himself go back if he pleased, but that to Ogdimt I would go. The soldier, however, dared not leave me. He wept, implored, cursed, and generally comported himself like a madman, but for sole answer I mounted my mule and moved Ogdimtwards.

That the enterprise was a dangerous one was evident from the blank faces of Shalum and Zemrani, who showed no great alacrity in following me. For a time the guide kept pace with me, laying hold of my clothes, entreating, even threatening me, but I was immovable. Finding all his arts in vain, he was fain to mount his donkey, never ceasing for over an hour to curse his fate, and calling upon Allah, the Prophet, and the saints to stop me. Abdarachman, with more malice, was overheard to comfort him by the expression of a hope that this time I would be killed, and release them from further service with such a cursed infidel. That, however, was poor comfort to the soldier, however innocent he might be, for my death would mean his incarceration for life in a horrible dungeon.

That there was some little danger in penetrating to Ogdimt, however, was made apparent when even Shalum and Zemrani, on our arrival at the foot of the main axis, refused to budge another step till I loaded my rifle, guns, and revolver, and held them ready for action. Thus prepared for whatever might happen, we set ourselves to scale the excessively steep crest of the central mass of the range, which so far we had only skirted.

We had not ascended more than a thousand feet above the mountain step or terrace of Erduz, when we found ourselves enveloped in a dense mist. Our men ceased their talk, and even the soldier sank into silence, as we slowly zigzagged upward and penetrated deeper and deeper into the all-enveloping mist, which might also prove to them their shroud and winding-sheet. For over an hour and a half we continued the ascent, seeing almost nothing but one another appearing and disappearing in the mist. At the end of that time, however, we were delighted to note a gradual lighting up of our surroundings, and in half an hour we emerged from the cloud zone and found an in-

tensely clear blue sky overhead, and underneath one of the most weirdly beautiful and striking spectacles it is possible to imagine.

The monotonous gray mist through which we had passed stretched out before us in an illimitable ghostly sea of tumbling billows, breaking in snow-white foam. From this fleecy expanse of dazzling white the main axis of the Atlas rose sharply defined, its frowning mass in sharp contrast to the sea of clouds, though patches and streaks of snow still defied the summer sun. From the central ridge a number of spurs projected towards the north, forming jutting headlands and promontories, between which the snowy clouds penetrated like so many arms of the sea. That nothing should be wanting to complete the illusion, the cloud billows driven before a morning breeze dashed themselves against the apparently precipitous rocky coast-line, and were transformed into the most perfect resemblance of spray and foam as they crept up the dark mountain sides. The whole scene was made more impressive, more spectral, by the preternatural silence which prevailed. Such a combination of the weird, the beautiful, and the grand I have never elsewhere seen. . . .

Soon [after photographing this scene] we reached the Tizi Nslit, the pass which leads over the Atlas range to the district of Ogdimt. The landscape panorama which now held us enthralled was of a very different character from the one we had just turned from. To the south and southwest no clouds threw the glamour of another world over a magnificent assemblage of sharp, barren mountain-ridges, profound gorges, and glens, all grouped round one grand central mass, which, snow-streaked and commanding, reared its massive head far above the surrounding mountains. That central mass was the mountain of Ogdimt, my immediate goal.

My men made one more attempt to turn me back at this point, with highly-colored representations of the wildness of the independent Berbers who occupied Ogdimt. Here they declared the long cuttle-fish arms of the government could not reach, and nothing would give the mountaineers more pleasure than cutting the throat of one who to them would appear not only as an infidel but as a spy.

Arguments and warnings like these had often been dinned in my ears, but, as before, I remained deaf, and set my face towards the mountain. From the pass of Nslit a gradually deepening glen led downward to the inhabited zone and the head-waters of the Wad Nyfis. Besides its cañon-like depth and narrowness, and its grim and enclosing mountain walls, the glen presented no feature specially worthy of note, though there were places where we had some uncomfortable half-minutes in skirting precipices and ascending or descending places verging on the impassable.

After a time we crossed a wall-like ridge, and entered a glen running parallel to that of the Tizi Nslit. It was with no small difficulty that we reached the bed of this glen, but thereafter our way was comparatively easy, as we rode down among cultivated terraces and through groves of walnuts and almonds, getting peeps here and there of oddly-perched Berber villages, stuck on the steep mountain sides like swallows' nests against a weathered and ruined wall.

My men wanted me to stop at the first village we came to, but that did not suit my purpose, and I doggedly held on my way, though not without fear that the villagers might turn us back, or end our farther progress in an even more unpleasant fashion. No such disagreeable incident occurred, however, though it was evident from the demeanor of the natives that they were extremely suspicious

of our intentions, and were not quite sure how to receive the first Christian who had ever ventured into their mountain fastnesses.

Some time after mid-day we reached the noisy stream of the Wad Nyfis, and on its banks I camped under shady walnut-trees and walled in by enormous precipices. Matters looked far from promising. Nobody came to speak to us except one old man, who was sent to inquire our objects in venturing into these parts, and generally to take note of us and our doings. From among the rocks and trees, however, armed men could be seen peering out, keeping a close watch upon us, and making us feel distinctly uncomfortable as we thought of possible "pot shots."

My men thought it more than uncomfortable,—dangerous, in fact,—as people from the plain were looked upon in the light of enemies by the mountaineers. It was therefore more than the cold breeze from the snow-streaked mountains which caused them to sit doubled up, the picture of wretchedness, awaiting what Allah might send, and no doubt wondering what heinous sins they had committed, that he had doomed them to be dragged at the heels of a hated Christian into these wild and dangerous parts. Shalum was the least concerned of the party, accustomed as he was, in his character of Jewish trader, to venture with impunity into the worst parts of the Atlas.

If we had had something to eat we might have taken a more cheerful view of the situation; but nothing was forthcoming, and an empty stomach does not dispose one to take a sanguine view of things. Happily, towards evening matters somewhat improved. One or two villagers came into our camp, and these were cajoled and bribed into bringing us some eggs, rancid butter, barley-meal scones, and walnuts, on which we made a sparing meal.

For the first time since leaving Mogador, we were able

to indulge in the luxury of a splendid camp-fire. So far charcoal fires, which required the aid of a bellows, had not realized our ideal of that adjunct of camp-life.

[The next morning Thomson roused from his uneasy slumbers, determined in some way to proceed.]

I called the old man who had visited us the day previous. I explained to him that I wanted to collect some medicinal herbs which I had been told grew on the slopes of these mountains. To this he objected at once. No stranger was ever allowed to go there, and all the people in the different glens were at constant feud and looking out for whomsoever they could shoot. The sight of some dollars made him take a more hopeful view of the situation, however, and to my delighted surprise he offered to take me to a shoulder of the mountain which he pointed out to me. That was all I wanted. Once away from the village, and Abdarachman and the soldier left behind, I felt sure of attaining my object.

The bargain was clinched at once, and, taking with me only Shalum and the soldier, I started off, accompanied by our old Berber friend and a companion, an addition I did not so much like. Crossing the stream, we at once commenced the steep ascent of the sharp ridge which runs east from the central mass, and divides the upper course of the Wad Nyfis. I pushed on with a certain feverish energy, trying my powers to the utmost. To my delight, I soon perceived that the soldier was lagging wearily behind, the result largely of his bang-smoking. With well-simulated commiseration for his weakness, I stopped, and taking my rifle from him, told him he might go back to the camp. Suspecting no trick, he gladly turned down the mountain. I was now free of my chief danger, and for the first time assured of success. The guides were ahead, and

with a look at Shalum and a nod at the peak overhead, I apprised him of my intention. Shalum smiled grimly, and for answer buckled up his voluminous clothes a little more, and took the rifle from me. . . .

In two hours we ascended four thousand feet, and had attained an elevation of about nine thousand. We were here on the crest of the sharp ridge, and from it I was delighted to get a clear view of the Sus Valley and the glen of the Wad Nyfis, from which I had been driven a week before by the *kaid* or governor of the district. I could afford to laugh at him now. At this point our guides sat down with the air of men who had got to their farthest limit and meant it to be mine also. To this I made no remonstrance. Happily, Shalum was one of those men to whom a wink and a nod are sufficient to convey no end of things, and by that simple means I told him, "You wait here for a time with these two men, while I, on pretence of collecting plants and beetles, make for the peak;" and he, with his cunning Jewish eye, told me to "leave it to him and he would pick me up."

I would not, perhaps, have started off with such a light heart if I had known that the pass over into Sus was infested by robbers on the lookout for chance travellers, as well as by the armed sentinels who continually kept watch on the passes and glens. As long as I was in sight of my guides I was assiduous in my naturalizing, but soon I got an elevation between me and them, and then I literally took to my heels and ran along the ridge of the grassy slope for quite half a mile. No one was yet in sight, but I soon descried Shalum hurriedly following up and alone.

I could not learn from him how he had got away from the guides, but he made it clear to me that there was still risk of being stopped, besides danger to our lives, and he hurried me on till it seemed as if we were running a race.

Without breaking into a run, we tramped along at our utmost walking pace, determined that we would keep a good distance between the mountaineers and ourselves.

As we reached the pass which leads from Ogdimt to Sus, Shalum, who was fully conversant with the dangers of the country, placed himself ostentatiously at my side, holding my express rifle ready for instant use, while by voice and gesture he hounded me to greater exertion. I laughed at the time at his precautions, though touched by his solicitude on my behalf. And yet his presence and the ready rifle probably saved my life, for at that very moment, all unconscious to myself, I was under the cover of the gun of a mountaineer, who, hidden behind a rock, watched my passing. In spite of Shalum's precaution, one of us would probably have dropped before the robber's fire, but our guides had meanwhile discovered our flight, and at that moment had raised a tremendous hue and cry behind us.

We turned but to see where they were, and then gave renewed speed to our movements,—not so much that we were afraid of them alone, but in case they got assistance to stop us. That this fear was not without grounds we soon discovered on looking round and seeing our pursuers joined by two other men, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. These men were two Ogdimt robbers, who had been on the point of shooting us from behind a rock near which we had passed.

For a time our way was comparatively easy, along the crest of the ridge leading towards the peak, and we made splendid progress. This, however, ended abruptly, and to our dismay we found ourselves confronted by a jagged piece of crystalline limestone, projecting like a gigantic saw from the back of the ridge. For a moment we despaired of being able to pass; but at length, with some difficulty, we succeeded in getting over the nasty obstacle.

We now began to feel comparatively safe, our guides and their friends having rather lost on us, though they never ceased to gesticulate wildly and scream vociferously to us to stop or come back. Still Shalum, who had fallen behind some distance, kept urging me to peg away; and peg away I did as if for dear life, though the exertion was frightful at the elevation of over ten thousand feet we had now attained. After crossing the jagged crystalline limestone barrier, a terribly steep part lay before us. My legs were trembling with the unusual exertion, while the rarefied condition of the atmosphere made breathing painful. This steep part over, we need fear no opposition, however, and therefore I went for it with all the will and energy I possessed.

By slow degrees, and with many short stops, this step was accomplished, and I fell rather than sat down beside a patch of snow, of which I eagerly ate to assuage my thirst. Shortly after Shalum rejoined me, and later still the guides, foaming and full of wrath, but, thanks to their age, more exhausted than I was.

What made me feel rather uneasy was the disappearance of the two men who had joined them at the pass. Could they have gone to get reinforcements? and was I going to run into a trap?

Meanwhile, my escort by turns entreated and threatened to get us to turn back; but seeing me determined and implacable, and feeling their inability to stop us, they yielded to the necessities of the situation and the seducing influence of a couple of dollars, and gave up all opposition. Still I was suspicious, and lost no time in recommencing the ascent of the remaining and most difficult part, though it seemed but the work of an hour. We had not well set out, however, before we were confronted with the very nastiest piece of rock-climbing I had ever encountered.

This was another jagged outcrop of weathered crystalline limestone, projecting in dangerous teeth, where a fall of a few feet would have produced the most terrible wounds. To evade this barrier meant a considerable descent, and I therefore tried to cross it, as in the other case; but after a painful and perilous attempt I was forced to give it up on reaching an impassable overhanging abyss.

To return was now nearly as difficult as to go on, but happily, after much loss of time and a dangerous descent, I found a middle path, by which I managed to scramble to the foot of the ridge. I had now to struggle over a nasty talus of loose débris, lying at such a high angle that at each step I slipped down the hill, and more than once I thought I would have gone to the bottom of the mountain in an avalanche of stones.

The limestone precipices thus rounded, I had to recommence the ascent, a task of no small difficulty in the loose, slippery rubbish. Moreover, I now felt the result of the race I had run to escape from my keepers. I had overstrained both limbs and lungs. This, combined with the ever-increasing height, made each step a painful toil, so that every few moments I had to sit down to recover myself.

All this time I was alone, as Shalum and the natives had taken their own roads and been lost sight of. After a series of determined spurts I thought my task was nearly accomplished, when to my dismay I found myself at the foot of a new precipice, one hundred and fifty feet in height, which not only seemed impregnable, but shut off the view in the direction I was chiefly anxious to survey. As I sat down in disgust and disappointment to recover breath, my almost despairing gaze fell on a narrow rift in the rock, which I determined to try, relying upon the sharp projections and the undiminished strength of my arms to bring me safely to the top.

The climb was safely accomplished, only, however, to find a new disappointment awaiting me. I had struck the wrong peak. Beyond me lay another and a higher. Nearly exhausted as I was, I would fain have given in. As it was, I sat down to consider whether or not the attainment of the other peak was worth the trouble, and whether it would not be enough in the interests of science simply to estimate the remaining height.

While I carefully cogitated these important matters, Shalum came up with me, shortly after followed by the guides and three wicked-looking tribesmen. Shalum appeared very uneasy, and warned me by his looks to be on my guard. As if to pass the time, I looked at my revolver and opened and shut the breech of my rifle. At the same time I gave the chief a franc, knowing it was best to make things go smoothly if possible, since the sound of a rifle-shot would make every man in the radiating glens rush to arms. The sight of our weapons, our air of confidence, and the small *douceur* of money did all that was required, and the banditti—for such they were—left us, though we kept them under watch till well away.

Somewhat recovered by the rest, we now struggled up the crowning peak, and exactly at mid-day reached the top. My first care was to throw myself down for a quarter of an hour, to recover from this terrible climb, or rather from the earlier exertions of the ascent. Then I gathered myself together, and began leisurely to examine my surroundings.

The most varied and magnificent view presented along the entire range of the Atlas lay spread out before me. Immediately around the metamorphic rocks which run from the central mass of the range were cut into a wild series of gorges and glens, divided by sharp mountain-spurs and ridges, here and there rising into snow-streaked

peaks. Everywhere was desolation, barrenness, and preternatural stillness. Hardly a patch of green gave variety to the monotonous drifts of shaly débris and the jagged ribs of rock which protruded above the surface. . . .

It was only in the middle zone that dark masses of *callitris* and stunted trees of the evergreen oak found a footing, while along the bottoms of the glens the terraces of the mountaineers added refreshing bits of color. Numerous villages clustered against the steep mountain-sides, and, under the blaze of the African sun and with the proximity of walnut and almond groves, seemed almost desirable residences.

[The distant scenery was varied and beautiful. Streams wandering far over the plains, date- and olive-groves, the curling smoke from distant towns and villages, and the far-reaching peaks and ranges, made a whole only to be seen by the daring mountain-climber.]

After allowing myself to revel in the varied aspects of this magnificent panorama for some time, I had to recall myself to the more prosaic duties demanded of me. Having ascertained to my satisfaction that I had reached nearly two thousand feet higher in the Atlas than any previous explorer,—the height being twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty-four feet,—having also taken a round of angles for mapping purposes, it was necessary to commence my descent without loss of time.

Keeping round the head of the glen (not daring to return by the road we had come), we descended some four thousand feet with great rapidity, till we reached the bottom of a deep gorge, in which the snow still lay to a great depth, forming a beautiful but treacherous tunnel, through which ran the head-stream of the Wad Nyfis. At Irg, the first village we reached, we were received with profound astonishment; but happily Shalum discovered a

trading acquaintance, and, thanks to his good offices, we got a little milk and some walnuts, which greatly refreshed us.

Finally, after sunset we safely reached our camp, and relieved the fears of our men, though we did not lessen the excitement and suspicion of the natives, who were now convinced that we were spies. The villagers kept clear of us, and brought us no food, and I was fain to content myself with some more walnuts, and then turn in, more weary than I had ever been by a seventy-mile walk in Central Africa, though more from the forced exertions than from the actual work achieved.

On the following morning we left Ogdimt with pardonable alacrity, for it had become too hot for us, and a diet of walnuts, though doubtless nourishing, was more than my gluttonous men could stand or than I exactly relished. We recrossed the mountains by a more easterly pass, and descended the Wad Ait Tinirt, till midway we crossed to Imintella, and arrived the same day safe and sound at Amsmiz, to find all well.

The governor fumed and stormed on hearing where we had gone in defiance of his orders. He threw the innocent soldier into prison, from which I rescued him with the utmost difficulty. He also threatened Shalum with all sorts of penalties; but that worthy Jew figuratively wrapped himself in the British flag and dared him to touch a hair of his head.

ADVENTURES WITH TUNISIAN BANDITS.

NATHAN DAVIS.

[Davis, in his exploration of the ancient ruins of Tunis, had various adventures with the banditti of that feebly-governed country, occasionally finding himself in positions from which only vigilance and resolution rescued him. He tells the story of these adventures in a lively manner which makes them worth repeating. It must be borne in mind that his visit was before the French occupation, and that travellers now make their way with much less risk. The first of these adventures was encountered while the explorer was inspecting the ruins at Hamman.]

THE way down to these ruins is through a thick olive-grove. It is a very solitary and wild spot, and is perfectly adapted as a haunt for the lawless, for here the grossest crimes can be perpetrated with impunity and without fear of discovery; or, if detected, the criminal has numerous ways, amidst the ravines and caverns, to effect his escape. I was occupied in copying the inscription, and was under the impression that I was the only human being in that locality, when the sound of footsteps struck on my ears. I looked round, and perceived an Arab cautiously approaching me from the farther part of the recess. He saluted me, and I returned his salute; but as he appeared anxious to have a little chat, I desired him to wait, promising to gratify his curiosity after completing my task, to which arrangement he appeared to agree.

In a few seconds I heard more footsteps from the same direction, and very soon after I was accosted by two more Arabs. These likewise saluted me, and I saluted them also in return; but I deliberately requested the whole three to

stand on the other side of the monument, with the inscription of which I was occupied, my object in doing so being to have them in view so as to enable me to observe all their movements. They readily complied, but frequently endeavored to alter their position, attempting to get behind me, and assigning as a reason for so doing their desire to see me copying the *tasweera* (painting). I, however, insisted on their remaining in the place I had indicated, promising to let them see the "painting" when finished. They demurred, but I was determined; they insisted upon leaving their post; but I resolutely ordered them not to stir from it till I had finished my task.

That these men were treacherously disposed, and that they were up to no good, I was convinced from the first moment I saw them. Their countenances indicated the disposition of their hearts, and their whole appearance betrayed their desperate profession.

Supposing that my motive in continuing my work was simply to gain a little time till the arrival of some one of my companions, they were resolved to bring their contemplated enterprise to an issue.

"Come, come," said one of them, "we will not be kept waiting any longer. We know what you are up to, you have some people with you, and want them to come to your assistance."

"What do you mean by this language?" I inquired.

"I mean what I say," the man answered in a resolute tone of voice; "and, without any further delay, I bid you to satisfy our demands. You shall not trifle with us and keep us here like dogs till some of your people come to your rescue."

"And what is it you want?" I very deliberately asked.

"Are you so dull as not to know what we want?" rejoined another of the trio. "We want money. Give

us money and we will do you no harm. Satisfy our demands, and you may go in peace."

"Satisfy your demands and give you money!" I exclaimed, darting at them a look of contempt. "And what for?"

"You are to give us what we demand," the first replied, "because we are three to one; do you understand this, you Nazarene?"

"You say because you are three to one is a sufficient reason why I am to give you money. Look, you cowards, and (drawing my revolver from its case beneath my coat) see, here I have a bullet for three of you, and *three to spare*. Do you now understand what *I* say, you scoundrels? Stand! and tell me which of you is to receive the first shot?" and as I said this I pointed the magic piece alternately from the head of the one to that of the other.

"Maad Allah!" (Allah forbid!) the terrified wretches exclaimed. "Have mercy on us! We meant no harm. *Khashaak*, may all harm be removed from you! Put down your weapon, master; spare us; we entreat you to have mercy on us!"

"I do spare you," I rejoined; "for I will not waste three bullets upon such worthless scamps as you are. But by your intrusion you have interrupted me in my work, and this you shall now make good. Here, dig away the earth from this stone."

"But, may Allah bless you, master, we have nothing to dig with."

"Then dig with your hands, and that speedily."

In silent despair the work was accomplished; and, fortunately for them, the depth was not greater than about four or five inches. They were now most anxious to depart, for they observed Hamed making his way towards me through the olive-grove, and they fully expected me to

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hand them over into his custody; but, as I had pardoned them, I was not going to act a treacherous part. Besides, we had enough to do in attending to our own work to add to it the task of bringing the highwaymen of the country to justice, particularly among a people where the evidence of a Christian is not admissible against a *true believer.*

[He let them go accordingly, and was severely blamed by Hamed (his police attendant) for running such dangerous risks and exposing himself to peril of murder by the desperadoes of the country.]

This is not the first adventure I had with a trio. I had one before, which terminated more ludicrously still, though the only weapon I had at the time was a good horsewhip.

I was riding quite alone, just towards dusk, when I observed three very suspicious-looking fellows, seated beneath a cluster of trees, watching my movements very closely. I kept a steady eye on them, having resolved in my own mind to make use of the fleetness of my horse so soon as I should have reached in safety a certain point; for one to three is at all times an unequal combat; but what is one unarmed to three handling, as I distinctly saw, one of those Moorish guns, some seven feet in length?

One of my chances of escape was in their allowing me to reach the desired point, when I felt pretty sure my nimble animal would enable me to frustrate their aim. The next was that their gun (fortunately, they had only one) would miss fire; and in this chance I had even more confidence than in the first; for I well knew an Arab's gun seldom goes off the first fire, there being generally a regular barrier of corrosion between the powder in the pan of their flint-locks and the charge in the barrel. The communication being thus entirely cut off, they sometimes replenish the pan three or four times before they discover the real cause, and have recourse to some clumsy pin, or

the point of a nail, with which they remove the obstruction.

I neared the villains lying in ambush for me. I saw one of them level the deadly weapon and take deliberate aim. The trigger was pulled, and I distinctly heard the ominous sound of the hissing powder, and saw its flash, but it was only the flash from the pan. In an instant I rushed up to the murderous set, and in the next instant they stood on their feet, to avoid being trampled under my horse's hoofs. My whip was in active play, and they scampered about, shouting and screaming for mercy. But my eye was all the time upon the long gun, which I wished to secure and carry off as a trophy, while my horse, always surprisingly obedient to the slightest touch of the bridle, seconded my wish.

The fellow who held the weapon kept up a brisk curvilinear race, which he now and then changed into a circular one, in the hope of baffling me in my endeavor to overtake him; but my tractable steed, always at his heels, brought him to a stand. He apologized, and begged me not to strike him, but he never suspected my real motive. The opportunity presented itself, and I seized hold at the muzzle of his gun, while he had as firm a grasp at its butt end. In the most piteous terms he now implored me not to deprive him of his property, maintaining at the same time the struggle with great resolution.

In the scuffle the central part of the gun came, by mere accident, to rest on the horse's chest, the Arab pulling one way and I the other. But, as he was a very powerful man, and too eager to retain possession of the object in pursuit, I took advantage of its position, abandoning all hopes of securing it. I urged my horse forward, and, as the Arab was determined not to give way, he facilitated my resolution to destroy the weapon. The sudden forward

bound of the horse bent the long barrel into a regular curve, and on observing this I let go. When I turned round I was amused to see my adversary, with a downcast countenance, holding his semicircular gun in his hands, deeply lamenting its fate.

"Do you see what you have done?" he asked me, mournfully, holding the crooked gun up to my view.

"I do," I replied, laughing heartily; "and you ought to thank me for it, for it will now serve you to fire round corners, a feat which you cannot perform with any other gun."

I rode off slowly from the field of battle, thoroughly delighted with my victory. When I looked back I saw his two companions had rejoined the dejected warrior, handling the ill-fated weapon, and no doubt sympathizing with him. When I was some distance off I heard the three, at the top of their voices, uttering the most select curses of the country, among which "*Naal bo jeddek!*" (Cursed be the father of your grandfather!) was the most predominant. But I was not inclined to renew the combat on behalf of my "father's grandfather," and therefore continued my journey.

An incident of a somewhat similar nature occurred to a person of my acquaintance, but with very different results. He was a great sportsman, and his eagerness for game sometimes brought him to remote and lonely parts, frequented by notorious vagabonds; but he invariably took the precaution, whenever he found himself in such localities, to have one of his barrels loaded with ball. On such an occasion, and within a few seconds after he had fired at a quail, he heard the snapping of a trigger at no great distance from him. He looked round, but could discover no one, when suddenly an Arab rose from amidst the high grass (where he had evidently been priming his gun anew), and took deliberate aim at him. But the sportsman an-

ticipated him, and the assassin paid with his life for his contemplated murder.

"I fired," said the individual himself, in relating the circumstance to me, "and the ball struck the Arab's heart. He uttered a terrific shriek, then made a regular somersault, and fell down dead." . . .

This calls to my mind a story of the late famous Commodore Porter, of the United States navy. Whilst representing his government at the court of Constantinople, he went to Tunis, on a visit to his brother-in-law, the late Dr. Heap, the highly respected and much lamented consul near the Basha of this regency for a period of nearly thirty years. The gallant sailor, during his stay at Tunis, was in the habit of taking long rides, and one day found himself assailed by a number of Arabs. He had no pistols, but he had a large key in his pocket; and this he pulled out with such determination, and presented it in so threatening an attitude, accompanied by a few thundering sentences in such pure "American," that the Arabs took to their heels and left him complete master of the field.

This ridiculous scene serves to illustrate the fact that the Arab has the most unbounded confidence in European, or, as he calls them, "Nazarene," weapons, whilst he is never sure of his own. Anything like an arm of defence in the hands of a European inspires him with respect, and hence a European ought to be very slow in using it. Threaten, and threaten with effect, but, if possible to avoid it, never fire.

[Davis tells, in another part of his work, an amusing story of his encounter with some blackmailing Arabs, and how he discomfited them.]

I continued riding ahead of our party, and found myself unexpectedly in the midst of a barley-field. Thinking

that my horse had strayed from the beaten track, I looked back, and found that the barley was sown in the *teneah essoltaneah* (the Sultan's highway). My horse had either too high an appreciation of the law of highways, and considered this appropriation of a strip of land an infringement upon public rights, or he defied the adage *via trita est tutissima* (the beaten path is the safest). I, however, directed my course to the path on the other side of the field, little thinking that I should be called to account for trespassing, particularly as not a living soul was to be seen in the vicinity; but in this I was mistaken.

To the right of this cultivated field was a ridge of higher land, which terminated abruptly, causing an interval of about twenty yards in depth, beyond which rose a moderate-sized hill. Within the recess, between the ridge and the hill, there was a natural hollow cavity, and when I came abreast of this I was suddenly hailed, in a stentorian tone of voice, by a rough-looking fellow, mounted on a mule, whom I had not till then noticed.

"Is it thus you dare tread down the food of Moslems?" he roared. "I'll soon teach you how to respect the property of men who are able to protect themselves from intruders."

"And is it thus you appropriate the path of the public? I'll show you how I can defend myself on the Sultan's highway," I rejoined.

"Heighho!" shouted a number of voices simultaneously; "the fellow destroys our crop, and is, moreover, insolent. He shall pay dearly for this."

Seven men hitherto concealed in the cavity now showed themselves, and, with their chief, commenced making their way towards me.

On observing this, I instantly turned my horse's head and rode to meet them. They vociferated in a terrible

manner, making use of awful oaths, and threatening to handle me in the most merciless manner. But when sufficiently near, I exchanged my whip, which I had in my right hand, for my formidable coadjutor, a revolver, and without holding it in a threatening attitude, I simply demonstrated to them that it was obedient to my wishes. Having done this, I deliberately asked them whether they thought it was possible for them, by their mode of proceeding, to intimidate me.

"If so," I said, "you are greatly mistaken."

"But you have destroyed our barley," roared the man on the mule in a somewhat less furious tone, "and we have a right to claim a recompense."

"You have no such right," I replied, "for I have not deviated from the beaten track. You have no business to plough up the *teneah essoltaneah*. But let me tell you," I continued, "I am not ignorant of the vile motive you have for so doing. You wished to give a plausibility of justice to your unlawful and diabolic pursuits, and this barley serves your purpose. You are a set of cowardly brigands, but you have, in the present instance, miscalculated your chance of extorting money, and I shall, moreover, report your conduct to the authorities."

By this time some of the men had espied my fellow-travellers, followed by the rest of our party, and instantly a *sotto voce* consultation ensued, which I interrupted by peremptorily demanding the chief's name. He sullenly refused compliance, and ordered his men to retire to the mountains on our left, which they no sooner obeyed than he began to follow them. But I insisted on knowing his name previous to our separation, and checked his progress by placing my horse in front of his mule. Every turn he took, in order to escape, my horse instantly faced him, and in this way I impeded his flight. It was, however, utterly

impossible to make the fellow comply with my request. In the course of a few minutes he gave me no less than four or five different names, all of which he declared, and confirmed by solemn oaths, were his. But as my real object was, after all, only to alarm and terrify this band of banditti, I had recourse to another method to secure the same end.

"You think to foil my object by your falsehood," I said, "but I have means by which to insure your recognition. I shall take your *tasweera* (likeness), and since you are, no doubt, well known in this neighborhood, the officers of justice will not fail to apprehend you."

But no sooner did the bandit perceive my pencil in operation than he made a resolute, but still unsuccessful, attempt at an escape. My nimble animal, accustomed to obey the mere touch of the rider's knee, enabled me to retain a full view of the villain's countenance, in spite of his efforts to shrink from my glance. The scene became more ridiculous still just at the moment when our party joined us. Terrified beyond measure, the highwayman now pulled his hood over his face, and commenced a rapid circular race, but it was impossible for him to outstrip my horse in speed. This farce, worthy of any arena, was kept up for some minutes, and he was greatly relieved when I permitted him to depart. Amidst the shouts, the laughter, and the execrations of our men the humiliated robber chief rode off to join his lawless band in the mountains.

This little incident tended to inspire the cowardly portion of our party with a certain degree of courage. We now continued our route, riding in a body, fully prepared for any adventures, and resolved to meet them like men.

The boundary which separates the territories claimed by Tunis from those of Algeria is about ten miles from Hydra.

It is marked by a chain of low hills. Passing a very picturesque gap in these, we entered French Africa, and were at once struck with the marked difference in agriculture between that of the Arabs under Moslem sway and that of those under a civilized government. In the dominions we had just quitted thorns, thistles, and weeds of every description were allowed to choke the crops, whereas here the cultivation that met our eyes was free from everything obnoxious. Here it was apparent that the farmer sowed in the full assurance of deriving the entire benefit of his labor, whereas there the fruits of his toil are a perfect uncertainty, since any of the unprincipled Mamlooks have ways and means of depriving him of his complete crop.

ASTRAY IN THE DESERT.

HEINRICH BARTH.

[Dr. Barth, the celebrated German explorer, was born at Hamburg in 1821. In 1845 he travelled in Northern Africa, Arabia, and Asia Minor, and in 1849 joined an expedition sent by the British government across the Sahara to Central Africa. He was six years absent,—his two companions, Richardson and Overweg, dying,—and returned to Europe in 1855. In 1857 he published "Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa." He died in 1865. This valuable work does not afford many passages suitable for our purposes, and we confine ourselves to a short extract, descriptive of the dangers of a journey in the great desert, where the traveller had an adventure in which he nearly reached the end of his life's journey.]

THE valley was bordered by a deep chasm and craggy mountain to the right, and a range of grotesque promontories towards the left, the slope of which was broken into a variety of terraces, with several cones rising from them.

At length, turning round the edge of the mountain range, we entered the broad valley of Tánesof, having before us the isolated and castellated crest of Mount Idinen, or Kasr Jenún, and on our left the long range of the Akakús, beautifully illuminated by the setting sun, and forming a sort of relief in various colors, the highest precipitous crest, with its castles and towers, being white, while the lower slope, which was more gradual and rugged, disclosed regular strata of red marl. Towards the west the valley, about five miles broad, was bordered by sand-hills, whence the sand was carried by the wind over its whole surface. We ourselves at length encamped on sandy soil without the least herbage, while at the distance of about two miles a strip of green was seen running along the valley.

Starting at an early hour the next day, we kept along the broad barren valley straight for the Enchanted Castle, which the fanciful reports of our companions had invested with great interest. Notwithstanding, or perhaps in consequence of, the warnings of the Tawárek not to risk our lives in so irreligious and perilous an undertaking as a visit to this dwelling of the demons, I made up my mind to visit it, convinced as I was that it was an ancient place of worship, and that it might probably contain some curious sculptures or inscriptions.

Just at noon the naked bottom of the valley began to be covered with a little herbage, when, after another mile, beyond a depression in the ground which had evidently at one time formed a considerable water-pond, talha-trees and ethel-bushes broke the monotony of the landscape, while beyond the sand-hills on our right a broad strip of green was seen, coming from the westernmost corner of the Idinen. Keeping still on for about five miles, we encamped in the midst of a shallow concavity of circular shape, surrounded by herbage, and near a large mound crowned by

an ethel-tree. At some distance southeast we tried the well Táhala, the water of which proved very good. . . .

[July 15, 1850.] This was a *dies ater* for me. Overweg and I had determined to start early in the morning for the remarkable mountain; but we had not been able to obtain from the Tawárek a guide to conduct us from thence to the next well, whither the caravan was to proceed by the direct road. Hatita and Utaeti having again resisted all our solicitations for a guide, I at length, determined as I was to visit the mountain at any cost, started off in the confidence of being able to make out the well in the direction indicated to me. By ill-luck, our provision of zummita (a cool and refreshing paste on which we were accustomed to breakfast) was exhausted the day before, so that I was obliged to take with me dry biscuit and dates, the worst possible food in the desert when water is scarce.

But as yet I needed no stimulus, and vigorously pushed my way through the sand-hills, which afforded no very pleasant passage. I then entered a wide, bare, desolate-looking plain, covered with black pebbles, from which arose a few black mounds. Here I crossed the beginning of a *fiumara* richly overgrown with herbage, which wound along through the sand-hills towards the large valley-plain. It was the abode of a beautiful pair of maraiga (*Antelope Soemmeringii*), which, probably anxious for their young ones, did not make off when roused by my approach, but stopped at a short distance, gazing at me and wagging their tails. Pursuing my way over the pebbly ground, which gradually rose till it was broken up by a considerable ravine descending from the western part of the mount, I disturbed another party of three antelopes, which were quietly lying down under the shelter of some large blocks. At last I began to feel fatigued from walking over the sharp-pointed pebbles, as the distance proved to be greater than I had

originally imagined; and I did not seem to have got much nearer to the foot of the Enchanted Mountain. In fact, it proved that the crest of the mount formed a sort of horse-shoe, so that its middle part, for which I had been steering all the time, in order to gain a depression which seemed to afford an easy ascent, was by far the remotest. I therefore changed my course, and turned more eastward, but only met with more annoyance, for, ascending the slope which I hoped would soon convey me to the summit, I suddenly came to the steep precipice of a deep ravine, which separated me from the crest.

Being already fatigued, the disappointment, of course, depressed my spirits, and I had to summon all my resolution and energy to descend into the ravine and climb the other side. It was now past ten o'clock; the sun began to put forth its full power, and there was not the slightest shade around me. In a state of the utmost exhaustion, I at length reached the narrow pinnacled crest, which was only a few feet broad, and exhibited neither inscriptions nor sculptures. I had a fine prospect towards the south-west and northeast, but I looked around in vain for any traces of our caravan. Though exposed to the full rays of the sun, I lay down on my high barbacan to seek repose; but my dry biscuit or a date was quite unpalatable, and, being anxious about my little provision of water, I could only sip an insufficient draught from my small water-skin.

As the day advanced I got anxious lest our little band, thinking that I was already in advance, might continue their march in the afternoon, and, in spite of my weakness, determined to try to reach the encampment. I therefore descended the ravine, in order to follow its course, which, according to Hatita's indications, would lead me in the direction of the well. It was very hot, and, being thirsty, I swallowed at once the little water that remained. This

was about noon; and I soon found that the draught of mere water, taken upon an empty stomach, had not at all restored my strength.

At length I reached the bottom of the valley. Hatita had always talked as if they were to encamp at no great distance from the mountain; yet, as far as I could strain my view, no living being was to be seen. At length I became puzzled as to my direction, and, hurrying on as fast as my failing strength would allow, I ascended a mount crowned with an ethel-bush, and fired my pistols, but I waited in vain for an answer: a strong east wind was blowing dead against me. Reflecting a moment on my situation, I then crossed the small sand-hills, and, ascending another mount, fired again. Convinced that there could be nobody in this direction, at least at a moderate distance, I bethought myself that our party might be still behind, and, very unluckily, I kept more directly eastward.

The valley was here very richly overgrown with sebót; and to my great delight I saw at a distance some small huts attached to branches of the ethel-tree, covered on the top with sebót, and open in front. With joy in my heart I hastened on towards them, but found them empty; and not a living thing was to be seen, nor was there a drop of water to be got.

My strength being now exhausted, I sat down on the naked plain, with a full view before me of the whole breadth of the wadi, and with some confidence expected the caravan. I even thought, for a moment, that I beheld a string of camels passing in the distance. But it was an illusion; and when the sun was about to set, not being able to muster strength to walk a few paces without sitting down, I had only to choose for my night quarters between the deserted huts and an ethel-tree which I saw at a little distance. I chose the latter, as being on a more

elevated spot, and therefore scrambled to the tree, which was of a respectable old age, with thick, tall branches, but almost leafless. It was my intention to light a fire, which promised almost certain deliverance, but I could not muster sufficient strength to gather a little wood. I was broken down and in a feverish state. Having lain down for an hour or two, after it became quite dark I arose from the ground, and, looking around me, descried to my great joy a large fire southwest down the valley, and, hoping that it might be that of my companions, I fired a pistol, as the only means of communicating with them, and listened as the sound rolled along, feeling sure that it would reach their ears; but no answer was returned. All remained silent, still I saw the flame rising towards the sky, and telling where deliverance was to be found, without my being able to avail myself of the signal. Having waited long in vain, I fired a second time,—yet no answer. I lay down in resignation, committing my life to the care of the Merciful One; but it was in vain that I tried to sleep, and, restless and in a high fever, I tossed about on the ground, looking with anxiety and fear for the dawn of the next day.

At length the long night wore away, and dawn was drawing nigh. All was repose and silence; and I was sure I could not choose a better time for trying to inform my friends, by signal, of my whereabouts. I therefore collected all my strength, loaded my pistol with a heavy charge, and fired—once—twice. I thought the sound ought to awaken the dead from their tombs, so powerfully did it reverberate from the opposite range and roll along the wadi; yet no answer. I was at a loss to account for the great distance apparently separating me from my companions, who seemed not to have heard my firing.

The sun that I had half longed for, half looked forward to with terror, at last rose. My condition, as the heat

went on increasing, became more dreadful; and I crawled around, changing every moment my position, in order to enjoy the little shade afforded by the leafless branches of the tree. About noon there was of course scarcely a spot of shade left,—only enough for my head,—and I suffered greatly from the pangs of thirst, although I sucked a little of my blood until I became senseless and fell into a sort of delirium, from which I only recovered when the sun went down behind the mountains. I then regained some consciousness, and crawled out of the shade of the tree, throwing a melancholy glance over the plain, when suddenly I heard the cry of a camel.

It was the most delightful music I ever heard in my life; and, raising myself a little from the ground, I saw a mounted Tarki passing at some distance from me, and looking eagerly around. He had found my footsteps in the sandy ground, and, losing them again on the pebbles, was anxiously seeking traces of the direction I had taken. I opened my parched mouth, and crying, as loud as my faint strength allowed, "*Áman! áman!*" (Water! water!) I was rejoiced to get for answer "*Iwah! iwah!*" and in a few moments he sat at my side, washing and sprinkling my head, while I broke out involuntarily into an uninterrupted strain of "*El hamdu lilláhi! el hamdu lilláhi!*"

Having thus first refreshed me, and then allowed me a draught, which, however, I was not able to enjoy, my throat being so dry, and my fever still continuing, my deliverer, whose name was Musa, placed me upon his camel, mounted himself in front of me, and brought me to the tents. They were a good way off. The joy of meeting again, after I had been already despaired of, was great; and I had to express my sincere thanks to my companions, who had given themselves so much trouble to find me. But I could speak but little at first, and could scarcely eat

anything for the next three days, after which I gradually recovered my strength.

It is, indeed, very remarkable how quickly the strength of an European is broken in these climes, if for a single day he be prevented from taking his usual food. Nevertheless I was able to proceed the next day, when we kept more towards the slope of the Akakús, and here passed a broad lateral valley, rich in herbage, called Adarnjelkum, after which we descended about a hundred feet from the pebbly ground into sandy soil, forming a sort of valley called Ighelfannis, and full of ethel-trees and sebót. In such a locality we encamped two hours after noon, near splendid ethel-trees; but the strong northeasterly wind, enveloping ourselves and baggage in thick clouds of sand, banished all enjoyment.

[Thus ended the traveller's indiscreet effort to ascend the Enchanted Mountain alone, and without proper precautions to ward off the demons of thirst and weariness, with which it appears to have been infested. Fortunately for the adventurer, this was the only enchantment he encountered, the mountain itself proving to be very innocent so far as any supernatural inhabitants were concerned, or even any evidence of the former presence of man. Its castellated appearance was but a freak of nature's chance handiwork.]

IN THE OASES OF THE SAHARA.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

[James Richardson, an adventurous English traveller, was a native of Boston, England, born in 1806. In 1846 he left Tripoli to explore the celebrated oasis of Ghadames, lying in the Sahara to the southwest. Subsequently, in 1850, Mr. Richardson made a journey to the Soudan, in which he was accompanied by Drs. Barth and Overweg, of Prussia. He died at Ungouratona, during an excursion to Kouka, the capital of Bornou, March 4, 1851. The story of his travels is

given in "Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa." The journey from Tripoli to Ghadames may be made in nine days, but the caravan consumed twenty-three, during which the traveller suffered severely from the ardor of the Saharan sun.]

AT dawn of day on the 25th [of August] we started fresh on the last march. Just when day had broken over half the heavens *I saw Ghadames!* which appeared like a *thick streak of black* on the pale circle of the horizon. This was its date-woods. I now fancied I had discovered a new world, or had seen Timbuctoo, or followed the whole course of the Niger, or had done something very extraordinary. Gradually we neared the city as the day got up. It was dusty, and hot, and disagreeable. My feelings were down at zero, and I certainly did not proceed to enter the city in style of conqueror, one who had vanquished the galling hardness of the desert in the most unfavorable season of the year.

We were now met by a great number of the people of the city, come to welcome the safe arrival of their friends, for travelling in the desert is always considered insecure, even by its very inhabitants. Among the rest was the merchant Essnoussee, whose acquaintance I had made in Tripoli, who welcomed me, much to my satisfaction when thus entering into a strange place. Another person came up to me, who, to my surprise, spoke a few words in Italian, which I could not expect to hear in the desert. He followed me into the town, and the governor afterwards ordered him to be my *turjeman* (interpreter).

Now the curiosity of the people became much excited; all ran to see *the Christian!* Everybody in the city knew I was coming two months before my arrival. As soon as I arrived in Tripoli the first caravan took the wonderful intelligence of the appointment of an English consul at Ghadames. [The erroneous idea had got abroad that he

had been sent to act as consul.] A couple of score of boys followed hard at the heels of my camel, and some running before, to look at my face; the men gaped with wide-open mouths, and the women started up eagerly to the tops of the houses of the Arab suburb, clapping their hands and *loolooing*. It is perhaps characteristic of the more gentle and unsophisticated nature of womankind that women of the desert give you a more lively reception than men. The men are gloomy and silent, or merely curious without any demonstration.

I entered the city by the southern gate. The entrance was by no means imposing. There was a rough-hewn, worn, dilapidated gate-way, lined with stone benches, on which the ancients were once accustomed to sit and dispense justice, as in old Israelitish times. Having passed this ancient gate, which wore the age of a thousand years, we wound round and round in the suburbs within the walls, through narrow and intricate lanes, with mud walls on each side, which enclosed the gardens. The palms shot their branches over from above, and relieved this otherwise repulsive sight to the stranger. But I was too much fatigued and exhausted to notice anything, and almost ready to drop from off my camel.

[Richardson remained three months in Ghadames, where he was very kindly treated, particularly as he played the part of a physician. He thus describes some of his experiences of oasis life:]

To-day resident thirty days in Ghadames, which I have certainly not lost. My expenses of living, including a guard to sleep in the house at night, and Said, are only at the rate of eighteen pence per day; this, however, excludes tea, coffee, and sugar. Besides, Sheikh Makouran refuses to take anything for house-rent, saying, "It would be against the will of God to receive money from you, who

are our sure friend and our guest of hospitality." Few patients in comparison with the past. As the winter approaches the cases of ophthalmia are less. In the precipitation of leaving Tripoli I brought little ink with me, and most of that I gave away; so I am obliged to go about the town to beg a little. The custom is, when one person wants ink, he begs it of another.

My taleb, backed with two or three Mussulman doctors, charged me in the public streets with falsifying and corrupting the Word of God. "This," he said, "I have found by looking over your *Elengeel* (Gospel)." It is precisely the charge which we make against the Mohammedans. But our charge is not so much corrupting one particular revelation as falsifying the entire books of the Jews and the Christians, of giving them new forms, and adding to them a great number of old Arabian fables. A taleb opened the Testament at the Gospel of St. Mark, and read *that Jesus was the son of God.* Confounded and vexed at this, he said, "*God neither begets nor is begotten*" (a verse of the Koran). An Arab from the Tripoline mountains turned upon me and said, "What! do you know God?" I answered, sharply, "Yes; do you think the knowledge of God is confined to you alone?" The by-standers applauded the answer. . . .

Speaking to the Moor of the Sahara, I said, "The Sahara is always healthy; look at these Touaricks, they are the children of the desert." He replied, "The Sahara is the sea *on land*, and, like the sea, is always more healthy than cultivated spots of the earth. These Touaricks are chiefly strong and powerful from drinking camel's milk. They drink it for months together, often for four or five months, not eating or drinking anything else. It is the camel's milk which makes the Touaricks like lions. A boy shoots up to manhood in a few years, and there's nothing in the world so nourishing as camel's milk." Caillié mentions

that the chief of the Braknas lived for several months on nothing but milk. Many of the Saharan tribes are supported for six months out of twelve on milk.

[On leaving Ghadames, Richardson joined a caravan proceeding to Ghat and the Soudan. The journey proved a very exhausting one.]

I notice as a thing most extraordinary, after seven days from Ghadames, two small trees! the common desert-acacia. Another phenomenon, I see two or three pretty blue flowers! As I picked one up I could not help exclaiming, "*Elhamdullah!*" (Praise to God!), for Arabic was growing second-born to my tongue, and I began to think in it. An Arab said to me, "Yâkob, if we had a reed and were to make a melodious sound, these flowers, the color of heaven, would open and shut their mouths (petals)." This fiction is extremely poetical.

But here in the centre of this wilderness of sand we had an abundant proof of the goodness of a good God. While mourning over this horrible scene of monotonous desolation, and wondering why such regions were created in vain, we came upon *The Wells of Mislah*, where we encamped for the day. These are not properly wells, for the sand being removed in various places, about four or five feet below the surface, the water runs out. Indeed, we were obliged to make our own wells. Each party of the ghafalah dug a well for itself. Ghafalahs are divided into so many parties, varying in size from five men and twenty camels to ten men and forty camels. Three or four wells were dug out in this way. Some of the places had been scooped out before. Water may be found through all the valley of Mislah. A few dwarfish palms are in the valley, but which don't bear fruit. The camels finding nothing else to eat, attacked voraciously their branches.

These pits are considered as the half-way station between Ghadames and Ghat.

[It may be said here, that recent researches have shown that water exists somewhat generally below the surface of the Sahara, and the sinking of artesian wells promises to add greatly to the area of fertility of the desert. The caravan, some time afterwards, was met by a predatory band of Touaricks, whose chief, Ouweek, at first threatened to put the traveller to death, as a Christian infidel, and afterwards demanded a thousand dollars as ransom. Richardson, assuming great ease of manner, left it to his companions to deal with this desert bandit.]

All the people cried out that I had no money. The quasi-bandit, nothing receding, "Why, the Christian's mattress is full of money," pointing to it still on the camel, for he was very near me, although I could not distinguish his features. The Touaricks who had come to see me before I arrived at the well, observed, "He has money on his coat, it is covered with money," alluding to the buttons. All our people swore solemnly I had no money but paper, which I should change on my arrival at Ghat. The bandit, drawing in his horns, "Well, the Christian has a nagah." "No," said the people, "the camel belongs to us; he hires it." The bandit, giving way, "Well, the Christian has a slave; there he is," pointing to Said, "I shall have the slave." "No, no," cried the people, "the English have no slaves. Said is a free slave." The bandit, now fairly worsted, full of rage, exclaimed, "What are you going to do with me? am I not to kill this infidel, who has dared to come to my country without my permission?" Hereat the messenger from Ghat, Jabour's slave, of whom the bandit was afraid, and dared not lay a hand upon, interposed, and, assuming an air of defiance, said, "I am come from my sultan, Jabour; if you kill the Christian, you must kill me first. The order of my sultan is, No man is to say a

word to the Christian." Our people now took courage from this noble conduct of the slave, declaring, "If Yâkob is beaten, we will all be beat first; if Yâkob is to be killed, we will be killed likewise." Ouweek now saw he must come down in his pretensions. The bargain was struck, after infinite wrangling, for two articles of clothing, of the value of four dollars.

[Richardson had a very friendly reception from the governor of Ghat, though he was frequently insulted by the people in the street as an infidel. He remained there two months and a half, after which, ill health preventing him from proceeding to the Soudan, he returned to Tripoli. He describes some amusing experiences in Ghat.]

Everybody, as was the case at Ghadames, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, wishes to convert me into a good Mussulman, being mortified that so quiet a Christian should be an infidel. An old sheikh paid me a visit to-day, and began, "Now, Christian, that you have come into this country, I hope you will find everything better than in your own country, and become a Mussulman, one loved of God. Come to my house, leave your infidel father and mother. I have two daughters. I will give you both for wives, and seven camels besides. This will make you a sheikh among us. You can also be a marabout, and spend your life in prayer." I excused myself by saying, "I have engagements in my country. My sultan would brand me with disgrace, and I should be fetched out of this country by the Turks, who were always the friends of the English." The sheikh, sighing, raised up his aged body and departed, mumbling something, a blessing or a curse, upon my head. . . .

Had a visit from some score of Touarick women, of all complexions, tempers, and ages. After staring at me for some time with amazed curiosity and silence, they became

restless. Not knowing what to do with them, I took out a loaf of white sugar, cut it into pieces, and then distributed it among them. The scene now suddenly changed, joy beamed in every eye, and every one let her tongue run most volubly.

They asked me "whether I was married; whether the Christian women were pretty; whether prettier than they; and whether, if not married, I should have any objection to marry one of them." To all which questions I answered in due categorical form, "I was not married; the Christian women were pretty, but they, the Touarick women, were prettier than Christian women; and, lastly, I should see whether I would marry one of them when I came from Soudan."

These answers were perfectly satisfactory. But then came a puzzler. They asked me "which was the prettiest among them." I looked at one, and then at another, with great seriousness, assuming very ungallant airs (the women the mean while giggling and coquetting, and some throwing back their barracans—shawls I may call them—farther from their shoulders, baring their bosoms in true ball-room style, and at last falling back and shutting my eyes, placing my left hand to my forehead, as if in profound reflection, I exclaimed, languidly, and with a forced sigh, "Ah, I can't tell, you are all so pretty!" This created an explosion of mirth, some of the more knowing ones intimating by their looks, "It's lucky for you that you have got out of the scrape." But an old lady, close to me, was very angry with me. "You fool, Christian, take one of the young ones; here's my daughter."

Nothing surprises the natives of Ghat and the Touaricks so much as my gloves. I am obliged to put them on and off a hundred times a day to please people. They then try them on, look at them inside and outside, in every shape

and way, expressing their utter astonishment by the most sacred names of Deity. Some, also, have not seen stockings before, and examine them with much wonderment. But the gloves carry the palm in exciting the emotion of the terrible. One said, after he had put the glove on his hand, "Ah! ah! whey, whoo! that's the hand of the devil himself."

[Richardson returned home by way of Mourzuk, and reached Tripoli April 19, 1846, after a tour of eight months and a half in the Sahara, during which he travelled sixteen hundred miles, at an entire expense of less than three hundred dollars.]

ADVENTURES IN THE LAKE TCHAD COUNTRY.

DIXON DENHAM.

[Colonel Dixon Denham, a British traveller, was born in London in 1786, served in the Peninsular War and in Belgium, and in 1821 accompanied Clapperton and Oudney in an expedition to Timbuctoo. They reached Kouka, on Lake Tchad, in February, 1823. Here Denham parted from his companions, and made a perilous journey to Mandara. He reached England again in 1825, and published a valuable narrative of the enterprise. He was appointed governor of Sierra Leone, and died there in 1828. He thus describes the approach to Lake Tchad:]

WE reached a well where some really sweet milk was brought to us in immensely large basket-bottles, some holding two gallons or more. No traveller in Africa should imagine that *this* he could not bear, or *that* could not be endured. It is wonderful how a man's taste conforms itself to his necessities. Six months ago camel's milk would have acted upon us as an emetic; now we thought it a most refreshing and grateful cordial. The face of the

country improved in appearance every mile. We passed along to-day what seemed to us a most joyous valley, smiling in flowering grasses, tulloh-trees, and kossom. About mid-day we halted in a luxurious shade, the ground covered with creeping vines of the colocynth in full blossom, which, with the red flowers of the kossom which drooped over our heads, made our resting-place a little Arcadia.

. . . Beyond the town [of Lari] was an object full of interest to us, and the sight of which conveyed to my mind a sensation so gratifying and inspiring that it would be difficult in language to convey an idea of its force and pleasure. The great Lake Tchad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength, appeared to be within a mile of the spot on which we stood. My heart bounded within me at this prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key of the great object of our search, and I could not refrain from silently imploring heaven's continued protection, which had enabled us to proceed so far in health and strength, even to the accomplishment of our task. By sunrise next morning I was on the borders of the lake, armed for the destruction of the multitude of birds, who, all unconscious of my purpose, seemed to welcome my arrival. Flocks of geese and wild ducks, of a most beautiful plumage, were quietly feeding at half pistol-shot of where I stood. As I moved towards them they only changed their places a little to the right or left, and appeared to have no idea of the hostility of my intentions. Pelicans, cranes four and five feet in height, gray, variegated, and white, were scarcely so many yards from my side, and a bird between a snipe and a woodpecker, resembling both, and larger than either; immense spoonbills of a snowy whiteness, widgeon, teal, yellow-legged plover, and a hundred species of unknown water-fowl were sporting before

me; and it was long before I could disturb the tranquillity of the dwellers on these waters by firing a gun.

In the evening I visited the town of Lari. It stands on an eminence, and may probably contain two thousand inhabitants. The huts are built of the rush which grows by the side of the lake, have conical tops, and look like well-thatched stacks of corn in England. They have neat enclosures around them, made with fences of the same reed, and passages leading to them like labyrinths. In the enclosure is a goat or two, poultry, and sometimes a cow. The women were almost all spinning cotton, which grows well, though not abundantly, near the town and lake. The interior of the huts is neat. They are comparatively circular, with no admission for air or light, except at the door, which has a mat by way of safeguard. I entered one of the best appearance, although the owner gave me no smiles of encouragement, and followed close at my heels, with his spear and dagger in his hand. In one corner stood the bed, a sofa of rushes lashed together, and supported by six poles fixed strongly in the ground. This was covered with the skins of the tiger-cat and wild bull; around the sides were hung the wooden bowls used for water and milk; his tall shield rested against the wall. The hut had a division of mat-work, one-half being allotted to the female part of the family.

[A few days afterwards the travellers reached the town of Birnie, the residence of the Sultan of Bornou, where they were hospitably received, and an evening repast sent them, consisting of seventy dishes, largely of mutton and poultry, each sufficient to make a meal for half a dozen persons. Of these the Sultan sent ten, his wives thirty, and his mother thirty.]

Soon after daylight we were summoned to attend the Sultan of Bornou. He received us in an open space in front of the royal residence; we were kept at a consider-

able distance, while his people approached to within about one hundred yards, passing first on horseback, and after dismounting and prostrating themselves before him, they took their places on the ground in front, but with their backs to the royal person, which is the custom of the country. He was seated in a sort of cage of cane or wood, near the door of his garden, on a seat which at a distance appeared to be covered with silk or satin, and through the railing looked upon the assembly before him, who formed a sort of semicircle extending from his seat to nearly where we were waiting. Nothing could be more absurd and grotesque than the figures who formed this court. Large bellies and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which, as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pommel of the saddle. When the courtiers, to the number of about three hundred, had taken their seats in front of the Sultan, we were allowed to approach to within pistol-shot of the spot where he was sitting, and desired to sit down ourselves, when the ugliest black that can be imagined, his chief eunuch, the only person who approached the Sultan's seat, asked for the presents. Boo-Khaloom's were produced, enclosed in a large shawl, and were carried unopened to his presence. [Boo-Khaloom was a rich merchant, and the leader of their escort.] Our glimpse was but a faint one of the Sultan, through the lattice-work of his pavilion, sufficient, however, to see that his turban was larger than any of his subjects, and that his face, from the nose downward, was completely covered. Immediately after the ceremony we took our departure for Angernou. . .

This day [several days afterwards] I had a little respite, my visiting list being much reduced in consequence of its being market-day; there was, as usual, an abundance of all necessaries, though but few luxuries; and as the people got more accustomed to my appearance, they became more familiar. One young lady, whose numerous bracelets of elephants' teeth, heavy silver rings on each side of her face, coral in her nose, and amber necklace, proclaimed her a person of wealth, nimbly jumped off her bullock and tore a corner from my pocket handkerchief, as she said, for a souvenir. I could do no less than request her to accept the remainder of so useful an appendage, and I was happy to see that this piece of gallantry was not lost, even upon savages. They all clapped their hands and cried, "Barca! barca!" and the lady herself, whose hands and face were really running down with grease, generously poured into the sleeve of my shirt nearly a quart of ground-nuts.

[The next day he was summoned to the sheikh, who had heard of his possessing a musical box which could be started or stopped by the finger.]

The messenger declared he was dying to see it, and I must make haste. The wild exclamations of wonder and screams of pleasure which this piece of mechanism drew from the generality of my visitors were curiously contrasted in the person of the intelligent sheikh; he at first was greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "Wonderful! wonderful!" but the sweetness of the Swiss *Ranz des vaches* which it played at last overcame every other feeling; he covered his face with his hand, listened in silence, and on one man near him breaking the charm by a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow which made all his followers tremble. He instantly asked

if one twice as large would not be better. I said, "Yes, but it would be twice as dear." "By Allah!" said he, "if one thousand dollars would purchase it, it would be cheap." Who will deny that nature has given us all a taste for luxuries?

[Major Denham soon afterwards made an expedition to Mandara, where he joined a military expedition sent against a neighboring settlement of Felatahs. In this affair he had striking adventures, and made a remarkable escape from death. Two towns of the Felatahs were taken and destroyed, and an attack made on a third one, which was vigorously defended. The Sultan of Mandara, with his portion of the army, held back from the fight, in dread of the poisoned arrows of their foes.]

The Felatahs, finally, seeing their backwardness, now made an attack in turn; the arrows fell so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse now came on, and had not the little band around Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with a few of his mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of us would probably have lived to see the following day. As it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned; and poor Boo-Khaloom's horse and himself received their death-wounds. [The chiefs wore armor of iron mail.] My horse was badly wounded in the neck, just above the shoulder, and in the near hind leg; an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely drawing the blood, and I had two sticking in my bournous. No sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops see the defeat of the Arabs, than they, one and all, took to flight in the most dastardly manner, without having been once exposed to the arrows of the enemy, and in the utmost confusion. The Sultan of Mandara led the way.

I now, for the first time, as I saw Barca Gana on a fresh

horse, lamented my own folly in so exposing myself, badly prepared as I was for accidents. If either of my horse's wounds were from poisoned arrows, I felt that nothing could save me; however, there was not much time for reflection. We instantly became a flying mass, and plunged, in the greatest disorder, into that wood we had a few hours before moved through with order, and very different feelings. I had got a little to the westward of Barca Gana, in the confusion which took place on our passing the ravine, where upward of one hundred of the Bornouese were speared by the Felatahs, and was following at a round gallop the steps of one of the Mandara eunuchs, who, I observed, kept a good lookout, his head being constantly turned over his left shoulder, with a face expressive of the greatest dismay, when the cries behind of the Felatah horse pursuing made us both quicken our paces.

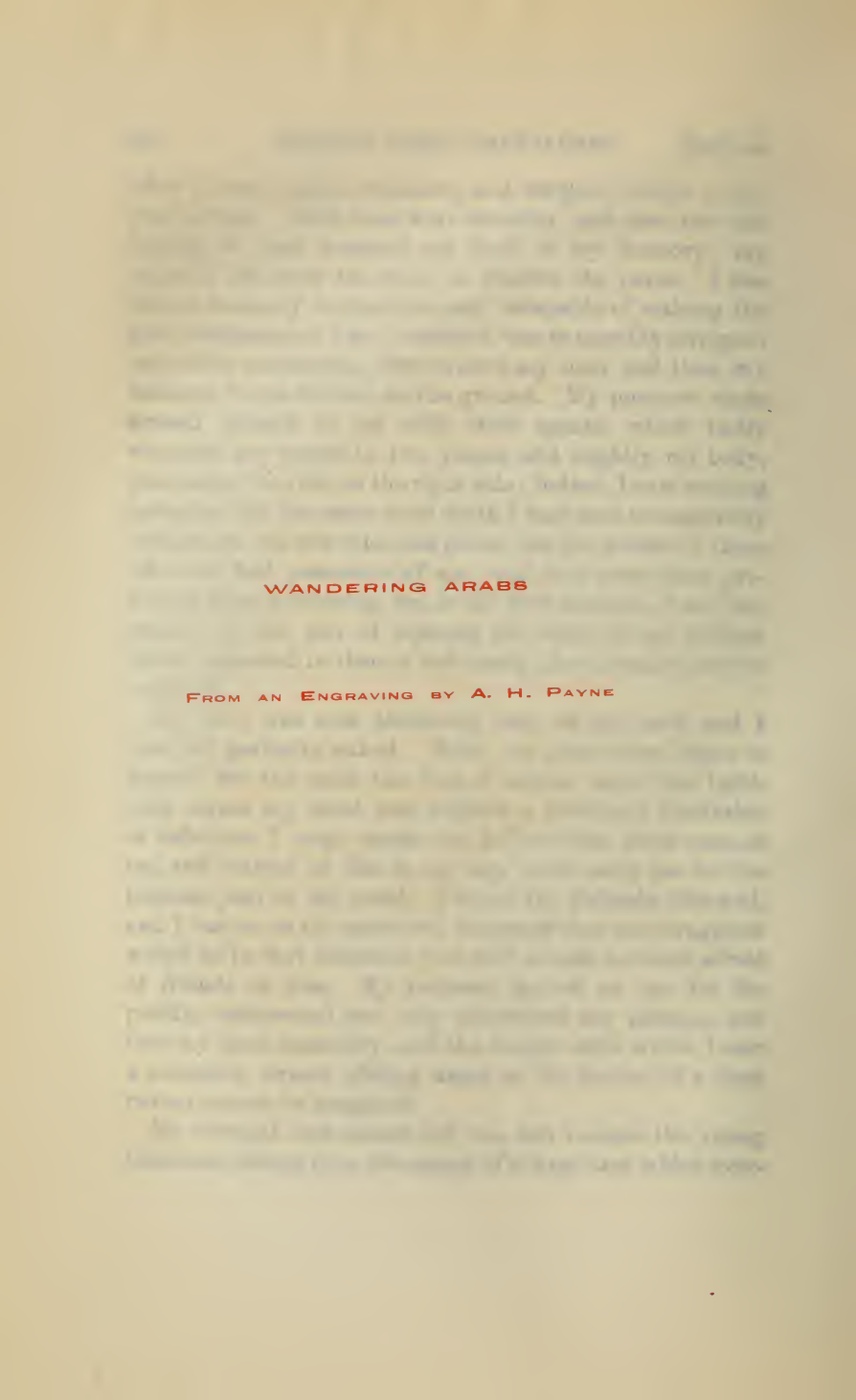
The spur, however, had the effect of incapacitating my beast altogether, as the arrow, I found afterwards, had reached the shoulder-bone, and in passing over some rough ground he stumbled and fell. Almost before I was upon my legs the Felatah were upon me. I had, however, kept hold of the bridle, and, seizing a pistol from the holsters, I presented it at two of these furious savages, who were pressing me with their spears. They instantly went off; but another, who came on me more boldly, just as I was endeavoring to mount, received the contents somewhere in his left shoulder, and again I was enabled to place my foot in the stirrup. Remounted, I again pushed my retreat. I had not, however, proceeded many hundred yards, when my horse came down again with such violence as to throw me against a tree at a considerable distance, and, alarmed at the horses behind him, he quickly got up and escaped, leaving me on foot and unarmed.

The eunuch and his four followers were here butchered,

after a very slight resistance, and stripped within a few yards of me. Their cries were dreadful; and even now the feelings of that moment are fresh in my memory; my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded, and, incapable of making the least resistance, as I was unarmed, was as speedily stripped; and while attempting, first to save my shirt and then my trousers, I was thrown on the ground. My pursuers made several thrusts at me with their spears, which badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under the ribs, on the right side; indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession of me; and they were alone prevented from murdering me, in the first instance, I am persuaded, by the fear of injuring the value of my clothes, which appeared to them a rich booty; but it was otherwise ordained.

My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind, and without a moment's hesitation or reflection I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood. Two of the Felatahs followed, and I ran on to the eastward, knowing that our stragglers would be in that direction, but still almost as much afraid of friends as foes. My pursuers gained on me, for the prickly underwood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably, and the delight with which I saw a mountain stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined.

My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which over-



WANDERING ARABS

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY A. H. PAYNE

hung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water, as the sides were precipitous, when, under my hand, as the branches yielded to the weight of my body, a large *liffa*—the worst kind of serpent this country produces—rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived for a moment of all recollection; the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath. This shock, however, revived me, and with three strokes of my arms I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I crawled up, and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers.

I now saw horsemen through the trees, still farther to the east, and determined on reaching them, if possible, whether friends or foes; and the feeling of gratitude and joy with which I recognized Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with about six Arabs, although they also were closely pressed by a party of the Felatahs, was beyond description. The guns and pistols of the Arab sheikhs kept the Felatahs in check, and assisted in some measure the retreat of the footmen. I hailed them with all my might; but the noise and confusion which prevailed, from the cries of those who were falling under the Felatah spears, the cheers of the Arabs rallying, and their enemies pursuing, would have drowned all attempts to make myself heard, had not Maraymy, the sheikh's negro, seen and known me at a distance.

To this man I was indebted for my second escape: riding up to me, he assisted me to mount behind him, while the arrows whistled over our heads, and we then galloped off to the rear as fast as his wounded horse could carry us. After we had gone a mile or two, and the pursuit had somewhat cooled, in consequence of all the baggage having been abandoned to the enemy, Boo-Khaloom rode up to me, and desired one of the Arabs to cover me with a bournous.

This was a most welcome relief, for the burning sun had already begun to blister my neck and back, and gave me the greatest pain. Shortly after, the effect of the poisoned wound in his foot caused our excellent friend to breathe his last. Maraymy exclaimed, "Look! look! Boo-Khaloom is dead!" I turned my head, almost as great an exertion as I was capable of, and saw him drop from the horse into the arms of his favorite Arab,—he never spoke after. They said he had only swooned; there was no water, however, to revive him, and about an hour after, when we came to Makkeray, he was past the reach of restoratives.

On coming to the stream the horses, with blood gushing from their nostrils, rushed into the shallow water, and, letting myself down from behind Maraymy, I knelt down among them, and seemed to imbibe new life by the copious draughts of the muddy beverage which I swallowed. Of what followed I have no recollection. Maraymy told me afterwards that I staggered across the stream, which was not above my hips, and fell down at the foot of a tree on the other side. About a quarter of an hour's halt took place here for the benefit of stragglers, and to tie poor Boo-Khaloom's body on a horse's back, at the end of which Maraymy awoke me from my deep sleep, and I found my strength wonderfully increased; not so, however, our horse, for he had become stiff and could scarcely move.

As I learned afterwards, a conversation had taken place while I slept, which rendered my obligations to Maraymy still greater; he had reported to Barca Gana the state of his horse, and the impossibility of carrying me on, when the chief, irritated by his losses and defeat, replied, "Then leave him behind. By the head of the Prophet! believers enough have breathed their last to-day. What is there extraordinary in a Christian's death?" My old antagonist, Malem Chadilly, replied, "No, God has preserved him;

let us not forsake him." Maraymy returned to the tree, and said "his heart told him what to do." He awoke me, assisted me to mount, and we moved on as before, but with tottering steps and less speed. The effect produced on the horses that were wounded by poisoned arrows was extraordinary; immediately after drinking they dropped and instantly died, the blood gushing from their noses, mouths, and ears.

In this way we continued our retreat, and it was after midnight when we halted in the Sultan of Mandara's territory. Riding more than forty-five miles, in such an unprovided state, on the bare back of a lean horse, the powerful consequences may be imagined. I was in a deplorable state the whole night; and notwithstanding the irritation of the flesh wounds was augmented by the woollen covering the Arab had thrown over me, it was evening the next day before I could get a shirt, when one man who had two, both of which he had worn eight or ten days at least, gave me one, on a promise of getting a new one at Kouka. I slept under a tree nearly the whole night and day, except at intervals when my friend Maraymy supplied me with a drink made from parched corn, bruised, and steeped in water.

Mai Meegamy, the dethroned sultan of a country to the southwest of Angernou, and now subject to the sheikh, took me by the hand as I crawled out of my nest for a few minutes, and with many exclamations of sorrow, and a countenance full of commiseration, led me to his leather tent, and, sitting down quickly, disrobed himself of his trousers, insisting that I should put them on. Really, no act of charity could exceed this! I was exceedingly affected at so unexpected a friend, for I had scarcely seen or spoken three words to him; but not so much so as himself, when I refused to accept them. He shed tears in

abundance; and thinking, which was the fact, that I conceived he had offered the only ones he had, immediately called a slave, whom he stripped of these necessary appendages to a man's dress, according to our ideas, and putting them on himself, insisted again on my taking those he had first offered me. I accepted this offer, and thanked him with a full heart; and Meegamy was my great friend from that moment until I quitted the sheikh's dominions.

[The remnants of the expedition reached Bornou in safety, though they had lost everything but their lives. Major Denham afterwards accompanied Barca Gana on another military expedition, which ended less disastrously, though it was not successful. He finally returned to Tripoli with the annual caravan of slaves, and reached England after an absence of three and a half years.]

FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE NIGER.

MUNGO PARK.

[Mungo Park, the first of the notable travellers who have opened up the continent of Africa to civilization, was born September 10, 1771, at Foulshiels, Scotland. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, became assistant surgeon on a vessel bound for Sumatra, and in 1795 undertook a journey in Africa, under the auspices of the African Association of London. Starting from the English factory of Pisania, on the Gambia, he reached the Niger in July, 1796, and explored it for some distance, when he was obliged to return. In 1805 he undertook another journey through the same region of Africa at government expense. Reaching the Niger, he embarked on it and descended for a considerable distance, but was finally attacked by the natives at Boussa, and drowned, with his companions, as they attempted to escape. He was a man of great hardihood and muscular vigor, and encountered hardships which few men could have endured. His account of his explorations holds a permanent place among the classics

of travel. In his first journey he was taken prisoner by the Moors, from whom he escaped with great difficulty. We take up the narrative of his adventures after his escape, and during a period of severe suffering from thirst and hunger.]

A LITTLE before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand everywhere presented itself, and the horizon was level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling on the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here, then (thought I), after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. I cast, as I believed, a last look on the surrounding scene, and while I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection.

Nature, however, at length resumed its functions, and on recovering my senses I found myself stretched on the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence, and, as the evening was somewhat cool, I

resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering-place. With this view I put the bridle upon my horse, and driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the northeast,—a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring behind the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected; but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly for an hour in amazing quantities, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes.

There being no moon, it was remarkably dark, so that I was obliged to lead my horse and direct my way by the compass, which the lightning enabled me to observe. In this manner I travelled with tolerable expedition until past midnight, when the lightning became more distant, and I was under the necessity of groping along, to the no small danger of my hands and eyes. About two o'clock my horse started at something, and, looking around, I was not a little surprised to see a light at a short distance among the trees, and, supposing it to be a town, I groped along the sand in hopes of finding cornstalks, cotton, or

other appearances of cultivation, but found none. As I approached I perceived a number of other lights in different places, and began to suspect that I had fallen upon a party of Moors. However, in my present situation I was resolved to see who they were, if I could do it with safety. I accordingly led my horse cautiously towards the light, and heard by the lowing of the cattle, and the clamorous tongues of the herdsmen, that it was a watering-place, and most likely belonged to the Moors. Delightful as the sound of the human voice was to me, I resolved once more to strike into the woods, and rather run the risk of perishing with hunger than trust myself again in their hands; but being still thirsty, and dreading the approach of the burning day, I thought it prudent to search for the wells, which I expected to find at no great distance. In this pursuit I inadvertently approached so near one of the tents as to be perceived by a woman, who immediately screamed out. The people came running to her assistance from some of the neighboring tents, and passed so very near me that I thought I was discovered, and hastened again into the woods.

About a mile from this place I heard a loud and confused noise somewhere to the right of my course, and in a short time was happy to find it was the croaking of frogs, which was heavenly music to my ears. I followed the sound, and at daybreak arrived at some shallow muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to discern the water. The noise they made frightened my horse, and I was obliged to keep them quiet by beating the water until he had drunk. Having here quenched my thirst, I ascended a tree, and, the morning being clear, I soon perceived the smoke of the watering-place which I had passed in the night, and observed another pillar of smoke, east-southeast, distant twelve or fourteen miles.

[The intrepid traveller finally reached the negro kingdom of Bambarra, and made his way to Sego, its capital, situated on both banks of the Niger, whose waters he gazed upon and drank of with the utmost joy. The King, learning of his approach, refused him an audience until the object of his journey was made known, and directed him to seek a lodging in a village near the city. But on reaching the village he found every door closed against him, and food and shelter refused.]

I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts were so very numerous in the neighborhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up a tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labors of the field stopped to observe me, and, perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat; she accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night.

They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it; it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were these:

"The winds roared, and the rains fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Chorus: "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," etc.

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was so oppressed by such unexpected kindness that sleep fled my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her.

[Far from considering this incident trifling, readers have regarded it as one of the most pathetic in the annals of travel, and the song of the compassionate negro women has become almost a classic. Aided by the King of Bambarra, the traveller continued his journey to the town of Silla, on the Niger, at which point he found himself destitute of means of proceeding farther, either by land or water, and was obliged to return.]

On the evening of the 15th of August I arrived at a small village called Song, the surly inhabitants of which would not receive me, nor so much as permit me to enter the gate; but as lions were very numerous in this neighborhood, and I had frequently in the course of the day seen the impression of their feet upon the road, I resolved to stay in the vicinity of the village. About ten o'clock I heard the hollow roar of a lion at no great distance, and attempted to open the gate; but the people from within told me that no person must attempt to enter without the

dooty's permission. I begged them to inform the dooty that a lion was approaching the village, and I hoped he would allow me to come within the gate. I waited for an answer to this message with great anxiety; for the lion kept prowling around the village, and once advanced so near me that I heard him rustling among the grass, and climbed a tree for safety. About midnight the dooty with some of his people opened the gate, and desired me to come in. They were convinced, they said, I was not a Moor; for no Moor ever waited so long at the gate of a village without cursing the inhabitants.

[He was subsequently assailed by thieves and robbed of everything he had, even to the most of his clothing. The utter dejection into which this threw him was relieved by the following circumstance:]

I was indeed a stranger in a strange land; yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and suffering of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair; I started up, and, disregarding both danger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.

[Reaching the coast at length in safety, Park returned to England, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. Returning to Africa ten years later, he lost his life on the Niger, as already stated. The particulars concerning his fate were not learned till 1810, when they were gathered from his guide, Amadi Fatoumi. This person describes their journey down the river, there being nine men in the canoe. They passed Timbuctoo, where they had a battle with the natives, and passed onward for several days through hostile tribes. We give the conclusion of Fatoumi's narrative.]

We came near a small island, and saw some of the natives. I was sent on shore to buy some milk. When I got among them I saw two canoes go on board to sell fresh provisions, such as fowls, rice, etc. One of the natives wanted to kill me, and at last he took hold of me and said I was his prisoner. Mr. Park, seeing what was passing on shore, suspected the truth. He stopped the two canoes and people, telling the latter that if they should kill me, or keep me prisoner on shore, he would kill them all and carry their canoes away with him. Those on shore, suspecting Mr. Park's intentions, sent me off in another canoe on board. They were then released, after which we bought some provisions from them and made them some presents. A short time after our departure twenty canoes came after us from the same place. On coming near they hailed, and said, "Amadi Fatoumi, how can you pass through our country without giving us anything?" I mentioned what they had said to Mr. Park, and he gave them a few grains of amber and some trinkets, and they went back peaceably. On coming to a narrow part of the river we saw on the shore a great many men sitting down; coming nearer to them they stood up; we presented our muskets at them, which made them run off into the interior. A little farther on we came to a very difficult passage. The rocks had barred the river, but three passages were still open between them. On coming near one of them we discovered

the same people again, standing on the top of a large rock, which caused great uneasiness to us, especially to me, and I seriously promised never to pass there again without making considerable charitable donations to the poor. We returned and went to a pass of less danger, where we passed unmolested.

We came-to before Carmassee, and gave the chief one piece of baft. We went on and anchored before Gourman. Mr. Park sent me on shore with forty thousand cowries to buy provisions. I went and bought rice, onions, fowls, milk, etc., and departed late in the evening. The chief of the village sent a canoe after us to let us know of a large army encamped on the top of a very high mountain waiting for us, and that we had better return or be on our guard. We immediately came to anchor, and spent there the rest of the day and all the night. We started in the morning. On passing the above-mentioned mountain we saw the army, composed of Moors, with horses and camels, but without any firearms. As they said nothing to us, we passed on quietly, and entered the country of Haoussa, and came to an anchor. Mr. Park said to me, "Now, Amadi, you are at the end of your journey: I engaged you to conduct me here: you are going to leave me; but before you go you must give me the names of the necessaries of life, etc., in the language of the countries through which I am going to pass;" to which I agreed, and we spent two days together about it without landing. During our voyage I was the only one who had landed. We departed, and arrived at Yaour. I was sent on shore the next morning with a musket and a sabre to carry to the chief of the village; also with three pieces of white baft for distribution. I went and gave the chief his present; I also gave one to Alhagi, one to Alhagi-biron, and the other to a person whose name I forget; all Marabous. The chief

gave us a bullock, a sheep, three jars of honey, and four men's load of rice. Mr. Park gave me seven thousand cowries, and ordered me to buy provisions, which I did. He told me to go to the chief and give him five silver rings, some powder and flints, and tell him that these presents were given to the King by the white men, who were taking leave of him before they went away. After the chief received these things, he inquired if the white men intended to come back. Mr. Park, being informed of this inquiry, replied that he could not return any more. Mr. Park paid me for my voyage before we left Sansanding. I said to him, "I agreed to carry you into the kingdom of Haoussa; we are now in Haoussa. I have fulfilled my engagement with you; I am therefore going to leave you here and return."

[The guide was landed at Yaour, where he was seized and put in irons on an order from the King, who claimed that he had helped the white men to defraud him of the customary presents,—which the chief had received and retained. He continues:]

The next morning early the King sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river-side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw everything they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by num-

bers and fatigued, and unable to keep the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Mr. Martin did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape.

The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, "Stop throwing now, you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me." They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.

I was kept in irons about three months; the King released me, and gave me a slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was; he said the King took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it.

THE LOWER NIGER.

RICHARD LANDER.

[The expedition to Central Africa of Denham and Clapperton, from the account of which an extract has been given, had one unfortunate result in the death of Mr. Clapperton, who had engaged in an attempt to explore the Niger. His confidential servant, Richard Lander (born at Truro, England, in 1804), after the death of his master returned to England, and in 1830 offered to renew the effort to trace the course of the Niger, in which he had had some experience. His offer was ac-

cepted, and with his brother John he completed this enterprise, following the Niger from near the point of Mungo Park's death to its mouth, a distance of over six hundred miles. He undertook another expedition to Africa in 1835, and was killed there by the natives. Our selection from his narrative begins after he had left Boussa, the scene of Park's death, whose journal he had vainly endeavored to recover. Thence he proceeded for some distance down the Niger, and stopped at a town called Bajibie, from which he started at sunrise, October 5, 1830.]

JUST below the town the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern branch, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and, drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river.

[Some distance farther down the stream] a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all around the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their

lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud, and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. They came so close to us that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun.

[They escaped this danger and continued their journey, passing many villages and some large towns, finding some of the people hospitable and others hostile. At a town called Kacunda they were warned of the savage character of the natives farther down the river, and advised to return; or at least to start at sundown, which would enable them to pass the most dangerous town in the night. This advice they obeyed.]

We were now fairly off, and prepared ourselves for the worst. "Now," said I, "my boys," as our canoe glided down with the stream, "let us all stick together. I hope that we have none among us who will flinch, come what may." Antonio and Sam said they were determined to stick to us to the last. The former I have before alluded to; the latter is an inhabitant of Sierra Leone, and I believe them both to be firm fellows when required. Old Pascoe and Jawdie, two of my former people, I knew could be depended on; but the new ones, although they boasted much when they found that there was no avoiding it, I had not much dependence on, as I had not had an opportunity of trying them. We directed the four muskets and two pistols to be loaded with balls and slugs, determined that our opponents, whoever they might be, should meet with a warm reception; and having made every preparation for our defence which we thought would be

availing, and encouraging our little band to behave themselves gallantly, we gave three hearty cheers and commended ourselves to Providence.

Our little vessel moved on in grand style under the vigorous and animated exertions of our men. Shortly after leaving Kacunda, the river took a turn due south, between tolerably high hills; the strength of the current continued much about the same. A few miles farther on we found ourselves opposite a large, spreading town, from which issued a great and confused noise, as of a multitude quarrelling, or as the waves of the sea rolling on a rocky beach; we saw also other towns on the western bank of the river, but we cautiously avoided them all. The evening was calm and serene, the heat of the day was over, the moon and stars now afforded us an agreeable light, everything was still and pleasant; we glided smoothly and silently down the stream, and for a long while we saw little to excite our fears, and heard nothing but a gentle rustling of the leaves occasioned by the wind, the noise of our paddles, or now and then the plashing of fishes, as they leaped out of the water.

About midnight we observed lights from a village, to which we were very close, and heard people dancing, singing, and laughing in the moonshine outside their huts. We made haste over to the opposite side to get away, for fear of a lurking danger, and we fancied that a light was following us, but it was only a "will of the wisp," or some such thing, and trees soon hid it from our sight. After the moon had gone down it became rather cloudy, so that we could not discern the way as plainly as we could have wished, and the consequence was that we were suddenly drifted by the current into an eddy, and in spite of all our exertions to get out of it, we swept over into a small, shallow channel which had been formed by the overflowing of

the river, and it cost two hours' hard labor to get out into the main stream again.

At five o'clock in the morning we found ourselves nearly opposite a very considerable river, entering the Niger from the eastward; it appeared to be three or four miles wide at its mouth, and on the bank we saw a large town, one part of which faced the river, and the other the Quorra. We at first supposed it to be an arm of that river, and running from us; and therefore directed our course for it. We proceeded up it a short distance, but finding the current against us, and that it increased as we got within its entrance, and our people being tired, we were compelled to give up the attempt, and were easily swept back into the Niger. Consequently we passed on, but determined to make inquiries concerning it at the first convenient opportunity. But we concluded this to be the Chadda.

At ten A.M. we passed a huge and naked white rock, in the form of a perfect dome, arising from the centre of the river. It was about twenty feet high, and covered with an immense quantity of white birds, in consequence of which we named it the Bird Rock; it is about three or four miles distant from Bocqua, on the same side of the river. We passed it on the western side, and were very nearly lost in a whirlpool. It was with the utmost difficulty we preserved the canoe from being carried away and dashed against the rocks. Fortunately, I saw the danger at first, and finding we could not get clear of it, my brother and I took a paddle, and animating our men, we exerted all our strength, and succeeded in preventing her from turning around. Had our canoe become unmanageable, we should inevitably have perished. Shortly after, seeing a convenient place for landing, the men being languid and weary with hunger and exertion, we halted on the right bank of the river, which we imagined was most convenient for our purpose.

Totally unconscious of danger, we were reclining on our mats,—for we, too, like our people, were wearied with toil, and overcome with drowsiness,—when in about twenty minutes after our men had returned one of them shouted, with a loud voice, "War is coming! Oh, war is coming!" and ran towards us with a scream of terror, telling us that the natives were hastening to attack us. We started up at this unusual exclamation, and, looking about us, we beheld a large party of men, almost naked, running in a very irregular manner, and with uncouth gestures, towards our little encampment. They were all variously armed with muskets, bows and arrows, knives, cutlasses, barbs, long spears, and other instruments of destruction; and, as we gazed upon this band of wild men, with their ferocious looks and hostile appearance, which was not a little heightened on observing the weapons in their hands, we felt a very uneasy kind of a sensation, and wished ourselves safe out of their hands.

One of the natives, who proved to be the chief, we perceived a little in advance of his companions; and, throwing down our pistols, which we had snatched up in the first moment of surprise, my brother and I walked very composedly and unarmed towards him. As we approached him, we made all the signs and motions we could with our arms to deter him and his people from firing on us. His quiver was dangling at his side, his bow was bent, and an arrow, which was pointed at our breasts, already trembled on the string, when we were within a few yards of his person. This was a highly critical moment,—the next might be our last. But the hand of Providence averted the blow; for just as the chief was about to pull the fatal cord, a man that was nearest to him rushed forward and stayed his arm. At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled

like aspen-leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground,—light seemed to flash from his dark, rolling eyes,—his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship,—harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more.

At first no one could understand us; but an old man made his appearance shortly after, who understood the Houssa language. Him the chief employed as an interpreter, and every one listened with anxiety to the following explanation which he gave us: "A few minutes after you first landed, one of my people came to me, and said that a number of strange people had arrived at the market-place. I sent him back again to get as near you as he could, to hear what you intended doing. He soon after returned to me, and said that you spoke in a language which he could not understand. Not doubting that it was your intention to attack my village at night, and carry off my people, I desired them to get ready to fight. We were all prepared and eager to kill you, and came down breathing vengeance and slaughter, supposing that you were my enemies, and had landed from the opposite side of the river. But when you came to meet us unarmed, and we saw your white faces, we were all so frightened that we could not pull our bows, nor move hand or foot; and when you drew near me, and extended your hands towards me, I felt my heart faint within me, and believed that you were 'Children of Heaven,' and had dropped from the skies." Such was the effect we had produced upon him: and under this impression he knew not what he

did. "And now," said he, "white men, all I want is your forgiveness."

[The chief assured them that they had passed the most dangerous portions of the river, and there was no further necessity for travelling at night. Seven days more, he added, would bring them to the sea. They were advised, however, to avoid a large town a little below, called Atta, the governor of which might seek to detain them. They started early the next morning, and about noon observed a town which they supposed to be Atta. This they passed unobserved by keeping close to the opposite shore. They were now between hilly and wooded banks.]

For upward of thirty miles after passing Atta, not a town or a village, or even a single hut, could anywhere be seen. The whole of this distance our canoe passed smoothly along the Niger, and everything was silent and solitary; no sound could be distinguished save our own voices and the plashing of the paddles with their echoes; the song of birds was not heard, nor could any animal whatever be seen; the banks seemed to be entirely deserted, and the magnificent Niger to be slumbering in its own grandeur.

[The next day, however, they found the banks of the river abundantly peopled, and stopped at a town where they were very hospitably entertained, but where they were detained for eight days. On their departure a second canoe was given them, in which were placed some elephants' tusks and a number of slaves and goats. During the next day, however, they met with other fortune. Fifty canoes came up the river, one of them flying the English flag. Delighted, they approached the boats, when they were instantly assailed, the boats plundered, and they taken prisoners. One canoe was overturned, and John Lander had to swim for his life. A protest against this outrage was made by the messenger of the King of Bonny, who had accompanied them from their last stopping-place, and the canoe people, landing, held a council.]

We were now invited to land and look at our goods, in order to see if they were all there. To my great satisfac-

tion, I immediately recognized the box containing our books and one of my brother's journals. The medicine-chest was by its side, but both were filled with water. A large carpet-bag, containing all our wearing-apparel, was lying cut open and deprived of its contents, with the exception of a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat. Many valuable articles which it had contained were gone. The whole of my journal, with the exception of a note-book with remarks from Rabba to this place, was lost. Four guns, one of which had been the property of the late Mr. Park, four cutlasses, and two pistols were gone. Nine elephants' tusks, the finest I had seen in the country, which had been given me by the Kings of Wawa and Boussa, a quantity of ostrich-feathers, some handsome leopard-skins, a great variety of seeds, all our buttons, cowries, which were necessary for us to purchase provisions with,—all were missing, and said to have been sunk in the river. The two boxes and the bag were all that could be found.

At about three in the afternoon we were ordered to return to the small island from whence we had come, and the setting of the sun being the signal for the council to dissolve, we were again sent for to the market. The people had been engaged in deliberation and discussion during the whole of the day, and with throbbing hearts we received their resolution in nearly the following words: "That the King of the country being absent, they had taken upon themselves to consider the occurrence which had taken place in the morning, and to give judgment accordingly. Those of our things which had been saved from the waters should be restored to us, and the person that had first commenced the attack upon my brother should lose his head, as a just retribution for his offence, having acted without his chief's permission; that with regard to us, we must consider ourselves as prisoners, and consent to be conducted

on the following morning to Obie, King of the Oboe country, before whom we should undergo an examination, and whose will and pleasure concerning our persons would then be explained." We received the intelligence with feelings of rapture, and with bursting hearts we offered up thanks to our Divine Creator for his signal preservation of us throughout this disastrous day.

[It was a two days' journey down the Niger to the residence of King Obie. On landing they were hailed in broken English by a large negro who gave his name as King Gun, and said that he was a chief of the Brass country; also giving them the joyful news that an English vessel, the "Thomas," of Liverpool, was lying in the First Brass River, two or three days' journey below. This hearing before King Obie ended in the decision that he would hold them for ransom, demanding the price of twenty slaves. Fortunately, King Boy, son of the old King of Brass, was present, and he offered to pay their ransom, if they would give him an order on Captain Lake, of the brig "Thomas," for the same value in English goods, with a cask of rum and some other articles in addition. This they gladly did, and hastened away from King Obie's dominions, their rescuer accompanying them. Their journey continued three days longer, through a thickly settled country. Richard Lander was now taken to the English vessel, his brother John remaining as hostage with the King of Brass until the ransom should be paid.]

About a quarter of an hour after we had entered the river Nun, we descried, at a distance before us, two vessels lying at anchor. The emotions of delight which the sight of them occasioned are quite beyond my powers of description. The nearest to us was a schooner, a Spanish slave-vessel, whose captain we had seen at Brass Town. Our canoe was quickly by her side, and I went on board. The captain received me very kindly, and invited me to take some spirits and water with him.

We now directed our course to the English brig, which was lying about three hundred yards lower down the river.

Having reached her, with feelings of delight mingled with doubt, I went on board. Here I found everything in as sad a condition as I had in the schooner: four of the crew had just died of fever; four more, which completed the whole, were lying sick in their hammocks, and the captain appeared to be in the very last stage of illness. He had recovered from a severe attack of illness, and had suffered a relapse in consequence of having exposed himself too soon, which had nearly been fatal to him. I now stated to him who I was, explained my situation to him as fully as I could, and had my instructions read to him by one of his own people, that he might see I was not imposing on him. I then requested that he would redeem us by paying what had been demanded by King Boy, and assured him that whatever he might give to him on our account would certainly be repaid him by the British government. To my utter surprise and consternation, he flatly refused to give a single thing, and, ill and weak as he was, made use of the most offensive and shameful oaths I ever heard.

[The mortified traveller requested King Boy to take him to Bonny, where they would probably find other English vessels; but the negro chief replied that if one captain would not pay, another would not. Finally, on Lander representing that some of his men would be useful in working the vessel, the captain asked King Boy to go bring John Lander and the boatman, saying that nothing would be paid until they were on board. The negro did so, whereupon the captain refused to give anything. What followed is thus described:]

Boy now ventured to approach Captain Lake on the quarter-deck, and, with an anxious, petitioning countenance, asked for the goods which had been promised him. Prepared for the desperate game he was about to play, it was the object of Lake to gain as much time as possible, that he might get his vessel under way before he came to an open rupture. Therefore he pretended to be busy in

writing, and desired Boy to wait a minute. Becoming impatient with delay, Boy repeated his demand a second and a third time,—"Give me my bars."—"I no will," said Lake, in a voice of thunder, which one could hardly have expected from so emaciated a frame as his. "I no will, I tell you; I won't give you a flint." Terrified by the demeanor of Lake, and the threats and oaths he made use of, poor King Boy suddenly retreated, and seeing men going up aloft to loosen the sails, apprehensive of being carried off to sea, he quickly disappeared from the deck of the brig, and was soon observed making his way on shore in his canoe, with the rest of his people; this was the last we saw of him.

[The brig was four days in getting over the bar, and twice drifted to the edge of the breakers, the travellers, after all their escapes on the river, narrowly escaping death at its entrance into the ocean. They were landed at Fernando Po, obliged to take passage thence to Rio Janeiro, and finally reached England, after this circuitous journey, on June 9, 1831. Lander again returned to the Niger, this time with an expedition composed of two steamers, met King Boy and King Obie, and probably discharged his obligation to the former. He was afterwards wounded in an affray with the natives, and died of the wound.]

AN EMBASSY TO SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS.

[Major Harris, an officer in the British army, and a traveller and hunter in Africa, has left us descriptions of his adventures in two works,—"Wild Sports in Southern Africa" (1839), and "The Highlands of Ethiopia" (1844). The latter gives many interesting descriptions of travel in Abyssinia, from which we make the following selections. He went to that country in 1841, as the leader of an embassy

to the kingdom of Shoa, for the purpose of making a treaty of commerce with its monarch, Sáhela Selássie. The country traversed had been previously almost unknown. On landing at the port of Tajura, the embassy was received by the Sultan and his chiefs in a spacious crimson pavilion. Major Harris thus describes the interview:]

A MORE unprincely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the marquee, supported by a long, witch-like wand, tendered his hideous bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterizes a Danákil shake of the hand. His decrepit frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in harmony with the dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants.

The ashes of ancient feuds were still smoking on the arrival of the British; and although I endeavored to impress the minds of all parties with the idea that the amount disbursed at the time of our departure for Shoa would be diminished in the exact ratio of the delay that we experienced; and although, to judge from the surface, affairs looked prosperous enough towards the speedy completion of carriage; yet there was ever an adverse under-current setting, and the apathy of the savage outweighed even his avarice. Thus for a weary fortnight we were doomed to endure the merciless heat of the Tajura sun, whose tardy departure was followed by a close, muggy atmosphere, and occasionally alleviated by the bursting of a thunder-storm over the peak of Jebel Goodah. Perpetually deceived by the falsest promises, it was yet impossible to discover where to lay the blame. Bribes were lavished, increased hire acceded to, and camels repeatedly brought into the

town; but day after day found us again dupes to Danákil knavery, still seated like shipwrecked mariners upon the shore, gazing in helpless melancholy at endless bales which strewed the strand, as if washed up by the waves of the fickle ocean.

[Finally escaping, they mounted to the hill country, and soon after descended into the deep-lying pass of Rah Eesah, which led to the salt lake of Assál. Here they suffered terribly.]

In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful, indeed, were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and although every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried upon camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, which had unavoidably led to the detention of nearly all, added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite insufficient; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at one hundred and twenty-six degrees, under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, in a suffocating pandemonium, depressed five hundred and seventy feet below the ocean; where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare arising from the sea of white salt was most painful to the eyes; where the furnace-like vapor exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst; and not the smallest shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or, worse still, by black blocks of heated lava, it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brickdust-colored fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat,

and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its horrors.

[It became necessary, leaving the baggage to the care of the guides and camel-drivers, to push on with all speed to the ravine of Goongoonteh, where water could be found. But at the moment of starting, the camel carrying the water-skins fell, bursting the skins and spilling all the remaining supply.]

The horrors of that dismal journey set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each wayworn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter farther, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker soon refused the task, and after the first two miles, they dropped fast in the rear.

Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty, by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A sip of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, again raised their drooping souls, but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voices declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise no more.

[One of the guides pushed forward, and after a time brought back a skin of muddy water, which he had taken from a Bedouin. This saved the lives of many of the party, and by sunrise the rivulet of Goongoonteh was reached. A few days afterwards, having come to a less desolate country, Major Harris had an interview with the chief of the Debeni Arabs.]

SPORTS OF THE EAST—THE HUNTING CHEETAH

Attended by a numerous and disreputable retinue, dragging as a gift an obstinate old he-goat, the potent savage sauntered carelessly into our camp during the early hours of the forenoon. Not one whit better clad than the greasy and ragged ruffians in his train, he was yet distinguished by weapons of a superior order,—the shaft of his spear, which resembled a weaver's beam, being mounted below the broad glittering blade with rings of brass and copper, while the hilt and scabbard of a truly formidable creese were embellished in like ostentatious fashion. The wearer's haughty air, and look of wild determination, were well in unison with the reputation he had acquired as a warrior chief. Long raven locks floated like eagles' feathers over a bony and stalwart frame. A pair of large sinewy arms terminated in fingers tipped with nails akin to birds' claws, and the general form and figure of the puissant Makobúnto brought forcibly to mind the ogre in the nursery tale.

This had been a day of feasting and carousal; for both Ishák and the son of the Rookhba chief had likewise received sheep, and the slaughter of each had been followed by a general tussle for the possession of the caul. For the purpose of larding the head this is a prize infinitely preferred even to the tail, which appendage in the Adel sheep is so copiously furnished that the animal is said to be capable of subsisting an entire year upon the absorption of its own fat, without tasting water.

It was truly delightful to witness the process of hair dressing, at the hands of the Danákil barber. The fat having been melted down in a wooden bowl, the operator, removing his quid, and placing it in a secure position behind the left ear, proceeded to suck up copious mouthfuls of the liquid, which were then sputtered over the frizzled wig of a comrade, who, with mantle drawn before his eyes to exclude stray portions of tallow, remained squatted on

his haunches, the very picture of patience. The bowl exhausted, the operator carefully collects the suet that has so creamed around his chops as to render him inarticulate; and having duly smeared the same over the filthy garment of him to whom it in equity belongs, proceeds, with a skewer, to put the last finishing touch to his work, which, as the lard congeals, gradually assumes the desired aspect of a fine full-blown cauliflower.

[After many detentions by the Arabs the embassy at length reached the borders of Shoa, and could see, on a distant mountain-side, the outlines of Ankóbar, where the King then was. They immediately began the ascent of the hills.]

Three thousand feet above the ocean, with an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky, the climate of this principal pass into Southern Abyssinia was that of a fine summer's day in England, rather than that of the middle of July between the tropics. But from the summit of an adjacent basaltic knoll, which we ascended towards the close of the day, there burst upon our gaze a magnificent prospect of the Abyssinian Alps. Hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxurious and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered over mountain; and the hail-clad peaks of the most remote ranges stretched far into the cold blue sky. Villages, dark groves of evergreens, and rich fields of every hue checkered the broad valley; and the setting sun shot a stream of golden light over the mingled beauties of wild woodland scenery and the labors of the Christian husbandman. . . .

Loaded for the thirty-fifth and last time with the baggage of the British embassy [for the final ascent to the elevated site of Ankóbar], the caravan, escorted by the detachment of Ayto Kátama, with flutes playing and muskets echoing, and the heads of the warriors decorated with white plumes, in earnest of their bold exploits during the

late expedition, advanced, on the afternoon of the 16th of July, to Fárri, the frontier town of the kingdom of Efát. It was a cool and lovely morning, and a fresh invigorating breeze played over the mountain-side, on which, though less than ten degrees removed from the equator, flourished the vegetation of northern climes. The rough and stony road wound on by a steep ascent over hill and dale,—now skirting the extreme verge of a precipitous cliff, now dipping into the basin of some verdant hollow, whence, after traversing the pebbly course of a murmuring brook, it suddenly emerged into a succession of shady lanes, bounded by flowering hedge-rows. The wild rose, the fern, the lantana, and the honeysuckle smiled around a succession of highly cultivated terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil; and on every eminence stood a cluster of conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the troop passed on, the peasant abandoned his occupation in the field to gaze at the novel procession; while merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, attracted by the renewal of martial strains, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *zughareet*, which rang from every hamlet.

Lastly, the view opened upon the wooded site of Ankóbar, occupying a central position in a horse-shoe crescent of mountains, still high above, which enclose a magnificent amphitheatre ten miles in diameter. This is clothed throughout with a splendidly varied and vigorous vegetation, and choked by minor abutments converging towards its gorge on the confines of the Adel plains. Here the journey was for the present to terminate, and, thanks to Abyssinian jealousy and suspicion, many days were yet to elapse ere the remaining height should be climbed to the capital of Shoa, now distant only two hours' walk.

[While wearily waiting, robberies became frequent in the little town of Alio Amba, where they had halted, and a thief-catcher was sent for by the inhabitants. His operations were curious.]

A ring having been formed in the market-place by the crowded spectators, the diviner introduced his accomplice, a stolid-looking lad, who seated himself upon a bullock's hide with an air of deep resignation. An intoxicating drug was, under many incantations, extracted from a mysterious leather scrip, and thrown into a horn filled with new milk; and this potation, aided by several hurried inhalations of a certain narcotic, had the instantaneous effect of rendering the recipient stupidly frantic. Springing upon his feet, he dashed, foaming at the mouth, among the rabble, and without any respect to age or sex, dealt vigorously about him, until at length he was secured by a cord about the loins, when he dragged his master round and round from street to street, snuffling through the nose like a bear, in the dark recesses of every house, and leaving unscrutinized no hole or corner.

After scraping for a considerable time with his nails under the foundation of a hut, wherein he suspected the delinquent to lurk, the imp entered, sprang upon the back of the proprietor, and became totally insensible. The man was forthwith arraigned before a tribunal of justice, at which Ayto Kátama Work presided; and although no evidence could be adduced, and he swore repeatedly to his innocence by the life of the King, he was sentenced by the just judges to pay forty pieces of salt. This fine was exactly double the amount alleged to have been stolen.

[After a fortnight's delay, an audience was granted by the King, who had taken up his residence in the neighboring palace of Machalwans. With some difficulty the embassy was permitted to fire a salute from the small cannon they had brought with them,—the most exaggerated fears being entertained of disastrous effects.]

Just as the last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain we stepped over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colors, and patterns covered the floor, and crowds of alakas, governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, while in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his Most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie.

The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially concealed under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls, after the fashion of George the First; and although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide,—even the Danákil comparing him to a "fine balance of gold."

[The valuable presents of the embassy were received with delight, and a second salute of twenty-one guns from the cannon with wonder.]

Compliments from the throne, and personal congratulations from the courtiers and officers of state, closed the evening of this unwonted display; and the introduction, by the hands of the favorite page, of a huge pepper pie, the produce of the royal kitchen, with a command that "the King's children might feast," was accompanied by the unheard-of honor of a visit from the dwarf father-confessor, who might without difficulty have concealed his most diminutive person beneath the ample pastry. Enveloped in robes and turbans, and armed with silver cross and crosier, the deformed little priest, whose entire long life has been passed in doing good to his fellow-creatures, seating his hideous and Punch-like form in a chair placed for his reception, in squeaking accents delivered himself thus:

"Forty years have rolled away since Asfa Woosen, on whose memory be peace, grandsire to our beloved monarch, saw in a dream that the red men were bringing into his kingdom curious and beautiful commodities from countries beyond the great sea. The astrologers, on being commanded to give an interpretation thereof, predicted with one accord that foreigners from the land of Egypt would come into the land of Abyssinia during his majesty's most illustrious reign, and that yet more and wealthier would follow in that of his son, and of his son's son, who should sit next upon the throne. Praise be unto God that the dream and its interpretation have now been fulfilled! Our eyes, though they be old, have never beheld wonders until this day, and during the reign over Shoa of seven successive kings no such miracles as these have been wrought in Ethiopia."

No suitable lodging being obtainable at Machal-wans, I deemed it advisable to adopt the King's proposal of proceeding at once into winter-quarters at the capital. Preparatory to setting out thither we had an audience of

the King. "My children," quoth his Majesty, "all my gun-people shall accompany you; may you enter in safety! Whatsoever your hearts think and wish, that send word unto me. Saving myself, you have no relative in this distant land. Ye have travelled far on my affairs. I will give you what I can, according to that which my country produces. I cannot give you what I do not possess. Be not afraid of me. Listen not to the evil insinuations of my people, for they are bad. Look only unto Sáhela Selássie. May his father die, he will accomplish whatsoever ye desire."

Instantly on emerging from the forest the metropolis of Shoa, spreading far and wide over a verdant mountain, shaped like Africa's appropriate emblem, the fabled sphinx, presented a most singular if not imposing appearance. Clusters of thatched houses of all sizes and shapes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, with small green enclosures and splinter palings, rising one above another in very irregular tiers, adapt themselves to all the inequalities of the rugged surface; some being perched high on the abrupt verge of a cliff, and others so involved in the bosom of a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pot which crowns the apex. Connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedge-rows, these rude habitations, the residences of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, cover the entire mountain-side to the extreme pinnacle,—a lofty spire-like cone, detaching itself by a narrow isthmus to form the sphinx's head. Hereon stands the palace of the Negoos, a most ungainly-looking edifice with staring gable ends, well fortified by spiral lines of wooden palisades. They extend from the base to the summit, and are interspersed with barred stockades, between which are profusely scattered the abodes of household slaves, with breweries, kitchens, cellars, storehouses, magazines, and granaries.

[The embassy remained thus situated for nearly two years, Major Harris spending much time in hunting, in excursions with the King, in studying the character and habits of the people, etc. Finally, a treaty of commerce was signed and the embassy returned. There is nothing to show that this treaty has been of any particular advantage to the commerce of England.]

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

JOHN H. SPEKE.

[We have elsewhere described the journey of Ferdinand Werne up the White Nile to within a comparatively short distance of its point of outflow from the Albert Nyanza Lake. We have now to describe the discovery of its source in the Victoria Nyanza. This great Central African lake was discovered by Captain Speke in 1858, and he subsequently (in 1862) discovered the sources of the Nile, by tracing that long mysterious stream to this lake. Preceding the story of this great discovery, however, we give some experiences of the traveller in rhinoceros- and buffalo-hunting. He had learned that a bitter pool in the neighborhood was a favorable locality for the rhinoceros hunter, and secreted himself there in hopes of a shot.]

I SET forth with the guide and two of the sheikh's boys, each carrying a single rifle, and ensconced myself in the nullah, to hide until our expected visitors should arrive, and there remained until midnight. When the hitherto noisy villagers turned into bed, the silvery moon shed her light on the desolate scene, and the Mgogo guide, taking fright, bolted. He had not, however, gone long, when, looming above us, coming over the horizon line, was the very animal we wanted.

In a fidgety manner the beast then descended, as if he expected some danger in store, and he was not wrong; for, attaching a bit of white paper to the fly-sight of my

Blissett, I approached him, crawling under cover of the banks until within eighty yards of him, when, finding that the moon shone full on his flank, I raised myself upright and planted a bullet behind his left shoulder. Thus died my first rhinoceros.

To make the most of the night, as I wanted meat for my men to cook, as well as a stock to carry with them, or barter with the villagers for grain, I now retired to my old position and waited again.

After two hours had elapsed, two more rhinoceros approached me in the same stealthy, fidgety way as the first one. They came even closer than the first, but, the moon having passed beyond their meridian, I could not obtain so clear a mark. Still, they were big marks, and I determined on doing my best before they had time to wind us; so, stepping out, with the sheikh's boys behind me carrying the second rifle to meet all emergencies, I planted a ball in the larger one, and brought him round, with a roar and whooh-whooh, exactly to the best position I could wish for receiving a second shot; but, alas! on turning sharply round for the spare rifle, I had the mortification to see that both the black boys had made off, and were scrambling like monkeys up a tree. At the same time the rhinoceros, fortunately for me, on second consideration turned to the right-about, and shuffled away, leaving, as is usually the case when conical bullets are used, no traces of blood.

Thus ended the night's work. We now went home by dawn to apprise all the porters that we had flesh in store for them, when the two boys who had so shamelessly deserted me, instead of hiding their heads, described all the night's scenes with such capital mimicry as set the whole camp in a roar. We had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the Wagogo could find it; but, though this

precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but, at the same time, grotesque scene than that which followed cannot be conceived. All fell to work, armed with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterwards seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home each with his spoil,—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with.

[Soon after Speke shot another rhinoceros, and came upon a herd of buffalo in the jungle. Of these he shot two cows, and wounded a large bull, which got away and hid in the bushes. When he approached the place the animal sprang out of its ambush and made a sudden and furious charge upon the hunter.]

It was a most ridiculous scene. Suliman by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, while Faraj bolted away and left me single-gunned to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit. Now, having cut the beast's

throat to make him "hilal," according to Mussulman usage, and thinking we had done enough if I could only return to the first wounded bull and settle him too, we commenced retracing our steps, and by accident came on Grant. He was passing by from another quarter, and became amused by the glowing description of my boys, who never omitted to narrate their own cowardice as an excellent tale. He begged us to go on in our course, while he would go back and send us some porters to carry home the game.

[The explorer, however, soon found nobler occupation than hunting wild beasts. He had reached the kingdom of Uganda, seen again the great Victoria Nyanza,—which he had discovered during his expedition with Burton, several years before,—and was now in a position to explore the stream, which he learned flowed northward from the lake, and which he rightly conjectured to be the Nile. Sending Captain Grant, his companion on this expedition, overland with the goods and cattle, he made a rapid journey to the point of exit of the stream from the lake. On the morning of July 21, 1862, he stood on the banks of the stream which he had striven for months to reach. We subjoin his account.]

Here, at last, I stood on the brink of the Nile! Most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the n'sunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and Guinea-fowl rising at our feet.

We were now confronting Usoga, a country which may

be said to be the very counterpart of Uganda in its richness and beauty. Here the people use such huge iron-headed spears with short handles, that, on seeing one today, my people remarked that they were better fitted for digging potatoes than piercing men. Elephants, as we had seen by their devastations during the last two marches, were very numerous in this neighborhood. Till lately a party from Unyoro, ivory-hunting, had driven them away. Lions were also described as very numerous and destructive to human life.

[It was two days before the boats arrived, and then the officer in charge of them refused to take Speke. He, however, succeeded in procuring a guide, marched up the west bank of the Nile, and passed the Isamba rapids, where the stream was broken by beautiful islands. The next day—the 28th of July, 1862—the goal of his struggles and dangers was reached.]

With a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants,—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain nor one hut being left entire,—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Mtesa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

We were well rewarded; for the "stones," as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four hundred

to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours,—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country,—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes,—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making "Usoga an island." But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, so far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western,—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the

lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe.

[He was not permitted to enter the lake by boats, and on August 1 started to return, in four days reaching the point where he had first seen the Nile. Here boats were obtained to follow the river northward. He describes an adventure that followed.]

The bank of the river, as we advanced, then rose higher, and was crowned with huts and plantations, before which stood groups and lines of men, all fully armed. Farther, at this juncture, the canoe we had chased turned broadside on us, and joined in the threatening demonstrations of the people on shore. I could not believe them to be serious,—thought they had mistaken us,—and stood up in the boat to show myself, hat in hand. I said I was an Englishman going to Kamrasi's, and did all I could, but without creating the slightest impression. They had heard a drum beat, they said, and that was a signal of war, so war it should be; and Kamrasi's drums rattled up both sides the river, preparing everybody to arm. This was serious. Farther, a second canoe full of armed men issued out from the rushes behind us, as if with a view to cut off our retreat, and the one in front advanced upon us, hemming us in. To retreat together seemed our only chance; but it was getting dark, and my boats were badly manned. I gave the order to close together and retire, offering ammunition as an incentive, and all came to me but one boat, which seemed so paralyzed with fright that it kept spinning round and round like a crippled duck.

[This attack was easily repulsed, and the voyagers proceeded. But they soon found themselves harassed by the complications and delays

which all African travellers have experienced, and days passed before they were able to get away from a too friendly African monarch and resume their journey, at a point far removed from where they had last left the stream.

We were now expected to march again, but, being anxious myself to see more of the river, before starting I obtained leave to go by boat as far as the river was navigable, sending our cattle by land. To this concession was accompanied a request for a few more gun-caps, and liberty was given us to seize any pombé which might be found coming on the river in boats, for the supplies to the palace all come in this manner. We then took boat again, an immense canoe, and, after going a short distance, emerged from the Kafue, and found ourselves on what at first appeared a long lake, averaging from two hundred at first to one thousand yards broad, before the day's work was out; but this was the Nile again, navigable in this way from Urondogani.

Both sides were fringed with the huge papyrus rush. The left one was low and swampy, while the right one—in which the Kidi people and Wanyoro occasionally hunt—rose from the water in a gently sloping bank, covered with trees and beautiful convolvuli, which hung in festoons. Floating islands, composed of rush, grass, and ferns, were continually in motion, working their way slowly down the stream, and proving to us that the Nile was in full flood. On one occasion we saw hippopotami, which our men said came to the surface because we had domestic fowls on board, supposing them to have an antipathy to those birds. Boats there were, which the sailors gave chase to; but, as they had no liquor, they were allowed to go their way, and the sailors, instead, set to lifting baskets and taking fish from the snares which fishermen, who live in small huts among the rushes, had laid for themselves.

[For eight days, Speke and Grant, in canoes, slowly floated down the stream, passing through the same beautiful but unchanging scenery. They were then compelled to leave the canoes and join the land party. The country they found to be highly cultivated.]

The sand-paper-tree, whose leaves resemble a cat's tongue in roughness, and which is used in Uganda for polishing their clubs and spear-handles, was conspicuous; but at the end of the journey only was there anything of much interest to be seen. There suddenly, in a deep ravine one hundred yards below us, the formerly placid river, up which vessels of moderate size might steam two or three abreast, was now changed into a turbulent torrent. Beyond lay the land of Kidi, a forest of mimosa-trees, rising gently away from the water in soft clouds of green. This the governor of the place, Kija, described as a sporting field, where elephants, hippopotami, and buffalo are hunted by the occupants of both sides of the river.

[The story of the journey yields few other incidents of interest, and we shall hasten forward to its conclusion, when Speke proved he was on the Nile by meeting a traveller advancing up that stream from Egypt.]

Walking down the bank of the river—where a line of vessels was moored, and on the right hand a few sheds, one half broken down, with a brick-built house representing the late Austrian Church Mission establishment—we saw hurrying on towards us the form of an Englishman. The next moment my old friend Baker, famed for his sports in Ceylon, seized me by the hand. A little boy of his establishment had reported our arrival, and he in an instant came out to welcome us. What joy this was I can hardly tell. We could not talk fast enough, so overwhelmed were we both to meet again. Of course we were his guests in a moment, and learned everything that

could be told. I now first heard of the death of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, which made me reflect on the inspiring words he made use of, in compliment to myself, when I was introduced to him by Sir Roderick Murchison a short while before leaving England. Then there was the terrible war in America, and other events of less startling nature, which came on us all by surprise, as years had now passed since we had received news from the civilized world.

Baker then said he had come up with three vessels—one dyabir and two nuggers—fully equipped with armed men, camels, horses, donkeys, beads, brass wire, and everything necessary for a long journey, expressly to look after us, hoping, as he jokingly said, to find us on the equator in some terrible fix, that he might have the pleasure of helping us out of it. He had heard of Mahamed's party, and was actually waiting for him to come in, that he might have had the use of his return-men to start with comfortably. Three Dutch ladies, also, with a view to assist us in the same way as Baker (God bless them), had come here in a steamer, but were driven back to Khartoum by sickness. Nobody had even dreamed for a moment it was possible we could come through. An Italian, named Miani, had gone farther up the Nile than any one else; and he, it now transpired, was the man who had cut his name on the tree by Apuddo.

[Leaving here Speke's story, we conclude with Baker's story of the same incident. This traveller had come up the Nile for the same purpose which Speke had achieved, the discovery of its source. He thus describes the incident:]

In conversing with the traders at Gondokoro [says Baker], and assuring them that my object was entirely confined to a search for the Nile sources, and an inquiry for Speke and Grant, I heard a curious report that had been brought down by the natives from the interior, that

at some great distance to the south there were two white men who had been for a long time prisoners of a sultan; and that these had wonderful *fireworks;* that both had been very ill, and that one had died. It was in vain that I endeavored to obtain some further clue to this exciting report. There was a rumor that some native had a piece of wood with marks upon it that had belonged to the white men; but upon inquiry I found that this account was only a report given by some distant tribe.

Nevertheless, I attached great importance to the rumor, as there was no white man south of Gondokoro engaged in the ivory trade; therefore there was a strong probability that the report had some connection with the existence of Speke and Grant. I had heard, when at Khartoum, that the most advanced trading station was about fifteen days' march from Gondokoro, and my plan of operations had always projected a direct advance to that station, where I had intended to leave all my heavy baggage in depot, and to proceed from thence as a *point de départ* to the south. I now understood that the party were expected to arrive at Gondokoro from that station with ivory in a few days, and I determined to wait for their arrival, and to return with them in company. Their ivory porters returning, might carry my baggage, and thus save the backs of my transport animals.

I had been waiting at Gondokoro twelve days, expecting the arrival of Debono's party from the south, with whom I wished to return. Suddenly, on the 15th of February, I heard the rattle of musketry at a great distance, and a dropping fire from the south. To give an idea of the moment I must extract *verbatim* from my journal as written at the time. "Guns firing in the distance; Debono's ivory porters arriving, for whom I have waited. My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men

were with them who had come from the *sea!* Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for old England! they had come from the Victoria Nyanza, from which the Nile springs. . . . The mystery of ages solved. With my pleasure of meeting them is the one disappointment, that I had not met them farther on the road in my search for them; however, the satisfaction is, that my previous arrangements had been such as would have insured my finding them had they been in a fix. . . . My projected route would have brought me *vis-à-vis* with them, as they had come from the lake by the course I had proposed to take. . . . All my men perfectly mad with excitement: firing salutes as usual with ball cartridge, they shot one of my donkeys; a melancholy sacrifice as an offering at the completion of this geographical discovery."

When I first met them they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognized my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognize me; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diahbiah; my men surrounding us with smoke and noise by keeping up an unremitting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen.

As a good ship arrives in harbor, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived at Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honorable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trousers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.

They wished to leave Gondokoro as soon as possible, *en route* for England, but delayed their departure until the moon should be in a position for an observation for determining the longitude. My boats were fortunately engaged by me for five months, thus Speke and Grant could take charge of them to Khartoum.

THE PYGMIES OF AFRICA.

GEORG SCHWEINFURTH.

[Among African travellers the name of Dr. Georg Schweinfurth stands high. In addition to his geographical discoveries, he did excellent work as a scientist, his botanical researches being very important. Born at Riga in 1836, he was educated in German universities, and spent the three years from 1868 to 1871 in the region of the Upper Nile and the Soudan. The results of his travels are given in "The Heart of Africa." Dr. Schweinfurth was the first to settle definitely the story of the existence of a race of dwarfs in Central Africa, the tradition of which has existed since ancient times, and of which statements have been made by various modern travellers. We select from his work a description of this interesting race.]

WHENEVER two or three Egyptians are found in company, the chances are very great that their conversation, if it could be overheard, would be found to relate to the market prices of the day, or to some fluctuations in the state of trade. With the romantic sons of the Nubian Nile-valley the case would be very different. Ample opportunity of making this comparison was continually afforded me during the long evenings which I passed in my transit on the waters of the Upper Nile; and even now I can recall with vivid interest the hours when, from my detached compartment on the stern of the boat, I could, without being observed, listen to the chatter by which the Nubians on the voyage beguiled their time. They seemed to talk with eagerness of all the wonders of the world. Some would expatiate upon the splendors of the City of the Caliphs, and others enlarge upon the accomplishment of the Suez Canal and the huge ships of the Franks; but the stories that ever commanded the most rapt attention were those which treated of war and of the chase; or, beyond all, such as described the wild beasts and still wilder natives of Central Africa.

It was not with stories in the sense of "The Thousand and One Nights" that this people entertained each other; neither did they recite their prolix histories as though they were reading at the celebration of Ramadan in Cairo, amidst the halls where night by night they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of their coffee. These things I had now long ago left behind; however, occasionally, as the expiring strain of Arabia, I might still hear the song of Abd-el-Kader the sheikh, or of Aboo Zeyd the hero. My whole style of living seemed now to partake of the character of an Odyssey; it appeared to be adapted for the embellishment of an Homeric episode, and such an episode, in truth, was already awaiting me.

Of the Nile itself, which had the appearance, day by day, of becoming wider as farther and farther we progressed towards the south, they affirmed that it issued from the ocean by which Africa was girt; they would declare that we were on the route which would lead us, like the cranes, to fight with the Pygmies; ever and anon they would speak of Cyclops, of Automoli, or of "Pygmies," but by whatever name they called them, they seemed never to weary of recurring to them as the theme of their talk. Some there were who averred that with their own eyes they had seen this people of immortal myth; and these—men as they were whose acquaintance might have been coveted by Herodotus and envied by Aristotle—were none other than my own servants.

It was a fascinating thing to hear them confidently relate that in the land to the south of the Niam-Niam country there dwelt people who never grew to more than three feet in height, and who wore beards so long that they reached to their knees. It was affirmed of them that, armed with strong lances, they would creep under the belly of an elephant and dexterously kill the beast, managing their own movements so adroitly that they could not be reached by the creature's trunk. Their services in this way were asserted to contribute very largely to the resources of the ivory-traders. The name by which they are known is the "Shebber-digintoo," which implies the growth of the disproportioned beard.

I listened on. The more, however, that I pondered silently over the stories that they involuntarily disclosed—the more I studied the traditions to which they referred—so much the more I was perplexed to explain what must either be the creative faculty or the derived impressions of the Nubians. Whence came it that they could have gained any knowledge at all of what Homer had sung? How did

it happen that they were familiar at all with the material which Ovid and Juvenal, and Nonnus and Statius worked into their verse, giving victory at one time to the cranes, and at another to the Pygmies themselves?

[The ancient stories here alluded to, of battles between the cranes and the pygmies, had been confirmed, so far as the existence of African pygmies was concerned, in a measure by other travellers, such as Du Chaillu and Speke, but the existence of an extended race of such people wanted confirmation. It was related that dwarfs filled the office of court buffoons at the courts of the cannibal kings of the south, but Schweinfurth was long before he had an opportunity to see these diminutive people.]

Several days elapsed after my taking up my residence by the palace of the Monbuttoo King without my having a chance to get a view of the dwarfs, whose fame had so keenly excited my curiosity. My people, however, assured me that they had seen them. I remonstrated with them for not having secured me an opportunity of seeing for myself, and for not bringing them into contact with me. I obtained no other reply but that the dwarfs were too timid to come. After a few mornings my attention was arrested by a shouting in the camp, and I learned that Mohammed had surprised one of the Pygmies in attendance on the King, and was conveying him, in spite of a strenuous resistance, straight to my tent. I looked up, and *there*, sure enough, was the strange little creature, perched upon Mohammed's right shoulder, nervously hugging his head, and casting glances of alarm in every direction. Mohammed soon deposited him in the seat of honor. A royal interpreter was stationed at his side. Thus, at last, was I able veritably to feast my eyes upon a living embodiment of the myths of some thousand years!

Eagerly, and without loss of time, I proceeded to take his portrait. I pressed him with innumerable questions,

but to ask for information was an easier matter altogether than to get an answer. There was the greatest difficulty in inducing him to remain at rest, and I could only succeed by exhibiting a store of presents. Under the impression that the opportunity before me might not occur again, I bribed the interpreter to exercise his influence to pacify the little man, to set him at his ease, and to induce him to lay aside any fear of me that he might entertain. Altogether we succeeded so well that in a couple of hours the Pygmy had been measured, sketched, feasted, presented with a variety of gifts, and subjected to a minute catechism of searching questions.

His name was Adimokoo. He was the head of a small colony, which was located about half a league from the royal residence. With his own lips I heard him assert that the name of his nation was Akka, and I further learned that they inhabit large districts to the south of the Monbuttoo, between latitude 2° and 1° N. A portion of them are subject to the Monbuttoo King, who, desirous of enhancing the splendor of his court by the addition of any available natural curiosities, had compelled several families of the Pygmies to settle in the vicinity.

My Niam-Niam servants, sentence by sentence, interpreted to me everything that was said by Adimokoo to the Monbuttoo interpreter, who was acquainted with no dialects but those of his own land.

[The answers to the various questions propounded were of no particular importance, and need not be repeated.]

At length, after having submitted so long to my curious and persistent questionings, the patience of Adimokoo was thoroughly exhausted, and he made a frantic leap in his endeavor to escape from the tent. Surrounded, however, by a crowd of inquisitive Bongo and Nubians, he was un-

able to effect his purpose, and was compelled, against his will, to remain for a little longer. After a time a gentle persuasion was brought to bear, and he was induced to go through some of the characteristic evolutions of his war-dances. He was dressed, like the Monbuttoo, in a rokko-coat and plumed hat, and was armed with a miniature lance as well as with a bow and arrow. His height I found to be about four feet ten inches, and this I reckon to be the average measurement of his race.

Although I had been astonished at witnessing the war-dances of the Niam-Niam, I confess that my amazement was greater than ever when I looked upon the exhibition which the Pygmy afforded. In spite of his large, bloated belly and short bandy legs,—in spite of his age, which, by the way, was considerable,—Adimokoo's agility was perfectly marvellous, and I could not help wondering whether cranes would ever be likely to contend with such creatures. The little man's leaps and attitudes were accompanied by such lively and grotesque varieties of expression that the spectators shook again and held their sides with laughter. The interpreter explained to the Niam-Niam that the Akka jump about in the grass like grasshoppers, and that they are so nimble that they shoot their arrows into an elephant's eye and drive their lances into their bellies. The gestures of the Akka always reminded me of the pictures given by travellers to represent the Bushmen of the south.

Adimokoo returned home loaded with presents. I made him understand that I should be glad to see all his people, and promised that they should lose nothing by coming.

After they had once got over their alarm, some or other of the Akka came to me almost every day. As exceptional cases, I observed that some individuals were of a taller stature; but upon investigation I always ascertained that this was the result of intermarriage with the Monbuttoo

among whom they resided. My sudden departure from Munza's abode interrupted me completely in my study of this interesting people, and I was compelled to leave before I had fully mastered the details of their peculiarities. I regret that I never chanced to see one of the Akka women, and still more that my visit to their dwellings was postponed from day to day until the opportunity was lost altogether.

I am not likely to forget a rencontre which I had with several hundred Akka warriors, and could very heartily wish that the circumstances had permitted me to give a pictorial representation of the same. King Munza's brother Mummery, who was a kind of viceroy in the southern section of his dominions, and to whom the Akka were tributary, was just returning to the court from a successful campaign against the black Momvoo. Accompanied by a large band of soldiers, among whom was included a corps of Pygmies, he was conveying the bulk of his booty to his royal master.

It happened on the day in question that I had been making a long excursion with my Niam-Niam servants, and had heard nothing of Mummery's arrival. Towards sunset I was passing along the extensive village on my return to my quarters, when, just as I reached the wide open space in front of the royal halls, I found myself surrounded by what I conjectured must be a crowd of impudent boys, who received me with a sort of bravado fight. They pointed their arrows towards me, and behaved generally in a manner at which I could not help feeling somewhat irritated, as it betokened unwarrantable liberty and intentional disrespect. My misapprehension was soon corrected by the Niam-Niam people around me. "They are Tikkitikki," they said; "you imagine that they are boys, but in truth they are men; nay, men that can fight."

At this moment a seasonable greeting from Mummery drew me off from any apprehension on my part, and from any further contemplation of the remarkable spectacle before me. In my own mind I resolved that I would minutely inspect the camp of the new-comers on the following morning; but I had reckoned without my host: before dawn Mummery and his contingent of Pygmies had taken their departure, and thus,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"

this people, so near and yet so unattainable, had vanished once more into the dim obscurity of the innermost continent.

Anxious, in my contact with this mythical race, to lose or pass over nothing which might be of interest, I very diligently made memoranda after every interview that I had with the Akka. I measured six full-grown individuals, none of whom much exceeded four feet ten inches in height, but, unfortunately, all my notes and many of my drawings perished in the fire.

[He, however, succeeded in carrying off a Pygmy, whom he kept with him during the remainder of his wanderings, and who thrived under his care and became "almost as affectionate as a son."]

I allowed him to be my constant companion at my meals, an exception which I never made in favor of any other native of Africa. Making it my first care that he should be healthy and contented, I submitted without a murmur to all the uncouth habits peculiar to his race. In Khartoum at last I dressed him up till he looked like a little pasha. The Nubians could not in the least enter into my infatuation, nor account for my partiality towards the strange-looking lad. When he walked along the thoroughfares at my side they pointed to him, and cried, with ref-

erence to his bright-brown complexion, "See, there goes the son of the Khavaga!" Apparently they overlooked the fact of the boy's age, and seemed not to be in any way familiarized with the tradition of the Pygmies. In the seribas all along our route the little fellow excited a still greater astonishment.

Notwithstanding all my assiduity and attention, I am sorry to record that Nsewue died in Berber, from a prolonged attack of dysentery, originating not so much in any change of climate, or any alteration in his mode of living, as in his immoderate excess in eating, a propensity which no influence on my part was sufficient to control.

During the last ten months of his life my *protégé* did not make any growth at all. I think I may therefore presume that his height would never have exceeded four feet seven inches, which was his measurement at the time of his death. . . .

The Akka would appear to be a branch of that series of dwarf races which, exhibiting all the characteristics of an aboriginal stock, extend along the equator entirely across Africa. Whatever travellers have penetrated far into the interior of the continent have furnished abundant testimony as to the mere fact of the existence of tribes of singularly diminutive height; while their accounts are nearly all coincident in representing that these dwarf races differ in hardly anything from the surrounding nations excepting only in their size. It would be entirely an error to describe them as dwarfs, either in the sense of the ancient myths, or in the way of *lusus naturæ*, such as are exhibited as curiosities among ourselves. Most of the accounts, moreover, that have been given concur in the statement that these undersized people are distinguished from their neighbors by a redder or brighter shade of complexion; but they differ very considerably in the reports they make about

the growth of the hair. The only traveller, I believe, before myself that has come into contact with any section of this race is Du Chaillu, who, in the territory of the Ashango, discovered a wandering tribe of hunters called Obongo, and took the measurements of a number of them. He describes these Obongo as "not ill-shaped," and as having skins of a pale yellow-brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbors; he speaks of their having short heads of hair, but a great growth of hair about their bodies. Their average height he affirms to be four feet seven inches. In every particular but the abundance of hair about the person this description is quite applicable to the Akka.

[Schweinfurth goes on to relate what is said by other travellers about a similar race of dwarfs, known by various names, and existing throughout a wide district of Central Africa. They have been found by more recent travellers, as Stanley and others, in the forests of the Congo and its affluents. The Bushmen of South Africa probably belong to the same race. All these people are considered by Schweinfurth as the scattered remains of an aboriginal population now becoming extinct.]

The head of the Akka is large, and out of proportion to the weak, thin neck on which it is balanced. The shape of the shoulders is peculiar, differing entirely from that of other negroes in a way that may probably be accounted for by the unusual scope required for the action of the shoulder-blades; the arms are lanky; and altogether the upper portion of the body has a measurement disproportionately long. The superior region of the chest is flat and much contracted, but it widens out below to support the huge hanging belly, which gives them, however aged, the remarkable appearance of Egyptian or Arabian children. . . .

The joints of the legs are angular and projecting, except that the knees are plump and round. Unlike other Afri-

cans, who usually walk with their feet straight, the Akka turn them somewhat inward. I hardly know how to describe their waddling; every step they take is accompanied by a lurch that seems to affect all their limbs alike; and Nsewue could never manage to carry a full dish for any distance without spilling at least a portion of its contents.

Of all their members, their hands were undoubtedly the best formed. They might really be pronounced elegant, although I do not mean that they were in the least like the long, narrow ladies' hands that are so lauded in romance, but which Carl Vogt has characterized as appropriate to the monkey type. Nothing about my poor little favorite ever excited my admiration to the same degree as his pretty little hands; and so attentively have I studied every part of his singular form that not even the smallest detail has escaped my memory. . . .

The Akka are distinguished from all other nations of Central Africa by the huge size of the ear. Now, however small, in an æsthetic sense, the negroes' pretensions to any beauty may ordinarily be supposed to be, it must be conceded that they can vie with any race whatever in the elegance and symmetrical shape of their ears; but no share of this grace can be assigned either to the Bushmen or to the Akka.

The lips project in a way that corresponds completely with the projecting jaw. They are long and convex; they do not overlap, and are not so thick as those of the generality of negroes. What really suggests the resemblance to an ape is the sharply-defined outline of the gaping mouth; for the pouting lips of most negroes convey no idea at all of relationship with inferior animals.

The continual changes of expression which, as Lichtenstein observes, play upon the countenance and render the Bushmen like apes rather than human beings, are exhibited

to a very remarkable degree by the Akka. The twitching of the eyebrows, the rapid gestures with the hands and feet while talking, the incessant wagging and nodding of the head, all combine to give a very grotesque appearance to the little people, and serve to explain the fund of amusement derived from the visit of Adimokoo. . . .

In acuteness, dexterity, and it must be added, in cunning, the Akka far surpass the Monbuttoo. They are a nation of hunters. The cunning, however, which they display is but the outward expression of an inner impulse which seems to prompt them to find a delight in wickedness. Nsewue was always fond of torturing animals, and took a special pleasure in throwing arrows at the dogs by night. During the period in which we were involved in war, and while my servants were almost beside themselves with anxiety, nothing afforded him greater amusement than to play with the heads that had been severed from the slain A-Banga; and when I boiled some of the skulls his delight knew no bounds; he rushed about the camp shouting, "Bakinda, nova? Bakinda he he kota!" (Where is Bakinda? Bakinda is in the pot!) . . .

It is notorious that the natives of South Africa in general have vowed death and destruction against the Bushmen, reckoning them as incorrigibly wild and in no way superior to apes of the most dangerous character. Now, the dwarfs of Central Africa, although they fall little short of the Bushmen in natural maliciousness, are not regarded as michievous fiends who must be exterminated like a brood of adders, but they are considered rather as a sort of benevolent spirits or mandrakes who are in no way detrimental. They are of assistance to the Monbuttoo in securing them a more abundant produce from the chase, and so they enjoy the protection of their neighbors very much in the same way as (according to Du Chaillu) the Obongo enjoy

the protection of the Ashango. These amicable relations, however, would not be possible but for the reason that the Monbuttoo possess no herds. If the Monbuttoo were a cattle-breeding people it cannot be doubted that the Akka would consider all their animals as game, and could not deny themselves the delight of driving their spears into the flanks of every beast they could get near, and by those tactics would very soon convert their guardians into enemies.

THE COURT OF AN AFRICAN KING.

JOHN H. SPEKE.

[Captain John H. Speke, an English traveller, was born in 1827. After serving for several years in the army in India, he accompanied Captain Burton in his journey to Lake Tanganyika. In 1858 he discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza, and in 1862 discovered the sources of the Nile by tracing that river to the Victoria Nyanza. He was killed in England in 1864 by the accidental discharge of his gun. His description of the reception of the explorer by King Mtesa, monarch of Uganda, a country adjoining the lake, is so picturesque that we give it entire.]

NEXT day (17th), in the evening, Nyamgundu returned full of smirks and smiles, dropped on his knees at my feet, and, in company with his "children," set to nyanzigging, according to the form of that state ceremonial already described.* In his excitement he was hardly able to say all

* Speke thus describes the ceremony of *nyanzigging:* "The lesser salutation, used by the people, consists of kneeling in the attitude of prayer, continually throwing open the hands, and repeating sundry words. Among these the word 'nyanzig' is the most frequent and conspicuous; and hence these gesticulations receive the general name *nyanzig*, a term which will be frequently met with, and which I have found it necessary to use like an English verb. In consequence of these salutations, there is always more ceremony in court than business."

he had to communicate. Bit by bit, however, I learned that he first went to the palace, and, finding the king had gone off yachting to the Murchison Creek, he followed him there. The king for a long while would not believe his tale that I had come, but, being assured, he danced with delight, and swore he would not taste food until he had seen me. "Oh," he said, over and over again and again, according to my informer, "can this be true? Can the white man have come all this way to see me? What a strong man he must be, too, to come so quickly! Here are seven cows, four of them milch ones, as you say he likes milk, which you will give him; and there are three for yourself for having brought him so quickly. Now hurry off as fast as you can, and tell him I am more delighted at the prospect of seeing him than he can be to see me. There is no place here fit for his reception. I was on a pilgrimage which would have kept me here seven days longer; but, as I am so impatient to see him, I will go off to my palace at once, and will send word for him to advance as soon as I arrive there."

About noon the succeeding day some pages ran in to say we were to come along without a moment's delay, as their king had ordered it. He would not taste food until he saw me, so that everybody might know what great respect he felt for me.

One march more, and we came in sight of the king's kibuga, or palace, in the province of Bandawarogo, N. lat. 0° 21′ 19″, and E. long. 32° 44′ 30″. It was a magnificent sight. A whole hill was covered with gigantic huts, such as I had never seen in Africa before. I wished to go up to the palace at once, but the officers said, "No, that would be considered indecent in Uganda; you must draw up your men and fire your guns off, to let the king know you are here; we will then show you your residence, and to-morrow

you will doubtless be sent for, as the king could not now hold a levee while it is raining." I made the men fire, and then was shown into a lot of dirty huts, which, they said, were built expressly for the king's visitors. The Arabs, when they came on their visits, always put up here, and I must do the same. At first I stuck out on my claims as a foreign prince, whose royal blood could not stand such an indignity. The palace was my sphere, and unless I could get a hut there, I would return without seeing the king.

In a terrible fright at my blustering, Nyamgundu fell at my feet and implored me not to be hasty. I gave way to this good man's appeal, and cleaned my hut by firing the ground, for, like all the huts in this dog country, it was full of fleas. Once ensconced there, the king's pages darted in to see me, bearing a message from their master, who said he was sorry the rain prevented him from holding a levee that day, but the next he would be delighted to see me.

On the 19th the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honor. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope skins, which I observed were sewn together as well as any English glovers could have pieced them; while their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly-polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells, and on their necks, arms, and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snakeskin. Nyamgundu and Maula demanded, as their official privilege, a first

NIGHT AT A POND IN AFRICA

peep; and this being refused, they tried to persuade me that the articles comprising the present required to be covered with chintz, for it was considered indecorous to offer anything to his majesty in a naked state. This little interruption over, the articles enumerated below* were conveyed to the palace in solemn procession, thus: With Nyamgundu, Maula, the pages, and myself on the flanks, the Union Jack, carried by the kirangozi guide, led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honor, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets; while in their rear were the rest of my men, each carrying some article as a present.

On the march towards the palace, the admiring courtiers, wonder-struck at such an unusual display, exclaimed, in raptures of astonishment, some with both hands at their mouths, and others clasping their heads with their hands, "Irungi! irungi!" which may be translated "Beautiful! beautiful!" I thought myself everything was going on as well as could be wished; but, before entering the royal enclosures, I found, to my disagreeable surprise, that the men with Suwarora's hongo or offering, which consisted of more than a hundred coils of wire, were ordered to lead the procession and take precedence of me.

There was something specially aggravating in this precedence; for it will be remembered that these very brass wires which they saw I had myself intended for Mtesa; that they were taken from me by Suwarora as far back as Usui; and it would never do, without remonstrance, to have them boastfully paraded before my eyes in this fashion.

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* One block-tin box, four rich silk cloths, one rifle (Whitworth's), one gold chronometer, one revolver pistol, three rifled carbines, three sword-bayonets, one box ammunition, one box bullets, one box gun-caps, one telescope, one iron chair, ten bundles best beads, one set of table-knives, spoons, and forks.

My protests, however, had no effect upon the escorting wakungu. Resolving to make them catch it, I walked along as if ruminating in anger up the broad high road into a cleared square, which divides Mtesa's domain on the south from his kamraviona's, or commander-in-chief, on the north, and then turned into the court.

The palace or entrance quite surprised me by its extraordinary dimensions and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; while within the enclosure the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtesa's three or four hundred women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of Nyamasoré, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin cloak tightly round him, lest his naked legs might by accident be shown.

This, then, was the ante-reception court; and I might

have taken possession of the hut, in which musicians were playing and singing on large nine-stringed harps, like the Nubian tambira, accompanied by harmonicons. By the chief officers in waiting, however, who thought fit to treat us like Arab merchants, I was requested to sit on the ground outside in the sun with my servants. Now, I had made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the natives and Arabs are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England, though the Arabs had told me that from fear they had always complied with the manners of the court. I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage-ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king. To avert over-hastiness, however,—for my servants began to be alarmed as I demurred against doing as I was bid,—I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying if it were not conceded I would then walk away.

Nothing, however, was done. My own men, knowing me, feared for me, as they did not know what a "savage" king would do in case I carried out my threat; while the Waganda, lost in amazement at what seemed little less than blasphemy, stood still as posts. The affair ended by my walking straight away home, giving Bombay orders to leave the present on the ground, and to follow me.

Although the king is said to be unapproachable excepting when he chooses to attend court,—a ceremony which rarely happens,—intelligence of my hot wrath and hasty departure reached him in an instant. He first, it seems, thought of leaving his toilet-room to follow me; but, finding I was walking fast and had gone far, changed his

mind, and sent wakungu running after me. Poor creatures! they caught me up, fell upon their knees, and implored I would return at once, for the king had not tasted food, and would not until he saw me. I felt grieved at their touching appeals; but, as I did not understand all they said, I simply replied by patting my heart and shaking my head, walking, if anything, all the faster.

On my arrival at my hut, Bombay and others came in, wet through with perspiration, saying the king had heard of all my grievances. Suwarora's hongo was turned out of court, and, if I desired it, I might bring my own chair with me, for he was very anxious to show me great respect, although such a seat was exclusively the attribute of the king, no one else in Uganda daring to sit on an artificial seat.

My point was gained, so I cooled myself with coffee and a pipe, and returned rejoicing in my victory, especially over Suwarora. After returning to the second tier of huts from which I had retired, everybody appeared to be in a hurried, confused state of excitement, not knowing what to make out of so unprecedented an exhibition of temper. In the most polite manner, the officers in waiting begged me to be seated on my iron stool, which I had brought with me, while others hurried in to announce my arrival. But for a few minutes only I was kept in suspense, when a band of music, the musicians wearing on their backs long-haired goat-skins, passed me, dancing as they went along like bears in a fair, and playing on reed instruments worked over with pretty beads in various patterns, from which depended leopard-cat skins, the time being regulated by the beating of long hand-drums.

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in

"open ranks," who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cowskins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw.

The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed in a new mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament,—a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snakeskin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting up." For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda

cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of wichwezi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full one hour," I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts: for this being a pure levee day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person.

I had now to wait for some time, almost as an act of

humanity; for I was told the state secret, that the king had retired to break his fast and eat for the first time since hearing of my arrival; but the repast was no sooner over than he prepared for the second act, to show off his splendor, and I was invited in with all my men, to the exclusion of all his own officers, save my two guides. Entering as before, I found him standing on a red blanket, leaning against the right portal of the hut, talking and laughing, handkerchief in hand, to a hundred or more of his admiring wives, who, all squatting on the ground outside, in two groups, were dressed in new mbugus. My men dared not advance upright, nor look upon the women, but, stooping, with lowered heads and averted eyes, came cringing after me. Unconscious myself, I gave loud and impatient orders to my guard, rebuking them for moving like frightened geese, and, with hat in hand, stood gazing on the fair sex till directed to sit and cap.

Mtesa then inquired what messages were brought from Rumanika; to which Maula, delighted with the favor of speaking to royalty, replied by saying Rumanika had gained intelligence of Englishmen coming up the Nile to Gani and Kidi. The king acknowledged the truthfulness of their story, saying he had heard the same himself; and both wakungu, as is the custom in Uganda, thanked their lord in a very enthusiastic manner, kneeling on the ground —for no one can stand in the presence of his majesty—in an attitude of prayer, and throwing out their hands as they repeated the words, "nyanzig, nyanzig, ai nyanzig mkahma wangi," etc., etc., for a considerable time; when, thinking they had done enough of this, and heated with the exertion, they threw themselves flat upon their stomachs, and, floundering about like fish on land, repeated the same words over again and again, and rose doing the same, with their faces covered with earth; for majesty in Uganda is

never satisfied till subjects have grovelled before it like the most abject worms.

This conversation over, after gazing at me, and chatting with his women for a considerable time, the second scene ended. The third scene was more easily arranged, for the day was fast declining. He simply moved with his train of women to another hut, where, after seating himself upon his throne, with his women around him, he invited me to approach the nearest limits of propriety, and to sit as before. Again he asked me if I had seen him, evidently desirous of indulging in his regal pride; so I made the most of the opportunity thus afforded me of opening a conversation by telling him of those grand reports I had formerly heard about him, which induced me to come all this way to see him, and the trouble it had cost me to reach the object of my desire; at the same time taking a gold ring from off my finger, and presenting it to him, I said, "This is a small token of friendship; if you will inspect it, it is made after the fashion of a dog-collar, and, being the king of metals, gold, is in every respect appropriate to your illustrious race."

He said, in return, "If friendship is your desire, what would you say if I showed you a road by which you might reach your home in one month?" Now, everything had to be told to Bombay, then to Nasib, my Kiganda interpreter, and then to either Maula or Nyamgundu, before it was delivered to the king, for it was considered indecorous to transmit any message to his majesty excepting through the medium of one of his officers. Hence I could not get an answer put in; for as all Waganda are rapid and impetuous in their conversation, the king, probably forgetting he had put a question, hastily changed the conversation and said, "What guns have you got? Let me see the one you shoot with."

I wished still to answer the first question first, as I knew he referred to the direct line to Zanzibar across the Masai, and was anxious, without delay, to open the subject of Petherick and Grant; but no one dared to deliver my statement. Much disappointed, I then said, "I had brought the best shooting-gun in the world,—Whitworth's rifle,—which I begged he would accept, with a few other trifles; and with his permission, I would lay them upon a carpet at his feet, as is the custom of my country when visiting sultans." He assented, sent all his women away, and had an mbugu spread for the purpose, on which Bombay, obeying my order, first spread a red blanket, and then opened each article, one after the other, when Nasib, according to the usage already mentioned, smoothed them down with his dirty hands, or rubbed them against his sooty face, and handed them to the king to show there was no poison or witchcraft in them.

Mtesa appeared quite confused with the various wonders as he handled them, made silly remarks, and pondered over them like a perfect child, until it was quite dark. Torches were then lit, and guns, pistols, powder, boxes, tools, beads—the whole collection, in short—were tossed together topsy turvy, bundled into mbugus, and carried away by the pages. Mtesa now said, "It is late, and time to break up; what provisions would you wish to have?" I said, "A little of everything, but no one thing constantly." "And would you like to see me to-morrow?" "Yes, every day." "Then you can't to-morrow, for I have business; but the next day come if you like. You can now go away, and here are six pots of plantain wine for you; my men will search for food to-morrow."

21*st*. In the morning, while it rained, some pages drove in twenty cows and ten goats, with a polite metaphorical message from their king to the effect that I had pleased

him much, and he hoped I would accept these few "chickens" until he could send more; when both Maula and Nyamgundu, charmed with their success in having brought a welcome guest to Uganda, never ceased showering eulogiums on me for my fortune in having gained the countenance of their king. The rain falling was considered at court a good omen, and everybody declared the king mad with delight.

DISCOVERY OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

[Sir Samuel White Baker, a distinguished English traveller, was born in 1821. In 1861 he journeyed, with his wife, up the Nile from Egypt, with the purpose of tracing the course and discovering the source of that great stream. In this purpose he was anticipated by Speke and Grant, whom he met at Gondokoro, at the conclusion of their long and perilous journey. Learning from them that they had not succeeded in tracing the whole course of the river, he determined to proceed. He did so, experiencing great hardships and making important researches. His experiences are described in "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile," etc. His difficulties arose largely from the opposition of the Arab traders.]

MAHAMED promised to accompany me, not only to his camp at Faloro, but throughout the whole of my expedition, provided that I would assist him in procuring ivory, and that I would give him a handsome present. All was agreed upon, and my own men appeared in high spirits at the prospect of joining so large a party as that of Mahamed, which mustered about two hundred men.

At that time I really placed dependence upon the professions of Mahamed and his people; they had just brought Speke and Grant with them, and had received from them

presents of a first-class double-barrelled gun and several valuable rifles. I had promised not only to assist them in their ivory expeditions, but to give them something very handsome in addition, and the fact of my having upward of forty men as escort was also an introduction, as they would be an addition to the force, which is a great advantage in hostile countries. Everything appeared to be in good train, but I little knew the duplicity of these Arab scoundrels. At the very moment that they were most friendly, they were plotting to deceive me, and to prevent me from entering the country. They knew that, should I penetrate the interior, the *ivory trade* of the White Nile would be no longer a mystery, and that the atrocities of the slave trade would be exposed, and most likely be terminated by the intervention of European Powers; accordingly they combined to prevent my advance, and to overthrow my expedition completely. The whole of the men belonging to the various traders were determined that no Englishman should penetrate into the country; accordingly they fraternized with my escort, and persuaded them that I was a Christian dog, that it was a disgrace for a Mohammedan to serve; that they would be starved in my service, as I would not allow them to steal cattle; that they would have no slaves; and that I should lead them—God knew where—to the sea, from whence Speke and Grant had started. . . .

Among my people were two blacks: one, "Richarn," already described as having been brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum; the other, a boy of twelve years old, "Saat." As these were the only really faithful members of the expedition, it is my duty to describe them. Richarn was an habitual drunkard, but he had his good points; he was honest, and much attached to both master and mistress. He had been with me for some months,

and was a fair sportsman, and being of an entirely different race to the Arabs, he kept himself apart from them, and fraternized with the boy Saat.

Not only was the latter boy trustworthy, but he had an extraordinary amount of moral in addition to physical courage. If any complaint were made, and Saat was called as a witness,—far from the shyness too often evinced when the accuser is brought face to face with the accused,—such was Saat's proudest moment; and, no matter who the man might be, the boy would challenge him, regardless of all consequences. We were very fond of this boy; he was thoroughly good; and in that land of iniquity, thousands of miles away from all except what was evil, there was a comfort in having some one innocent and faithful, in whom to trust.

One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" Perfectly ready, was the reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied, until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward and declared that the conspiracy was

entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

[Baker immediately called out the escort, whom he confronted with a loaded rifle, and ordered them to lay down their arms. His attitude was so threatening that they obeyed, and he immediately discharged them, writing on their discharge papers the word "mutineer." Mahamed's party now set out, sending Baker word that if he followed them they would fire upon him. He did not follow, but travelled rapidly by a different road, with the purpose of getting in advance of them. He thus describes some of the difficulties of the journey.]

My wife and I rode about a quarter of a mile at the head of the party as an advance-guard, to warn the caravan of any difficulty. The very nature of the country declared that it must be full of ravines, and yet I could not help hoping against hope that we might have a clear mile of road without a break. The evening had passed, and the light faded. What had been difficult and tedious during the day, now became most serious—we could not see the branches of hooked thorns that overhung the broken path; I rode in advance, my face and arms bleeding with countless scratches, while at each rip of a thorn I gave a warning shout—"Thorn!" for those behind, and a cry of "Hole!" for any deep rut that lay in the path. It was fortunately moonlight, but the jungle was so thick that the narrow track was barely perceptible: thus both camels and donkeys ran against the trunks of trees, smashing the luggage, and breaking all that could be broken; nevertheless, the case was urgent; march we must, at all hazards.

[The journey was made so rapidly that he supposed he had got in advance of the Arabs. In this he was mistaken.]

For a long time we sat gazing at the valley before us in which our fate lay hidden, feeling thankful that we had thus checkmated the brutal Turks. Not a sound was heard of our approaching camels: the delay was most irksome. There were many difficult places that we had passed through, and each would be a source of serious delay to the animals.

At length we heard them in the distance. We could distinctly hear the men's voices, and we rejoiced that they were approaching the last remaining obstacle; that one ravine passed through, and all before would be easy. I heard the rattling of the stones as they drew nearer; and, looking towards the ravine, I saw emerge from the dark foliage of the trees within fifty yards of us the hated *red flag and crescent, leading the Turks' party!* We were out-marched!

One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoundrels filed by us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam; neither noticing us in any way, except by threatening to shoot the Latooka, our guide, who had formerly accompanied them. At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party. He was riding on a donkey, being the last of the line, behind the flag that closed the march.

I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed, between a Turk sire and an Arab mother, he had the good features and bad qualities of either race. The fine, sharp, high-arched nose and large nostril; the pointed and projecting chin; rather high cheek-bones and prominent brow, overhanging a pair of immense black eyes full of expression of all evil. As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence.

The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to

insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down, as his men were ahead and we were alone.

The following dialogue passed between us after the usual Arab mode of greeting. I said, "Ibrahim, why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God, why should we quarrel in this land of heathens, who believe in no God? You have your work to perform; I have mine. You want ivory; I am a simple traveller; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country, I would not accept a single tusk, nor interfere with you in any way. Transact your business, and don't interfere with me; the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake,—the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will* (Inshallah). No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected; you know the result; the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover, that you may procure its ivory for the sake of your master Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant, and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly, like a man,—friend or enemy?"

Before he had time to reply, Mrs. Baker addressed him much in the same strain, telling him that he did not know what Englishmen were; that nothing would drive them back; that the British government watched over them wherever they might be, and that no outrage could be committed with impunity upon a British subject. That I would not deceive him in any way; that I was not a trader; and that I should be able to assist him materially by discovering new countries rich in ivory, and that he would benefit himself personally by civil conduct.

He seemed confused, and wavered. I immediately promised him a new double-barrelled gun and some gold, when my party should arrive, as an earnest of the future.

He replied, "That he did not himself wish to be hostile, but that all the trading parties, without one exception, were against me, and that the men were convinced that I was a consul in disguise, who would report to the authorities at Khartoum all the proceedings of the traders." He continued, "That he believed me, but that his men would not; that all people told lies in their country, therefore no one was credited for the truth. However," said he, "do not associate with my people, or they may insult you, but go and take possession of that tree (pointing to one in the valley of Ellyria) for yourself and people, and I will come there and speak with you. I will now join my men, as I do not wish them to know that I have been conversing with you." He then made a salaam, mounted his donkey, and rode off.

I had won him. I knew the Arab character so thoroughly that I was convinced that the tree he had pointed out, followed by the words, "I will come there and speak with you," was to be the rendezvous for the receipt of the promised gun and money.

[He was right. Ibrahim was won. But the insubordination which had long manifested itself among his own people soon broke out into a virtual rebellion. Baker met it in his usual vigorous manner.]

Pretending not to notice Bellaal, who was now as I had expected once more the ringleader, for the third time I ordered the men to rise immediately, and to load the camels. Not a man moved, but the fellow Bellaal marched up to me, and looking me straight in the face dashed the butt-end of his gun in defiance on the ground, and led the mutiny. "Not a man shall go with you!—go where you like with Ibrahim, but we won't follow you nor move a step farther. The men shall not load the camels; you may employ the 'niggers' to do it, but not us."

I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment; this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. "Lay down your gun!" I thundered, "and load the camels!" . . . "I won't!" was his reply. "Then stop here!" I answered; at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand; and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him, and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to "hurry;" and the vakeel arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted, and urged the men to obey.

[The mutineers who had formerly been discharged from Baker's party and joined that of the Arabs were destined to pay dearly for their faithlessness. They took part, with a number of Ibrahim's men, in a secret expedition, whose purpose was the capture of slaves. They found the villagers ready for them, and met with a decided repulse.]

It was in vain that they fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, behind which the enemy was hidden. Rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above; they were forced to retreat. The retreat ended in a panic and precipitate flight. Hemmed in on all sides, amidst a shower of lances and stones thrown from the mountain above, the Turks fled *pêle-mêle* down the rocky and precipitous ravines. Mistaking their route, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat. The screaming and yelling savages closed round them. Fighting was useless; the natives, under cover of the numerous detached rocks, offered no mark for an aim; while the crowd of armed savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of the great precipice about five hundred feet below. Down they fell! hurled to utter destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward! A few fought to the last; but one and all were at length forced, by sheer pressure, over the edge of the cliff, and met a just reward for their atrocities.

My men were almost green with awe, when I asked them, solemnly, "Where were the men who had deserted from me?" Without answering a word they brought two of my guns and laid them at my feet. They were covered with clotted blood mixed with sand, which had hardened like cement over the locks and various portions of the barrels. My guns were all marked. As I looked at the numbers upon the stocks, I repeated aloud the names of the owners. "Are they all dead?" I asked. "None of the bodies can be recovered," faltered my vakeel. "The

two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped, and who saw the men fall. They are all killed." "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," I replied. My men slunk away abashed, leaving the gory witnesses of defeat and death on the ground. I called Saat and ordered him to give the two guns to Richarn to clean.

Not only my own men but the whole of Ibrahim's party were of the opinion that I had some mysterious connection with the disaster that had befallen my mutineers. All remembered the bitterness of my prophecy, "The vultures will pick their bones," and this terrible mishap having occurred so immediately afterwards took a strong hold upon their superstitious minds. As I passed through the camp, the men would quietly exclaim, "Wah Illahi Hawaga!" (My God Master.) To which I simply replied, "Robiné fe!" (There is a God.) From that moment I observed an extraordinary change in the manner of both my people and those of Ibrahim, all of whom now paid us the greatest respect.

[At a later period in his journey a distressing incident occurred, which Baker thus describes:]

The stream was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly-matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick; upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eight yards wide, and I

had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead.

In an instant I was by her side; and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side, just keeping her head above the water; to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil.*

[Mrs. Baker was carried on, to a miserable native village, where it was impossible to procure anything to eat.]

It was impossible to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funeral course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forests and deep marshy bottoms; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse.

We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place;

she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile!

Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of an hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and, seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I

went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words "Thank God!" faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke; but the brain was gone!

I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel, for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favorable. In the forests we procured wild honey; but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and Mtesa's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively; it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid; and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!

The sun had risen when I woke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convul-

sive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe.

[The intrepid explorer continued his journey with unflagging resolution, and finally reached the goal to which he had long been pushing forward, the great lake now known as the Albert Nyanza. His account of this success is well worth repeating.]

For several days past our guides had told us that we were very near to the lake, and we were now assured that we should reach it on the morrow. I had noticed a lofty range of mountains at an immense distance west, and I had imagined that the lake lay on the other side of this chain; but I was now informed that those mountains formed the western frontier of the M'wooten N'zigé, and that the lake was actually within a march of Parkani [the village where they then were]. I could not believe it possible that we were so near the object of our search. The guide Rabongo now appeared, and declared that if we started early on the following morning we should be able to wash in the lake by noon. . . .

The 14th March [1864]. The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and, having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue

mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward for all our labor,—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end.

I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters,—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness,—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake the "Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the two Sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife

in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile.

[The Albert Nyanza, he explains, is the grand reservoir of the Nile, while the Victoria Nyanza is its eastern source, from which the Albert receives its waters. We may conclude with his description of a cataract which he afterwards discovered.]

Upon rounding the corner a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side the river were beautifully wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height of about three hundred feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage; and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that wall the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and in honor of the distinguished president of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river.

THROUGH THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

[In all the long and adventurous story of African exploration there is no narrative fuller of examples of difficulties overcome and discouragements contemned than Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," the record of his memorable expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. It has never been more fully shown what one man of indomitable will can accomplish in the contest against tropical nature and savage man. We take up the travellers at the end of their boat journey on the Congo and the Aruwimi, and as they are about to plunge into the vast forest of Northern-Central Africa. The narrative begins with a description of the native paths, which are more fully described in a later article by Professor Drummond.]

An African road generally is a foot-track tramped by travel to exceeding smoothness and hardness as of asphalt when the season is dry. It is only twelve inches wide, from the habit of the natives to travel in single file one after another. When such a track is old, it resembles a winding and shallow gutter, the centre has been trodden oftener than the sides,—rain-water has rushed along and scoured it out somewhat,—the sides of the path have been raised by humus and dust, the feet of many passengers have brushed twigs and stones and pressed the dust aside. A straight path would be shorter than the usual one formed by native travel by a third in every mile on an average.

This is something like what we hoped to meet in defiling out of the gate of the intrenched camp at Yambuya, because during four preceding expeditions into Africa we had never failed to follow such a track for hundreds of miles. Yambuya consisted of a series of villages. Their inhabitants must have neighbors to the eastward as well as to the southward and westward. Why not?

We marched out of the gate, company after company, in single file. Each with its flag, its trumpeter or drummer, each with its detail of supernumeraries, with fifty picked men as advance-guard to handle the billhook and axe, to cut saplings, "blaze" or peel a portion of the bark of a tree a hand's breadth, to sever the leaves and slash at the rattan to remove all obtrusive branches that might interfere with the free passage of the hundreds of loaded porters, to cut trees to lay across streams for their passage, to form zeribas or bomas of bush and branch around the hutted camp at the end of the day's travel. The advance-guard are to find a path, or, if none can be found, to choose the thinnest portions of the jungle and tunnel through without delay, for it is most fatiguing to stand in a heated atmosphere with a weighty load on the head.

If no thinner jungle can be found, then through anything, however impenetrable it may appear; they must be brisk,—"chop-chop," as we say,—or an ominous murmur will rise from the impatient carriers behind. They must be clever and intelligent in woodcraft; a greenhorn, or, as we call him, "goee-goee," must drop his billhook and take to the bale or box. Three hundred weary fellows are not to be trifled with; they must be brave also,—quick to repel assault,—arrows are poisonous, spears are deadly,—their eyes must be quick to search the gloom and shade, with senses alert to recognition, and ready to act on the moment. Dawdlers and goee-goees are unbearable; they must be young, lithe, springy,—my three hundred behind me have no regard for the ancient or the corpulent: they would be smothered with chaff and suffocated with banter. Scores of voices would cry out, "Wherein lies this fellow's merit? Is it all in his stomach? Nay, it is in his wooden back,—tut,—his head is too big for a scout. He has clearly been used to hoeing. What does the field-hand want on the

continent? You may see he is only a Banian slave! Nay, he is only a consul's freed-man! Bosh! he is a mission boy." Their bitter tongues pierce like swords through the armor of stupidity, and the billhooks with trenchant edges are wielded most manfully, and the bright keen axes flash and sever the saplings, or slice a broad strip of bark from a tree, and the bush is pierced, and the jungle gapes open, and fast on their heels continuously close presses the mile-long caravan. . . .

"Which is the way, guide?" I asked to probably the proudest soul in the column, for it is a most exalted position to be at the head of the line. He was in a Greekish costume with a Greekish helmet *à la Achilles.*

"This, running towards the sunrise," he replied.

"How many hours to the next village?"

"God alone knows," he answered.

"Know ye not one village or country beyond here?"

"Not one; how should I?" he asked.

This amounted to what the wisest of us knew.

"Well, then, set on in the name of God, and God be ever with us. Cling to any track that leads by the river until we find a road."

"Bismillah!" echoed the pioneers, the Nubian trumpets blew the signal of "move on," and shortly the head of the column disappeared into the thick bush beyond the utmost bounds of the clearings of Yambuya.

This was on the 28th day of June [1887], and until the 5th of December, for one hundred and sixty days, we marched through the forest, bush, and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or slighter shade.

It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized man for the first time since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. Beseeching the reader's patience, I promise to be as little tedious as possible, though there is no other manuscript or missal, printed book or pamphlet, this spring of the year of our Lord 1890, that contains any account of this region of horrors other than this book of mine.

With the temperature of 86° in the shade we travelled along a path very infrequently employed, which wound under dark depths of bush. It was a slow process, interrupted every few minutes by the tangle. The billhooks and axes, plied by fifty men, were constantly in requisition; the creepers were slashed remorselessly; lengths of track one hundred yards or so were as fair as similar extents were difficult.

At noon we looked round the elbow of the Aruwimi, which is in view of Yambuya, and saw above, about four miles, another rapid with its glancing waters as it waved in rollers in the sunshine; the rapids of Yambuya were a little below us. Beneath the upper rapids quite a fleet of canoes hovered about it. There was much movement and stir, owing, of course, to the alarm that the Yambuyas had communicated to their neighbors. At four P.M. we observed that the point we had gazed at abreast of the rapids consisted of islands. These were now being crowded with the women and children of the Yankondé, whom as yet we had not seen. About a hundred canoes formed in the stream crowded with native warriors, and followed the movements of the column as it appeared and disappeared in the light and into the shadows, jeering, mocking, and teasing.

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the farther end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating, shouting, with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarking somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved a broad highway out of the bush to their town for us, and yet there they are at the other end, ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut they had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around above and below, we were not long in finding that this apparent highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long, sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first those strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came towards us, but falling short. A volley was returned, the skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts rushed out of the underwood; and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty

lively, under cover of which the caravan passed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, as yet unfired.

Along the river the firing was more deadly. The very noise was sufficient to frighten a foe so prone as savages to rely on the terrors of sound, but unfortunately the noise was as hurtful as it was alarming. Very many, I fear, paid the penalty of the foolish challenge. The blame is undoubtedly due to the Yambuyas, who must have invented fables of the most astounding character to cause their neighbors to attempt stopping a force of nearly four hundred rifles.

It was nearly nine P.M. before the rear-guard entered camp. Throughout the night the usual tactics were resorted to by the savages to create alarm and disturbance, such as vertically dropping assegais and arrows heavily tipped with poison, with sudden cries, whoops, howls, menaces, simultaneous blasts of horn-blowing from different quarters, as though a general attack was about to be made. Strangers unacquainted with the craftiness of these forest satyrs might be pardoned for imagining that daylight only was required for our complete extermination. Some of these tactics I knew before in younger days, but there was still something to be gleaned from the craft of these pure pagans. The camp was surrounded by sentries, and the only orders given were to keep strict silence and sharpen their eyesight.

In the morning a narrow escape was reported. A man had wakened to find a spear buried in the earth, penetrating his sleeping cloth and mat on each side of him, slightly pinning him to his bedding. Two were slightly wounded with arrows.

[For several days following they marched through a long series of deserted villages with paths joining them.]

In this distance sections of the primeval forest separated each village; along the track were pitfalls for some kind of large forest game, or bow-traps fixed for small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, rats, small monkeys. In the neighborhood of each village the skewers were plentiful in the ground, but as yet no hurt had been received from them.

Another serious inconvenience of forest travel was experienced on this day. Every fifty yards or so a great tree, its diameter breast high, lay prostrate across the path, over which the donkeys had to be assisted with a frequency that was becoming decidedly annoying. Between twenty and fifty of these had to be climbed over by hundreds of men, not all of whom were equally expert at this novel travelling, and these obstructions by the delays thus occasioned began to be complained of as very serious impediments. The main approaches to the many villages were studded with these poisoned skewers, which made every one except the booted whites tread most gingerly. Nor could the Europeans be altogether indifferent, for, slightly leaning, the skewer was quite capable of piercing the thickest boot-leather and burying the splinters of its head deep in the foot,—an agony of so dreadful a nature that it was worth the trouble of guarding against.

At three P.M. we camped near some pools overhung by water-lilies far removed from a village, having had three wounded during the traverse through the settlements.

At dawn of the 2d, feeling somewhat uneasy at the fact that the track which brought us to these pools was not made by man but by elephants, and feeling certain that the people had made no provision of food beyond the day, I sent two hundred men back to the villages to procure each a load of manioc. By the manner these men performed this duty, the reflection came into my mind that they had little or no reasoning faculties, and that not a half of the

A PRIMEVAL FOREST IN AFRICA

DRAWN BY G. ROUSE

three hundred and eighty-nine people then in the camp would emerge out of Africa. They were now brimful of life and vitality,—their rifles were perfect, their accoutrements were new, and each possessed ten rounds of cartridges. With a little care for their own selves and a small portion of prudence, there was no reason why they should not nearly all emerge safe and sound; but they were so crude, stolid, unreasoning, that orders and instructions were unheeded, except when under actual supervision, and to supervise them effectually I should require one hundred English officers of similar intelligence and devotion to the four then with me. In the mean time they will lose their lives for trifles which a little sense would avoid, and until some frightful calamity overtakes them I shall never be able thoroughly to impress on their minds that to lose life foolishly is a crime. . . .

The next day we left the track and struck through the huge towering forest and jungly undergrowth by compass. My position in this column was the third from the leader, so that I could direct his course. In order to keep a steady movement, even if slow, I had to instruct the cutters that each man as he walked should choose an obstructing lliané, or obtrusive branch of bush, and give one sharp cut and pass on,—the two head men were confining themselves to an effective and broad "blaze" on the trees, every ten yards or so, for the benefit of the column, and, as the rear party would not follow us for perhaps two months, we were very particular that these "blazes" should be quite a hand's breadth peel of bark.

Naturally, penetrating a trackless wild for the first time, the march was at a funereal pace, in some places at the rate of four hundred yards an hour, in other more open portions, that is, of less undergrowth, we could travel at the rate of half, three-quarters, and even a mile per hour,—so that from

6.30 A.M. to eleven A.M., when we halted for lunch and rest, and from 12.30 P.M. to three or four P.M., in from six to seven hours per day, we could make a march of about five miles. On the usual African track seen in other regions we could have gone from fourteen to eighteen miles in the same time. Therefore our object was to keep by settlements, not only to be assured of food, but in the hope of utilizing the native roads.

At four P.M. of this day we were still on the march, having passed through a wilderness of creeks, mud, thick, scum-faced quagmires green with duckweed into which we sank knee-deep, and the stench exhaled from the fetid slough was most sickening. We had just emerged out of this baneful stretch of marshy ground, intersected by lazy creeks and shallow long stream-shaped pools, when the forest became suddenly darkened, so dark that I could scarcely read the compass, and a distant murmur increasing into loud soughing and wrestling and tossing of branches and groaning of mighty trees warned us of the approach of a tempest. As the ground round about was most uninviting, we had to press on through the increasing gloom, and then, as the rain began to drip, we commenced to form camp. The tents were hastily pitched over the short scrubby bush, while billhooks crashed and axes rang, clearing a space for the camp. The rain was cold and heavily dripped, and every drop, large as a dollar on their cotton clothes, sent a shiver through the men. The thunder roared above, the lightning flashed a vivid light of fire through the darkness, and still the weary hungry caravan filed in until nine o'clock. The rain was so heavy that fires could not be lit, and until three in the morning we sat huddled and crouching amid the cold, damp, and reeking exhalations and minute spray. Then bonfires were kindled, and round these scores of flaming pyramids the people sat

to be warmed into hilarious animation, to roast the bitter manioc, and to still the gnawing pain of their stomachs.

[The next day the river was reached, and the steel boat that had been brought in sections was put together and launched, taking on the sick and many of the loads of the carriers. And thus, day after day, they went on by land and stream, through such difficulties as we have described, and worse ones arising from scarcity of villages and lack of food, following the general course of the river eastward through the great forest. The expedition was not quite devoid of amusing incidents. Stanley tells of two that happened to Jephson, his most active and enthusiastic aid, whom nothing could deter and no difficulty appalled.]

On this day Jephson had two adventures. In his usual free, impulsive manner, and with swinging gait, he was directing the pioneers crushing through the jungle, indifferent to his costume, when he suddenly sank out of sight into an elephant pit! We might have imagined a playful and sportive young elephant crashing through the bushes, rending and tearing young saplings, and suddenly disappearing from the view of his more staid mamma. Jephson had intelligence, however, and aid was at hand, and he was pulled out none the worse It was a mere amusing incident to be detailed in camp and to provoke a laugh.

He rushed ahead of the pioneers to trace the course to be followed, and presently encountered a tall native, with a spear in his hand, face to face. Both were so astonished as to be paralyzed, but Jephson's instinct was that of a Berserker. He flung himself, unarmed, upon the native, who, eluding his grasp, ran from him as he would from a lion, headlong down a steep bank into a creek, Jephson following. But the clayey soil was damp and slippery, his foot slipped, and the gallant captain of the "Advance" measured his length face downward with his feet up the slope, and such was his impetus that he slid down to the edge of the creek. When he recovered himself, it was to behold the denizen

of the woods hurrying up the opposite bank and casting wild eyes at this sudden pale-faced apparition who had so disturbed him as he brooded over the prospect of finding game in his traps that day.

[Amusing incidents, however, were not plentiful; unpleasant and tragical ones were abundant. As they sank deeper into the forest, settlements largely vanished, food failed, and starvation threatened the caravan. Many deserted, carrying rifles and ammunition with them; some died; others sold their arms and cartridges to Arabs whom they at length met. For more than five months the terrible journey continued, and it was a decimated and haggard band that at length, from the summit of an elevation, beheld the forest end and the plains begin. Food now became plentiful.]

On the evening of this day a happier community of men did not exist on the face of the round earth than those who rejoiced in the camp of Indé-Sura. On the morrow they were to bid farewell to the forest. The green grassy region of which we had dreamed in our dark hours, when slumbering heavily from exhaustion of body and prostration from hunger during the days of starvation, was close at hand. Their pots contained generous supplies of juicy meat; in the messes were roasted and boiled fowls, corn mush, plantain flour porridge, and ripe bananas. No wonder they were now exuberantly happy, and all except ten or twelve men were in finer condition than when they had embarked so hopefully for the journey in the port of Zanzibar. . . .

From the Ituri we entered a narrow belt of tall timber on its left bank, and, after waiting for the column to cross, marched on, led by Mr. Mounteney Jephson, along a broad elephant track for about six hundred yards, and then, to our undisguised joy, emerged upon a rolling plain, green as an English lawn, into broadest, sweetest daylight and warm and glorious sunshine, to inhale the pure air with an uncon-

trollable rapture. Judging of the feelings of others by my own, we felt as if we had thrown all age and a score of years away as we stepped with invigorated limbs upon the soft sward of young grass. We strode forward at a pace most unusual, and finally, unable to suppress our emotions, the whole caravan broke into a run. Every man's heart seemed enlarged and lifted up with boyish gladness. The blue heaven above us never seemed so spacious, lofty, pure, and serene as at this moment. We gazed at the sun itself, undaunted by its glowing brightness. The young grass, only a month since the burning of the old, was caressed by a bland soft breeze, and turned about as if to show us its lovely shades of tender green. Birds, so long estranged from us, sailed and soared through the lucent atmosphere; antelopes and elands stood on a grassy eminence gazing and wondering, and then bounded upward and halted, snorting their surprise, to which our own was equal; buffaloes lifted their heads in amazement at the intruders on their silent domain, heaved their bulky forms, and trooped away to a safer distance. A hundred square miles of glorious country opened to our view,—apparently deserted,—for we had not as yet been able to search out the fine details of it. Leagues upon leagues of bright green pasture land undulated in gentle waves, intersected by narrow windings of umbrageous trees that filled the hollows, scores of gentle hills studded with dark clumps of thicket, graced here and there by a stately tree, lorded it over level breadths of pasture and softly sloping champaigns; and far away to the east rose some frowning ranges of mountains beyond which we were certain slept in its deep gulf the blue Albert. Until breathlessness forced a halt, the caravan had sped on the double-quick, for this was also a pleasure that had been long deferred.

Then we halted on the crest of a commanding hill to

drink the beauty of a scene to which we knew no rival, which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made "glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted and the period wherein we had seen evil." Every face gloated over the beauty of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart. The men were radiant with the fulfilment of dear desires. Distrust and sullenness were now utterly banished. We were like men out of durance and the dungeon, free and unfettered, having exchanged foulness and damp for sweetness and purity, darkness and gloom for divine light and wholesome air. Our eyes followed the obscure track, roved over the pasture hillocks, great and small, every bosky inlet and swarded level around it, along the irregularities of the forest line that rose darkly funereal behind us, advancing here, receding there, yonder assuming a bay-like canoe, here a cape-like point. The mind grasped the minutest peculiarity around as quick as vision, to cling to it for many, many years. A score of years hence, if we live so long, let the allusion be made to this happy hour, when every soul trembled with joy, and praise rose spontaneously on every lip, and we shall be able to map the whole with precision and fidelity.

MARCH OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA TO ZANZIBAR.

A. J. WAUTERS.

[The story of Emin Pasha is somewhat well known. Stationed in command of a detachment of the Egyptian army on the Upper Nile, not far from its outflow from the Albert Nyanza Lake, he found himself cut off from civilization by the victorious advance of the Mahdi and his half-savage followers. Great Britain sent an army to recover

the lost territory, but failed, and the illustrious General Gordon lost his life. The Soudan was abandoned to the Mussulmans, and, as Emin could not be reached by way of the Nile, an expedition set out by the route of the Congo, under the indefatigable Stanley, who succeeded in reaching and rescuing Emin and his followers when in the most imminent danger. The story of Stanley's journey through the forest may fitly be followed by that of the march of Stanley and Emin, with their combined force of about fifteen hundred men, to Zanzibar.]

IN the history of antiquity there is the record of a retreat above all others great and glorious. It was that of the ten thousand Greeks who, after the battle of Cunaxa, through perils and dangers of every kind, without food, without guides, through wild and terrible country, pursued and harassed by Artaxerxes and his Persians, at last attained their native land. A thousand miles from the sea which they had thought never to behold again, they accomplished their march in one hundred and twenty days, mainly owing to the skill and courage of their leaders. Of these Xenophon, who was one of the heroes of this memorable campaign, afterwards became its immortal historian.

We are now face to face with an achievement of a similar kind, which cannot fail to take its place in the pages of the world's history, and which will have for its narrator the man who has accomplished the deed.

It is true, there were not ten thousand men that Stanley had to convoy to the shore of the Indian Ocean; but his caravan included many helpless women, children, and slaves. Instead of brave and well-disciplined forces, he had to control artful and cowardly Egyptians, timid negroes, and Zanzibaris, who, though loyal, were lazy. On the other hand, it was not one thousand, but more than fifteen hundred, miles that he had to travel before reaching the harbor of safety, a distance equal to that covered in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

Moreover, he was in the heart of the dark continent, beneath the burning rays of an equatorial sun, on the threshold of that mysterious region, the birthplace of the Nile, of which centuries of research failed to unveil the secrets.

And while he has thus thrown the achievements of the ten thousand into the shade, he has revealed an unknown country to the eyes of science, has introduced new nations to the world of history, has found the solution to the long-tried problem of the origin of the "Father of rivers."

On April 10, 1889, the camp at Kavalli was raised, and the caravan started, an interminable file of soldiers, porters, women, and children, carrying provisions, ammunition, and baggage of all sorts, and accompanied by all the cattle that could be procured. The retreat had commenced.

They encamped at Mazamboni's on the 12th. The same night Stanley was struck down with severe illness, which well-nigh proved fatal. For some time his life was in danger, but, thanks to his good constitution and the careful nursing and attention of Dr. Parke, the disorder was overcome, and the patient was convalescent.

Stanley's illness delayed the advance of the caravan for twenty-eight days. During that time several conspiracies were afloat in the camp among Emin's soldiers. Only one, however, was attempted to be realized. The ring-leader, a slave of Awach Effendi's, whom Stanley had made free at Kavalli, was arrested, and after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed. From that time there was no further breach of discipline.

By May 8 the column was able to resume its march. The route was to the south, skirting the region of the forests, which Stanley with his present party would not have dared to face, as the Egyptians seemed to have very vague notions about the journey. Besides, there was the

question of food, which would prevent a company of fifteen hundred people from attempting a passage through a district where caravans of only two hundred or three hundred had sometimes narrowly escaped perishing with hunger. . . .

In making his advance, Stanley did not escape the necessity of using powder and shot. First, the warlike Warasura, the name given to the Wanyoro in that district, congregated near the village of Buhobo, and endeavored to waylay the caravan. They were routed, and fled in all directions.

Then, two days later, whilst crossing the Semliki, the war-cry was heard again, and a well-directed volley of arrows was discharged upon their rear. Guns were again brought into use, and the natives were chased for some distance. Henceforward the course was clear.

Stanley was now on the threshold of a land of wonders. The valley of the Semliki lay outstretched before him, extending to the southwest far as the eye could reach. In its midst, bending now to the northeast, now to the northwest, eighty to one hundred yards wide, and averaging nine feet in depth, flowed the river, its rapid current bearing the ample volume of its waters towards the Albert Nyanza. On either hand were fertile plains, dotted over with villages, groves of bananas and acacias, well cultivated fields, and splendid pastures. These are bounded east and west by ridges of hills rising from three hundred to nine hundred feet above the level of the valley, and crowned by vast plateaus that slope gradually eastward to the Congo, and on the northwest join the table-land of Unyoro.

In the central portion of this latter region the hills rise ridge upon ridge, and there is one great mountain chain that culminates in a snow-clad peak, probably seventeen

thousand feet in height, the Ruwenzori, known by the natives as the "Cloud-King."

Ancient writers were well aware that beyond the sands of the desert lay a system of inland lakes connected by streams that together formed the Nile; behind these lakes, they averred, was a chain of mighty mountains, to which they gave the name of "Mountains of the Moon." The earliest explorers of Eastern Africa imagined that in Mounts Kenia and Kilima-Njaro, those other snow-peaks of the equatorial regions, they had discovered these Mountains of the Moon; but Captain Speke, with the marvellous clairvoyance of which he gave so many proofs during his short career, marked them on his map as lying between Lake Albert and Lake Tanganyika. Utilizing with a rare sagacity the information that he picked up from the natives along his route, he came to the conclusion that away to the northwest was a lake,—Muta Nzigé,—and that this lake was bounded by a lofty mountain-range that could be no other than the ancient Mountains of the Moon.

Twenty years ago this hypothesis was the cause of much scientific discussion. Speke's assertions were violently attacked, especially by Captain Burton, his fellow-traveller. Then the matter was forgotten.

But direct observation has proved that Speke was right. Stanley has now brought the Mountains of the Moon within the range of positive knowledge, and that in the very locality which Speke had indicated, thus rendering a striking tribute to the geographical genius of his illustrious predecessor.

To Europeans the mysteries of this ancient range have always been the subject of much curiosity, and almost all the officers of the expedition had a keen desire to distinguish themselves as climbers of these African Alps. Lieutenant Stairs succeeded in attaining the greatest altitude,

but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the snowy mount proper.

[The altitude reached was ten thousand six hundred and seventy-seven feet above sea-level.]

A march of nineteen days brought the caravan to the southwest angle of the range. On June 26 it left the Awamba, as that part of the Semliki valley is called, and entered the plains of Usongora. These at present are almost a desert, but there are traces of the recent existence of a large population, which has been driven off by the raids of the Warasura. The freebooting tribe here showed some signs of hostility. But no fighting was necessary; the report that the caravan was invincible had already preceded it, and on its appearance the Warasura were seized with a panic and fled.

On July 1 the caravan made its entry into the important town of Kative, well known for its salt-pit, which supplies not only Usongora, but also Toro, Ankori, Mpororo, Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other districts with salt.

Near Kative, Stanley found a definite solution to the problem of the sources of the Nile. The Semliki, of which he had just ascended the right bank, is none other than the channel which carries into Lake Albert the overflow of another lake, known upon the maps as Muta Nzigé, and of which he had a distant view in 1876. He now named it the Albert Edward Nyanza, in honor of the "first British prince who has shown a decided interest in African geography."

Compared with the Victoria, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa, this upper lake of the western Nile-system is small, though its length cannot be less than fifty miles. It is about three thousand feet above the sea-level, that is, one thousand feet higher than Lake Albert. Between

the two lakes, the Semliki forms a series of falls and rapids.

Henceforward, thanks to Stanley, the upper Nile-system is clearly defined. The Muta Nzigé is the reservoir of all the waters from the west that by way of the Semliki fall into the Albert Nyanza, just as the Victoria Nyanza is the reservoir for all the waters from the east that by way of the Somerset also fall into Lake Albert.

And thus is verified the assertion of the Greek geographers,—that the Nile has its sources in two inland seas. The Muta Nzigé is the *palus occidentalis*, the Victoria Nyanza is the *palus orientalis*. The outpour of the lakes, the two streams of the Semliki and the Somerset, commingle their waters in a third reservoir, the Albert Nyanza, and reissue conjointly under the name of the Bahr-el-Jebel, which lower down is known as the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile. . . .

Alike from its picturesqueness and from the character of its population the region between Lake Albert Edward and Lake Victoria is one of the most interesting in Central Africa.

It consists of a series of wide plateaux ranging from four thousand feet to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, bounded by a chain of conical peaks. This chain joins the Ruwenzori range on the north, and includes, with the Kibanga, Ankori, Mpororo, and Ruanda districts, the watershed of Lake Albert Edward on the west and Lake Victoria on the east. The highest summits along the line are Mounts Gordon Bennett and Lawson on the north, and the elevation of the Mfumbiro Mountains in the centre, which all rise to a height of over twelve thousand feet. To the west of the chain are the plains of Ankori; to the south-east those of Karangwé. In both these districts the people are agriculturists, and uniformly hospitable. They are a

handsome race, many of them having regular well-defined features that would bear comparison with those of Europeans.

The Ankori country is subject to keen and searching winds which are extremely trying to health, and which proved very disastrous in thinning the numbers of the expedition. Never all along had fever been so prevalent; as many as one hundred and fifty cases broke out in a single day, and even seasoned veterans like Emin and Casati more than once were prostrated by its effects. The negroes, no matter of what tribe, fell out of the line of march, and laid themselves down by the wayside to "sleep off" their painful languor, whilst the Egyptians, too, worn out by fatigue, ulcers, and dysentery, would hide themselves in any recess and sink down on the ground, where, unless they were picked up and carried on by the rear-guard, they would be left among the natives, who (however well-disposed they might be) could yet not understand a word of the language they spoke.

So terrible were the ravages of the fever that in the month of July alone the caravan lost no less than one hundred and forty-one of its followers.

[On August 5 the expedition reached the African town of Kafurro, where it was hospitably received.]

Now again the caravan received a cordial welcome; the chiefs were all courteous, and the supply of provisions abundant. The district altogether is very fine; rich pastures on which large herds of cattle graze alternate with swelling uplands, planted with magnificent trees, or fruitful with luxuriant crops, and frequently crowned with thickets of acacia. Rhinoceroses, both black and white, are numerous, and herds of horned antelopes are not unfrequently to be seen.

And here, in passing onward from Karangwé to the adjacent district of Uzinja, Stanley made a remarkable discovery which was quite unexpected. He was following the route which had been taken by Speke and Grant in 1861, and, relying upon the indications of his map, he was entirely under the impression that he was still a long distance away from the southwest boundary of Lake Victoria; his surprise may be imagined when on making a bend to the northeast in the direction of Msalala he saw, immediately before him, the broad expanse of the Victoria Nyanza itself.

In all existing charts the Uzinja shore is marked as taking a northwesterly direction. This presumptive coast-line, however, would now seem to be a succession of mountainous islands lying so closely one behind another, that Stanley himself, when he was making his circumnavigation of the lake in 1876, had been misled, and had conjectured them to be the mainland. It was obvious now that such was not the case, and, moreover, it was demonstrated that the lake extends far away beyond them to the southwest. This adjustment gives the lake an additional area of six thousand square miles.

And as the expedition now made its progress, fresh discoveries were ever being made, even in quarters where Stanley himself did not suppose that there was anything unknown to be revealed.

At length on the 28th of August, as the eye pierced through the foliage of the banana-trees, it rested on a cross that rose above the thatched roof of a Christian church. Here was the mission-station of Msalala, in charge of Mr. Mackay; here assuredly were the outskirts of the world of civilization! For twenty days a halt was made at Msalala. It was a well-earned rest.

[Here were found provisions which had been sent by the "Emin Pasha Relief Committee" a year and a half before.]

Much refreshed by the three weeks' repose, the caravan set forth again on the 6th of September upon the last stage of its march. It proceeded along the accustomed route, through Usikumu and Ihuru towards Mpwapwa.

Having twice already travelled along the greater part of this road, Stanley was sanguine in believing that no difficulties would arise, and that all hardships were at an end: but he was reckoning too fast; he had to learn that till he was actually in port, he had obstacles to overcome.

"Previously," wrote Stanley about this time, "I have seen my difficulties diminished as I have arrived nearer the coast. I cannot say so much now. Our long train of invalids tells quite a different tale. Until I can get these unfortunates on board a steamer there will be no peace for me. And the most disheartening thing about it is that after all the toil and trouble we have had in carrying them twelve hundred miles, and in fighting for them to protect their lives, we see so many of them die just as we are within sight of port.

"At the south of Lake Victoria we passed four of the most harassing days of the entire journey; there was respite during the night, otherwise we had to fight continuously with scarcely a moment's freedom from attack. The natives seem to have an inexplicable hatred towards the Egyptians, and in order to repulse them we were compelled to inflict severe penalty upon them."

Mpwapwa was reached on the 11th of November, fifty-five days after leaving Msalala, and one hundred and eighty-eight days after setting out from Kavalli. On the way, the number of the white men in the caravan had been increased by two, as it had been joined by Fathers Girault and Schinze of the Algerian mission; but in the ranks of the Egyptians, Zanzibaris, and negroes the gaps were appalling. Out of the fifteen hundred people who left Lake Nyanza scarcely a moiety survived to arrive at

Mpwapwa; the other seven hundred and fifty had fallen off or succumbed on the route, a number which tells its own sad and impressive tale of the sufferings that had to be endured during the two hundred and forty days of that gigantic march.

No sooner was the approach of the returning expedition made known at Zanzibar than measures were promptly taken to send out provisions to meet it on its way, the organization of the party being under the control of Major Wissmann, the German commissioner, and Mr. Stevens, the correspondent of the *New York Herald.*

The meeting with the envoys from the civilized world occurred on the 30th at Mswa. How welcome they were needs not to be told; they were not simply the bearers of material comfort, but the harbingers of joy, announcing the satisfaction with which it was hailed that the expedition had so happily accomplished its design.

"I feel"—this is what Stanley writes from Mswa—"just like a laborer on a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

Five days more and the protracted tramp was finished. The 2d of December was spent at Mbugani; the 3d at Bigiro; on the 4th the Kinghani River was crossed; and on the 5th—"Thalassa! Thalassa!"—the sea was in sight!

The Zanzibaris, catching a glimpse of the water beyond the gardens of Bagamoyo, were breathless with excitement; their eyes filled with tears as their hearts were stirred with emotion. It was their native place; they were at home once more.

At Bagamoyo the reception that awaited Stanley was such as had never been accorded to an explorer of this generation. The town was elaborately decorated; triumphal arches were erected across the avenues; the Ger

man troops were drawn up under Major Wissmann, himself distinguished in the annals of African exploration, having twice traversed the continent, and being like Stanley enlisted by the King of the Belgians for the great scheme of civilizing Africa. There, too, were the consuls and representatives of various powers, bringing messages of congratulation from sovereigns, ministers, and scientific bodies. And now when Stanley and his companions, mounted on the horses which Major Wissmann had provided, made their entry in their travelling gear, their clothes in rags, their features furrowed with the sufferings they had undergone, covered with the dust of the last eight months' toil, excitement knew no bounds; palm-branches were waved; trumpets blazoned out their welcome; and salutes were thundered forth by the soldiers mustered on the shore, and from the troop-ships anchored in the harbor.

It was a noble triumph that had been nobly earned. Three years had elapsed since the expedition [under Stanley] had set out from Zanzibar on its critical adventure. Unwearied skill, indomitable patience, superhuman effort, had brought it to a prosperous issue. The hero had returned, himself safe and sound, and had brought back Emin Pasha, rescued from the savage heart of Africa.

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